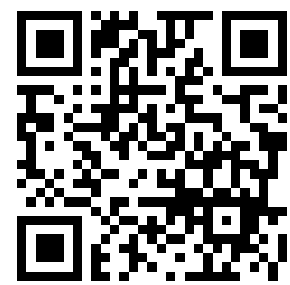
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JANUARY, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

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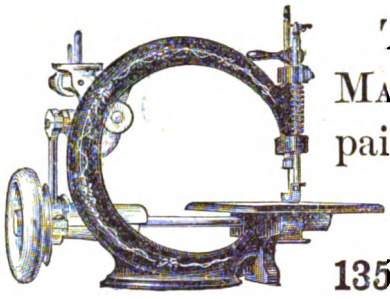
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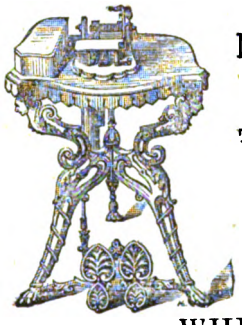
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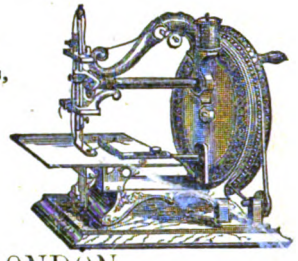
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PLATE V.



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FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 469. JANUARY, 1870. Vol. 43.

This Magazine will be forwarded, post free, for six months, to any part of the United Kingdom, on the receipt of the half-yearly Subscription of Six Shillings and Sixpence.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevards des Italiens, *December 23rd*, 1869.

Chere Amie,—

The Régence coiffure, which is the favourite here now for evening toilette, is composed of two small and very wavy bands advancing a little on the front, with the underneath band relieved on the temples.

The novelty of the coiffure consists in the white bows, which rise on the top of the head between the bands, and are set at regular distances, like one may see in the portraits of the Duchess of Burgundy and Madame de Parabère.

This charming coiffure, which raised the beauty of the marchionesses in the Regency, and preceded powder, has not dethroned the Chatelaine coiffure.

Nearly all the evening robes are made in the regency pattern.

They are made en tablier, and a long train commencing from it. The train is often ornamented with large knots.

The bodices are very décolleté, but they still retain the epaulettes, which is at the same time prettier and more decent. This style of dress is made in all sorts of stuffs, trimmed with all sorts of trimmings.

One has a perfect right to wear anything at a ball, from velvet to tulle, and which two materials are often blended. The two following evening toilettes will give an idea of the actual fashion.

The first is a robe of pale green faille, ornamented in front with white tulle, with a fringe of white lilac set below the apron. The train in green faille, is edged with a plait of tulle, and ornamented on the sides with bows of the same green faille.

Bodice in faille, with bertha formed of a plait of tulle, and a fringe of white lilac. Sash of faille, tied behind by a fancy knot across the bodice.

The second is—A robe straw-colour satin, ornamented in front, en tablier, with three volants of white lace, each separated by a band of black velvet. Train of straw-coloured satin, sash of plain straw satin. Bodice of straw satin, with white lace set en bretelles. Very short sleeves, with double volant of white lace, with epaulettes edged with black velvet.

The same toilette may be varied at will, by changing the straw-coloured satin by black velvet.

Black laces on straw-coloured satin are much worn.

Skirt of light grey velvet, round, with flounce in faille, with large flat plaits and ruches. Tunique in light grey faille, falling in two long points behind, with half-length tablier. The whole of the dress ornamented with claret-coloured faille. Bodice fastened behind with pans, terminated in a lozenge, trimmed with same velvet. Flat sleeves. Sash of gros grain. Small pardessus of Bordeaux velvet, trimmed with sable, cloven at the bottom of the back and under the arms. The trimming is repeated along the slits, on the shoulder, and cuffs. Collar of embroidered muslin.

Jupe of green faille, round, with volant plaited à la russe. Tunic of black velvet, falling square, with six pans buttoned towards the bottom. Casaque, fitting, in green gros grain, with flat puff panier on the sides, and tablier in front, all trimmed with black velvet. Tight-fitting bodice. Flat sleeves, rather cloven under the bottom. Small volant plaited to entournures, and at the bottom of the sleeves. Collar and cuffs of muslin. Fanchon in black lace, ornamented with green gros grain.

Indoor costume. Round and ample skirt in pearl grey gros grain, with puff behind, ornamented of nacarat velvet cut in points. Tight-fitting bodice, cut in points, each trimmed with small embroidery. Each point has a small heart-shaped cockade in gros grain. Sleeves trimmed with nacarat velvet cut in denticulations. Sash of nacarat velvet, with cockades of grey poult-de-soie on the front, corresponding with those ornamenting the front. Ruff of piped lace. Cuffs of ditto.

Town costume.—Skirt of French blue poult de soie, with plaited volant surmounted with two volants, gathered and set one on the other, and cut much shorter than the first volant. Tight-fitting corsage with flat sleeves. Vitchoura mantle in black velvet, lined with grey and edged with Canadian sable, crossing on the front. Long cardinal pelerine trimmed with sable. Half-flat sleeves, with cuffs of sable and front pockets edged with the same. Fanchon bonnet with large tuft of black feathers in the front fastened with a gilt buckle. Large veil of black silk gauze.

Round skirt of silver-grey faille, the breadths of which are

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lightly bouillonnéd at the top, and each retained by a band of black velvet from the bottom to the sash. Puff panier behind, all trimmed with black velvet cut in large denticulations, pointed and parting at the side. Sash cut à la bretonne, that is, covering the edges of the shoulders, rising behind and very décolleté, rounded on the front; the collar edged with black velvet, which surmounts a trimming of black lace. Camargo sleeves, the top of which is ornamented with two Russian plaits in faille separated by a bias of black velvet. The sabot is in black lace. The chemisette, very décolleté, forms a ruff behind. Sash of black velvet. A rose is set on the front below the bodice.

Skirt of nacarat velvet. Bodice to match à la francais premier décolleté squarely. Sleeves flat from the top. Chemisette décolleté, trimmed with a light bouillonné. Gold torsade and medallion round the neck.

Ample round skirt of light blue faille, with small russe plait at the bottom fixed by the middle. Tunic to match, open at the sides, falling rounded in front and square behind, relieved on the sides with a cockade knot with faille pans blue, and all trimmed with a light passementerie of white silk. Sleeves are so short that they are only a double row of lace to match the collar. Long round basque, separated on the front, sides, and behind, forming festoons, and the whole trimmed with white pasementerie to match that of the tunic. On each side of the festoon is an ornament of passementerie which is prolonged into a torsade to the sash. A flat bow of blue faille is set behind above the bodice. Very light grey kid gloves.

THE LATEST ENGLISH FASHIONS.

(From Scarborough and Brighton.)

A naval blue serge, with a plaited flounce bordering the skirt, was made in this wise: the plaits were large and wide apart, the heading between each plait being brought up into a point, and finished off with a small flat bow of the serge. A stone-coloured merino had three rows of very wide black velvet arranged round the skirt. The body was in the form of a loose jacket, with long hanging sleeves, confined at the waist by a black velvet sash. Black silk short costumes, especially rich corded silk, are often to be seen. Very dainty little black silk jackts, richly embroidered in coloured silks, are in favour for wear at breakfast. A black and white-striped poplin: it had three flounces round the skirt, each about six inches wide, cut on the straight. They were arranged with a narrow heading, and were vandyked both top and bottom, the vandykes being piped with black silk. The body was loose both back and front, and confined by a sash. A little frilling like the flounces went down both sides of the front and all round the basque, which was deep enough to resemble a kind of tunic, rounded in the front, and drawn up the middle of the back, so as to form a panier of two deep scollops, finished off with butterfly bows. A black velvet bonnet with a pink rose on one side completed the costume. In the evening the toilettes are more elaborate; nobody wears low dresses, but people appear mostly in white muslin Garibaldies and square bodied dresses. Two of the prettiest of these were a light blue velvet, cut square, and much lower at the back of the neck, and trimmed with old rose point; the other was a red mauve silk, also cut square, and trimmed with silver fringe.

The coronets of plaited hair seem to be worn higher than ever at Brighton, and in front of them those waved tortoise-shell coronets through which a strand of hair is passed. In the Brighton shop windows, which always show particularly tasteful and pretty things of the kind, are some white muslin bodies made with muslin paniers or tunics. These are worn over light coloured silk skirts, and are exceedingly pretty. They are made of the clearest white muslin, cut square in front, and trimmed round the square cut with a frilling of muslin edged with lace over green satin ribbon; the sleeves came to the elbow, and were very wide and caught up at the bend of the arm with a large bow of green satin ribbon, the tunic was of white muslin, trimmed with the same frilling of white muslin, edged with lace and puffed up at the back and sides with green satin bows; a green satin sash went round the waist. White muslin neckties are made in the form of a sailor's knot with ends; these have no lace about them, but are trimmed with bands of linen stitched on on the cross, like the muslin dresses which were so fashionable a short time back.

Garibaldies.—There is a complete change in the form of Garibaldies for evening wear. All those I have seen of late are either cut square or heart-shaped at the throat, or else trimmed to simulate the square cut. Some very pretty bodices were, all the upper part, back and front, of Valenciennes lace, with a fall of lace hanging from the edge in a square shape; but the more usual way is to have a thick ruche formed of lace, muslin, and ribbon bows round the square cut or heart-shaped opening; the sleeves scarcely fall below the elbow and are of the old-fashioned bell shape; they are very pretty; there is nothing as becoming as lace, muslin, and bright-coloured ribbons.

Fashionable Shawls.—I am happy to say that those most beautiful articles of a lady's wardrobe, viz., Indian shawls, are once again brought to light, and are now decidedly the fashion. There is nothing so handsome as fine cashmere. Clever *modistes* manage to convert them into capes and mantles without cutting; but during the last few weeks I have seen them made into beautiful costumes—the scissors, be it understood, having been used. The most effective are worn over a black velvet petticoat, bordered with a flounce; the long tunic is of Indian cashmere, is looped up slightly at the sides, and edged with a silk fringe of all colours. The small paletôt is likewise of cashmere, and the wide hanging sleeves are lined with cerise silk and edged all round with the fringe of many colours. Black velvet sash with wide ends. A long shawl makes the entire costume. French cashmeres are also made up in a similar manner; they are exceedingly costly, and do not look so well as the genuine article from the Eastern looms.—*Paris Correspondent of the "Queen."*

Crinoline.—The crinoline now likely to become most fashionable, are those of a slightly modified circumference, that is, modified in comparison with those in vogue even at the beginning of last season. They are of smaller dimensions round the hips, and have a graceful fall and evenness not observable in the old style. Great improvements have taken place in their manufacture, and the materials are now of a very beautiful description.

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DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Robe of light blue faye, trimmed with flounces of the same. Mantle of blue velvet, bordered with Astracan fur. Black beaver hat, with a blue flower and veil.

Fig. 2.—Robe of black gros, made with a deep pleated flounce, headed with a band and frill. Mantle of red and black plaid, trimmed with fringe and tassels to correspond. Bonnet of black velvet and lace, ornamented with a scarlet flower.

Fig. 3.—Little girl's dress of lavender poplin, with one flounce. Mantle of velveteen, trimmed with sable fur. Hat of felt, with brown velvet trimmings. Boots to correspond.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Promenade costume. First skirt of green gros cashmere, ornamented with three volants, the top of which is retained with velvet of the same shade. Second skirt of grey cashmere, relieved very high in front, and falls on the sides in two large points, opening entirely behind, and forming drapery. Small paletot, cut straight. The skirt and paletot are ornamented with green velvet and fringes. Tyrolean hat in grey felt.

Fig. 2.—Robe of flame-coloured satin, very long skirt trimmed with a high volant in dents at the top, and surmounted by a large ruche to match, and a coquille of lace on each side; small tunic cut in a kind of volant, and very puffing behind; ruche and lace the same as on the corsage, which forms point in front and behind, and must be very high on the shoulders.

Fig. 3.—Under robe of white tulle, ornamented in front with a volant, with two rows of blue satin bias, and a trellis of satin in the top; large blue pattes, between which are bouillons of tulle, which seem to fasten the volant. Tunic of very short blue satin in front, and behind entirely covering the white skirt, and terminating in a long train; trimmings of cut reverses all round, and pattes of white tulle to the skirt, small puff behind. Décolleté bodice, square and trimmed with tulle. Head-dress of myosotis and white roses.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Bridal costume of white poult-de-soie, with trimmings of the same. The waist and coiffure ornamented with orange blossom and jasmine. Veil of fine tulle.

Fig. 2.—Robe of emerald green satin, trimmed with pinked ruching and black lace. Bonnet of the same, with a wreath of mauve flowers in the front.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of garnet-coloured taffeta, with fringe to match. Bonnet of white lace, trimmed with a white feather, and garnet-coloured flowers.

PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume for indoors of dark violet French merino, trimmed with fluted ribbon and satin bands.

Fig 2.—Morning robe of grey cashmere, with rose-coloured facings. Under bodice of white cambric, trimmed with embroidered frills. Cap of white lace and rose-coloured ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Robe of light brown foulard, with flounces of the same. The bows and sash to correspond.

PLATE V.—*No.* 1.—Bonnet of black velvet, the diadem of which is composed of a double ruche ornamented with black lace. At the side there is a large rose; the strings consist of braids made of black velvet trimmed with black lace.

No. 2.—Round hat of violet velvet, with a ruche of violet satin, and a violet feather; the ruche ornaments the brim, the feather lays on a black lace lappet.

No. 3.—Bonnet of brown velvet, edged with a very narrow gold braid; black and gold flowers, black lace.

No. 4.—Bonnet of blue velvet, with a plaited diadem edged with black lace; this lace is carried to the back of the head, where it is fixed under a bow of blue velvet.

No. 5.—Round hat of black velvet with a high crown; blue bird of paradise, and black velvet ribbon.

No. 6.—Bonnet of black velvet, composed of two ruches edged with gold; tuft of peacock feathers, bird of paradise.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give, for the festive season, a useful Model of Fichu in three pieces. It is to be made of spotted tulle, and ornamented with alternate rows of black lace, ribbon, and velvet; and in this style will harmonise with a light silk robe.

JANUARY, 1870.—Another year is added to the past; and while general gratulations are busy among the happy circles of friendship, custom has ordained the exchange of "kindly gifts." Happy must, therefore, be considered that article which bestows a permanent and delightful benefit with its acceptance. The gaiety that reigns supreme at this jocund period of the year, when friends and lovers assemble at the social board, or join in the mazes of the dance, renders a strict attention to the toilet more desirable than at other periods. The decorative beauty and culture of the tresses of female loveliness, especially enhancing, as they so greatly do, the charms of personal appearance, occupy by no means a small share of attention at the toilet. It is more particularly at such periods that the enlivening and wonderfully revivifying properties of Rowlands' Macassar Oil are displayed, and which establish it as an invigorator and beautifier of the hair beyond all precedent. Indeed, among the chief virtues incident to the use of Rowlands' Macassar Oil (in reference to ladies' hair) may be reckoned its enduring properties in preserving the coiffure in pristine decorative beauty through the heat of the ball-room, or the locomotion of the promenade.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liver pool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

OIL OF LOVE.—There are households where each member, taken by himself or herself, has many virtues; but the household is more or less constantly sore and discontented. Though conscious of high motives and thorough work, now this member, now that is put out and uncomfortable. The tone of its morality is high. Perhaps family prayers, private devotion, and public worship are scrupulously observed. No bad language passes; no untruth is told; no household duty is neglected; no impurity or intemperance tolerated. All is clean, correct, and refined. But it works ill, with heat and jarring. It wants the oil of love, without which the best intentions or the most strenuous propriety goes amiss.—*Leisure Hour.*

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FLIRTATION AND ITS RESULTS.

In the early part of the summer of 1864, Mr. Edgar Farren, star-actor, having finished his engagements for the season, betook himself to a certain unfashionable, but very charming watering-place, on the Long Island coast, where he determined to gather fresh volume of voice for his next dramatic campaign, and, perhaps, a healthier colour from the salt sea breezes.

Edgar Farren was of American birth, but English parentage, and possessed a fair share of that talent which had made his name famous in the past. He was also young and handsome, unmarried, but happily betrothed.

Clara Langley, his fiancée, was about his own age; learned, accomplished, and sufficiently good-looking to warrant her friends in calling her handsome. She was deeply in love, but Farren was not in love at all; and, notwithstanding a warm regard and a genuine respect which he felt for Miss Langley, it is most certain that he never would have proposed to marry her, had she been a poor and simple girl, instead of being, as she was, an heiress in her own right, and connected with the very first families in New York.

Miss Langley had hitherto always spent her summers at Newport—which place Farren detested—and thus it came to pass that while his fiancée danced till daybreak, and flirted with half a dozen gentlemen of her own "set" at the fashionable watering-place, he enjoyed the surf-bathing at Bath, watched the gorgeous sunsets along the shore, and studied Shakespeare to the music of the waves thundering and dashing and breaking at his feet.

The lovers corresponded regularly; that is, Edgar sent one closely written letter every week to Clara, and she responded with three. But Miss Langley was proud and sensitive, and she chafed under the indifference with which her lover bore this separation from her, when it rested entirely with himself to be with her. In her secret heart she began to fear that she was not beloved as she loved, and the suspicion galled her pride, and wounded her deeply. She considered what was best to be done, and in her next letter she warmly urged her lover to leave Bath and come to Newport. Edgar replied by telling her that she knew how much he detested Newport, and in his turn he urged her to come to Bath.

Clara was offended at the tone of his letter, and did not reply to it for several days. Then, finding that she could no longer keep up an affectation of anger that had already died out in her heart, she sent him a very long letter, crossed and recrossed; but most skilfully evading the entire subject of change of place by either. Thus matters settled down into their original state, and proceeded with their accustomed smoothness.

Familiar with so much that was exciting in his professional life, the quiet of the unpretending spot he had chosen for his summer sojourn precisely suited Edgar Farren; and he had no wish for anything that might break the monotony of the life he was now leading. It was, therefore, with more of annoyance than any other feeling that he one day noticed an unusual degree of bustle in the quiet little hotel, and learned that there were some new arrivals. He took up his hat impatiently, wishing that people would keep away, and walked out.

He was gone several hours, and did not return till it was time for dinner; and then, as he sauntered carelessly into the dining-room and took his seat at table, he saw that the strangers were placed directly opposite him. They were a party of three—one gentleman and two ladies. The gentleman was old in years, placid in countenance, and evidently of a happy and genial disposition. The ladies were both young and beautiful, and by a stranger, might easily have been taken for an elder and younger sister; but they bore no such relation to each other. The elder of the two, who was about twenty-five, was the wife of the old gentleman, and the younger was his daughter by a former wife. Miss Merroville was but seventeen, and looked even younger; she was a fair brunette, with a warm, bright complexion, an abundance of golden brown hair, and large, soft hazel eyes. Mrs. Merroville was of the same type, but a more decided brunette; her complexion was a shade darker than her step-daughter's; her eyes were dark brown, large, and luminous, and her hair was closely approaching to black.

Edgar decided, in a very short time, that they were both charming women, but he could not so easily decide which of them he thought most charming. This vacillation on his part, combined with a marked admiration of them both, caused him first and last much serious trouble.

Edgar Farren's heart being disengaged, though his hand was not, he was in no way indisposed to a flirtation, in which art he was, indeed, an adept. He naturally selected Miss Merroville, rather than her stepmother, but not because he thought her either more beautiful or more fascinating. He was quite as ready to flirt with Mrs. Merroville, supposing that lady to be so inclined.

Mrs. Merroville was perfectly willing to be waited on, complimented, and made love to in a sentimental style, and she contrived the means of making Edgar's acquaintance.

It is not a difficult matter to become acquainted with any young gentleman at a watering-place, and as Farren was equally desirous on his part to know the Merrovilles, it did not require much ingenuity to bring about a very natural acquaintance. In order not to appear peculiar, Mrs. Merroville made use of her stepdaughter in the matter, and both ladies were introdueed to Farren at the same time.

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Mrs. Merroville stood in no fear of Miss Merroville in the way of flirtations. She knew herself to be quite as handsome as Flora, the difference in their ages was not sufficient to be of any consequence, and in all other respects she had the advantage of her younger companion. She had experience, knowledge of the world, and the assured position of a belle.

The consequence was that Edgar found himself engaged in an animated flirtation with Mrs. Merroville instead of Flora; and, indeed, the latter seemed disposed to keep in the background, and thus contrived to pique Mr. Farren's vanity very considerably, accustomed as he was to the foolish and openly expressed admiration of young girls. He took his revenge by devoting himself entirely to Mrs. Merroville.

He threw himself into her society with a perfect recklessness of consequences. They talked together, rode together, and walked together. He consulted her on every point that could be deemed of the slightest importance, and he always accepted her advice. He paid her rash compliments. When he bade her "good-night," he kissed her soft, fair hand, and sighed, and looked irresistibly tender and handsome.

In short, he succeeded in giving Mrs. Merroville the impression that he admired in silence, and worshipped her from afar, and, indeed, more than half persuaded himself that he was in love with her, and must fly her too-fascinating society before it was too late for his peace.

The first result of what he considered the discovery of his passion for Mrs. Merroville, was to make him shun that lady's society for a time. He shut himself up in his room, and read over the tender letters of his betrothed; and then, shocked at his infidelity to his vows of betrothal, he wrote a long and almost lover-like epistle to Miss Langley. This he followed up by another, and another, so that in the course of three days Clara received no less than five long and closely-written letters from her lover. She was charmed, and congratulated herself on having at last won his real and passionate love. To crown her joy, Edgar wrote once more, to say that he was tired of Bath, and thought he would finish the season at Newport.

Four days had now passed since Farren had seen Mrs. Merroville for more than a passing nod or look of recognition; and as he thought it over in his own room, while he calmly and reflectively smoked a cigar, he was astonished to find out that he hardly missed the fair dame's presence at all, and found life quite as pleasant, bereft of her sunny smiles and brilliant conversation. He was not only astonished but somewhat disgusted with himself at discovering this state of things.

"To think," he exclaimed, impatiently, "that I have not been in love with her at all! Pshaw! What a fool I was to write Clara that I was tired of Bath and would go to Newport, where I shall be bored to death! I will go find Mrs. Merroville and take her for a drive—that is, if she will go with me. I wonder if she has done me the honour to feel offended at my neglect of her these last few days?"

In the Meantime Mrs. Merroville's experience had been very different from that of Edgar. His absence had shown her how necessary he was to her happiness; and before the close of the second day on which he had chosen to absent himself from the public parlours and the veranda in front of the hotel, she had learned the secret of her heart. She knew that she loved him. This discovery was a blow to Mrs. Merroville. She had never loved before, and she felt instinctively that this first absorbing passion would be the one love of her life.

"What have I done?" she asked of herself, with dismay and horror. "I, a wife! It cannot be. I deceive myself. This is a profound sentiment of friendship; but—no, no. This is mere hypocrisy. Let me look upon the frightful truth, and then find out its remedy. I love—and for the first time in my life. I love with a mad, consuming passion, and it will kill me to lose this first, sole object of my heart's idolatry. Oh, Edgar—Edgar, my love! my love!"

The miserable woman shed tears of bitter humiliation, of passion, of unutterable anguish. But then came the most natural question—"Does he love me?" Up to this moment she had never doubted that he entertained for her the most profound admiration and respect. She had even gone so far as to suppose that he cherished for her a hopeless passion, which he nurtured within his breast in silence and despair. But now that the real state of her own heart was revealed to her, with that instinctive doubt of herself which a true love at once inspires, she began seriously to question if he returned the worship which she lavished upon him. She could not decide. At one moment she felt assured that he loved her, and had therefore withdrawn from her society before he became incapable of exercising so much command over himself. In the next instant her cheeks burned at the thought that he had detected her love, and despised her for it.

"At any rate," she said, proudly, "he has withdawn himself from me—for two days he has hardly noticed my existence; and, be the reason what it may, I will die before I make the first advance to bring him to my side again."

In this mood of mind Mrs. Merroville rushed headlong into all the pleasures of the place; but, as they were of the most limited description, and comprised nothing more exciting than swimming, boating, and riding, she still found more time than she could wish for to devote to long day-dreams of Edgar. But she seconded his endeavours to keep away from her most ably, and did her very utmost to get up another flirtation to counterbalance that which had proved so much more

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serious than she had at first intended. At the very moment when Edgar had discovered that Mrs. Merroville was not in the least dangerous to his peace of mind, that lady was out riding with the latest cavalier, and was smiling upon him in the most bewildering manner.

Thus it happened, that when Edgar went in search of Mrs. Merroville, he wandered through all the parlours, strolled out on the veranda, and lazily took the direction of the tall shade trees to the right of the hotel, without finding any trace of the object of his search. He found some one else, however, who, before long, proved much more attractive.

Flora Merroville was seated beneath one of the trees, her graceful head leaning back against it. The book which she had been reading lay closed upon her lap, her slender finger marking the page, and her fair face looking dreamy and very lovely. Edgar thought her remarkably pretty, while he stood gazing at her; and she looked so young and innocent—her white dress, and unbound hair flowing about her shoulders in careless curls, gave her an almost childlike appearance—that he could not help being deeply struck by her beauty. He was at a loss for something to say at first, and he almost feared to startle her by speaking too abruptly. At length he said, in the gentlest tone to which he could modulate his voice:

"Will you take pity on a lonely fellow-mortal, Miss Flora, and tell me where I can find Mrs. Merroville?"

Flora was not startled; but she looked up with a glance as quick and keen as a flash of lightning, and meeting the evident look of admiration with which he was still regarding her, she blushed a beautiful deep rose-colour, but showed no disagreeable embarrassment.

"Mamma has gone out riding, Mr. Farren," she said, quietly.

Edgar could not repress a smile at the mention of Mrs. Merroville; but Flora spoke of her as "mamma" with such perfect earnestness, that he could not think of ascribing any ill-natured feeling to her in applying that title to so young a woman as Mrs. Merroville.

"Does it not seem strange to you to speak of her as your mother?" he asked, seating himself at the foot of the tree beside Flora.

"Oh, no," she said simply. "I was such a mere child—only nine years old—when she married papa, that it has always seemed very natural for me to think of her as a mother, though, of course, she is very young."

"And very beautiful," said Edgar, looking at her intently.

She returned his look: but the expression of her face was very sad—almost despairing—and she could not repress the sigh with which she echoed his words: "And very beautiful!"

Edgar perceived at once, though he could not guess why, that the subject of her stepmother's beauty was a painful one to Flora, and he had too much tact to pursue it. He turned the conversation at once by referring to the book that still lay on her lap.

"What have you been reading?" he asked.

Flora's face brightened instantly, and she took up the volume, and glanced lovingly at it.

"I have only been refreshing my memory in regard to a few points in the play of 'Hamlet,'" she said. "I have no need to read it, for I think I know it by heart from the first to the last scene."

"What, you read Shakespeare! And you love him enough to commit him to memory?"

"I can hardly help committing him to memory. The language remains in my mind almost without effort on my part. But I have seen this special play so often, that I cannot help knowing it almost word for word."

"Whom have you seen in the part of Hamlet?" Edgar asked, almost jealously.

"I have seen but one actor play Hamlet, and I never wish to see any other in the part," Flora answered, regarding him most seriously. "That actor is yourself, Mr. Farren."

"Me, Miss Flora!" Edgar exclaimed, amazed, and immensely flattered; and then, recovering his wits, he took her hand, and kissed it warmly. "I value the tribute you have paid to my poor powers more than all the compliments I have ever received in my whole career."

"I am afraid that you are flattering me, Mr. Farren," Flora said, very earnestly.

"I am not, upon my sacred word, Miss Flora. I am proud to have had such an admirer."

He still held her hand, and he pressed it gently within both his own as he spoke, and gazed into her sweet, earnest eyes with a look that read to the bottom of her guileless soul.

He meant every word he spoke, too, and he was conscious of something stirring within his heart that had never stirred there before. He knew, in that long gaze which he sent down into the depths of Flora's clear and fearless eyes, that the girl loved him; but he didn't know, nor suspect, that within his own soul was kindled the answering and inextinguishable flame that would burn there for ever.

The longer he conversed with Flora, the more charming and lovely did Farren think her; and it seemed to him that he had been with her but a few minutes when he was suddenly roused to the consciousness of other existences besides his own and Flora Merroville. A well-known silvery voice exclaimed, in most musical accents:

"Mr. Farren, where in the world have you buried yourself for days past? And what has been the cause of your mysterious seclusion?"

Edgar glanced at the speaker, and started up from his recumbent position on the ground.

"Mrs. Merroville," he said, and his voice was a trifle

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conscious and confused, although he could scarcely have told why, "I am delighted to see you. As to my seclusion, I have been writing a poem;" and in a lower tone, "the subject of which was your own fair self."

"You incorrigible flatterer, and manufacturer of charming falsehoods!" returned Mrs. Merroville, in the same low tone, and casting a look of reproach at him. But she more than half believed the "charming falsehood," and coloured highly with pleasure at the thought that it might be true. Then she glanced at Flora, and for the first time in her life she felt a jealous pang when she remembered the look on Edgar's face, and Flora's downcast glances, when she first found the two seated side by side.

She gathered up the folds of her habit on her arm, and in the operation, contrived to drop her riding-whip and gloves. Edgar picked them up, and was about to return them, but she kept both her hands employed in holding up her riding-skirt, and, nodding her head toward the hotel, said:—

"Carry them into the house for me, won't you?"

Edgar assented by a bow; but if Flora could have read his heart, she might have seen how much he would have preferred to remain with her. However, it is given to very few to read the heart; and poor Flora felt sick and sad while she watched Edgar walking away from her by the side of her beautiful stepmother.

As for Mrs. Merroville, in the first moment of seeing Edgar beside Flora, and apparently so devoted to her, she had forgotten every one of her recent resolutions with regard to him, and thought of nothing in the world but to win his homage back to herself again.

When, indeed, she was alone in her own room, she bitterly reproached herself, and resolved once more to keep the strictest watch on her rebellious heart.

(*To be continued.*)

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—This celebrated exhibition in Baker Street has seldom looked brighter or more charming than at the present moment. The new Court costumes from Paris are of the most beautiful and superb description, some of the most eminent of the Parisian artists having been engaged to supply them, amongst whom there is the celebrated Worth, whose taste and skill have been so eagerly monopolised by the highest in the world of fashion. Every celebrity is rapidly added to the gallery, and the likenesses are proverbially good. The latest additions to the renowned chamber of horrors are the life-size figures of Hinson and the Frenchman Trauppmann.

AMUSEMENTS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—In a critique on Mr. Tom Taylor's play of the "Fool's Revenge," speaking of Bertuccio, the *Times* says:—The part was originally designed, we believe, for Robson, and it last night received in London an embodiment which may have recalled to others, as it did to us, the memory of that lost and lamented artist. Mr. Rousby, who last night made his first appearance as Bertuccio before a crowded audience at the Queen's Theatre, is an actor of considerable provincial reputation, but his appearance at the Queen's was unheralded by any puff preliminary. In size and appearance he recalls Robson. He has the same small, wiry, flexible figure, the same keen, well-cut face and bright eyes, the same clear and ringing voice, the same incisive delivery, the same faculty of self-excitement. What he has not yet proved that he possesses is the mixture of grotesqueness and quaint humour which gave so much relief to Robson's intensity.

It is not too much to say that the new actor showed a thorough command of the two contrasted gamuts of tenderness and passion, as exemplified in this part. He was, perhaps, less effective in the biting gibes of the first act, but this may have been due to the emotion of a first appearance. He seemed to us to be under a certain restraint in the earlier scenes of the play, which entirely disappeared in the subsequent expressions of tenderness and passion. As far as can be pronounced from one performance, the metropolitan stage has acquired a new and valuable addition in Mr. Rousby. If he can carry out what seems to us to be indicated in his Bertuccio, we may have found a successor to Robson, but in a more poetic and imaginative range of the dramatic art—a Robson, in fact, *minus* his burlesque element. Mr. Rousby's was not the only *début* of the evening We have violated the canons of gallantry in giving the precedence to husband over wife—the Fiordilisa of the night—thereby observing rather the order of importance belonging to the part than that of the favour which they won from the audience. Mrs. Rousby is a young lady of singular personal beauty, grace, and distinction. Her first and rarest merit is complete unstaginess, extending to manner, action, and delivery. Then her utterance and bearing have the great but subtle charm of refinement. With them there is no want of effectiveness or force, and none of the awkwardness of inexperience. Mrs. Rousby promises to be quite as great an acquisition to the London stage as her husband, and her gifts and merits are of a kind at least as rare among our actresses as his among our actors.

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Fashions for February 1870

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PLATE IV.



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FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevards des Italiens, *January 24th*, 1870.

Chere Amie,—

Although February is considered here, and in London also, for that matter, one of the "off" months, still the variety of costume is very great, and something or other, if not quite new, at least novel, is to be observed by a careful looker-on almost every day—there is a brilliancy of colour apparent in the studied costumes which has scarcely, if ever, been surpassed.

Amongst the short walking dresses there is, so to speak, a piquancy and freshness that is very pleasant to see; the pannier is a decided favourite. An exceedingly pretty effect is created in arranging the dress into deep flounces up to the knee. When the stuff is heavy, like thick silk or cloth, instead of letting the top flounce surround the dress it is brought up in the form of an apron in front, and the flounce, which is scolloped round instead of peaked, is bordered with velvet. This fashion is especially adopted for corded black silk. This now becomes indispensable to all ladies. Dear dress—for one cannot have it in an inferior quality—but which is suitable in all circumstances, and you will not repent the money that it has cost. For tunic, a sort of shawl of China rose-colour, ornamented with a slender lily, the point of which falls before; it is raised high on the hips, and knotted behind like a scarf. The raised sides are ornamented with bunches of eglantine, left to fall lightly down like wreaths on the flounces of the dress. The body is arranged the same; the neck is uncovered and round before and behind. A point of China rose crape, forming a breast-plate on the front and shoulders, of bunches of eglantine; then the lappets of the shawl re-united in the back covering half to the waist.

Costume for a boy of ten to thirteen.—English grey cloth, with little pockets on the front, and all ornamented with sable. Grey trousers, with braids of black velvet ornamented with pearl buttons. Boots ornamented at the top with sable. Grey felt hat, with cocks' feathers fastened behind.

Costume for a young girl of eight to thirteen years.—Double red antique cashmere dress, with three furbelows to the bottom of the petticoat; body adjusted. Great overcoat in velvet, bordered with swan's-down, and sash of velvet, and little plastron on the front. Flat collar and cuffs, maize gloves, half boots in black kid.

For little girl from six to ten years.—Skirt, Louise blue English velvet. Mantle in a light coloured cloth La Vallière, pocket in the front; body tied by a sash; half pointed sleeves, and double tippet falling down to the elbow ornamented with slants of velvet. The pockets, the back of the sleeves, and round the jacket, is ornamented with slants of velvet. Flat collar, cuffs to match.

For a young girl from eleven to thirteen.—A skirt of light coloured corded silk, ornamented at the bottom with velvet of the same colour; corded silk tunic, puffs behind. It is open in front, to form a pointed apron in velvet buttons of a deeper colour to the waist. Body half low, with back of velvet, making a berthe, cut on the shoulders, and little plastron of velvet in front. Sleeves flat, ornamented with slants of velvet to the waist; sash of velvet. Muslin chemisette with little tucks ornamented to the neck with embroidery. Little velvet necktie, tied with a little knot in the front.

For a little girl from eight to eleven.—Skirt in bright blue poplin, with a deep flounce surmounted by a deeper one. Mantle of grey velvet, with long tippets and flat sleeves. The tippet, the wrist of the sleeves, the border, and the front of the mantle, are ornamented with slants of bright blue velvet the same colour as the dress.

For a ball costume for children. Little girls of ten to thirteen. Costume of duchess towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV.—Straight skirt in straw-coloured satin, trimmed with swan's-down, surmounted by another trimming of swan's-down a little distance from the first. Body adjusted. Square décolleté. Flat short sleeves, with long sabots of lace. Long train en lampas with yellow flowers; ruby-coloured, very open on the front; all trimmed in swan's-down, and little pardessus in stuff and colour alike; long skirt very open on the front, with large falling sleeves, and all trimmed in swan's-down, held to the waist by a sash of gold filigrees with pans of gold tassels on the front.

Head-dress à la Maintenon, with a display of lace on the front, intermingled with ruby-coloured velvet and feathers,

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and pans of lace behind. Gloves a quarter long, trimmed with swan's-down. A row of large white pearls at the neck. White ivory fan with a painting on white satin.

Costume in the time of Louis XIV.—Dress of green velvet with bows of ribbon of the same colour, and the shoulders tied to the waist by a waistband of gold cord; all the dress is trimmed with gold lace. Little pockets on the front trimmed in the same manner. Knickerbockers in violet velvet, with garters of velvet. Violet silk stockings. Lace cravat with a bow and long pans. Large wig with long curls falling down to the middle of the back.

For a child from seven to ten. Costume of the 16th Century.—Cloak of the colour of a stalk, in gros grain, opening sleeves of satin the same colour. Short breeches in gros grain blue, leaving to be seen some of the yellow satin. Velvet garters with bow at the side, pans half long. Flat shoes, half cloth, with gold buckles. Sword at the side, a large sheath. Valois felt hat ornamented with yellow and white feathers. Gloves of a brighter yellow than the cloak. Folded collar.

The embroidery on stuff and the ornaments in plates of gold lace are each day becoming more favourable to the world.

All the skirts of the costume of luxury are embroidered by the hand on satin and velvet, black or white embroidery, following the colour of the toilet. The white embroideries are naturally the most elegant. But it carries, nevertheless, the day, since the skirts of which we speak are those of the short toilets. The embroidery is also made on cloth skirts. In this case it is best to repeat them on the tunic and little jacket. One can also, for undress and for journeys, embroider skirts of a fine felt cloth, which can very well accompany the cloth costume. People have nearly abandoned the Metternich, that is to say, all the dresses with tippets raised in the back. One can replace them by the little jacket, and the tippets very long, forming false sleeves, square in front. This form, which held between the raglan and the tippet to the middle, is very graceful; overcoat of a heavier stuff. The tunic is always la coup for the great toilet, or the rich stuff for the woollen stuff.

One sees many skirts à la Russe. Example:—

A costume sent for the Duchess of M——, and her two young sisters.—Skirt of myrtle green cloth, with flounces à plissè Russe and very deep, in black faille, and black peaked slants forming the heading.

Second skirt open in front, falling straight and buttoned up to the waist by great fancy buttons. This second skirt has a great fold Watteau at the back of the waist, and is raised à plis plats. This skirt is surrounded by slant of black faille and with a fringe mixed green and black. The body is even and flat, ornamented with slants of black faille and buttons. In short, the little dress forms a long tippet with false sleeves, trimmed with faille and buttons, absolutely as the second skirt, and shut together in front by a series of the same buttons. This costume had been repeated in blue plum colour for the young girls. It is still pretty in maroon colour, or La Vallière, but it is insignificant in grey, because the grey woollens are often very inferior, in order to be able to make them cheap. The silk skirts, and particularly the faille, are always made of plissè à la Russe and flounces, so deep that they require a greater breadth of stuff for five flounces. The height of the flounces obtain eighty centimètres. It results that if one places this plissè on the faille the dress becomes inconveniently heavy. One obviates this inconvenience by making in lustran the bottom of the skirt, and in covering it with the plissès à la Russe. The newest form is to leave the front breadth plain and not commence the flounces from each side, because the flounces are so heavy and fatiguing for walking.

With this kind of tunic one can make a round tunic raised with the skirt, and surrounded with a flounce. It is preferable that the flounces are indented with notches and bordered with velvet—it makes a very elegant tunic. One can also trim it with fringe, but the weight is increased. It takes between sixteen to eighteen m. of faille for this kind of skirt. It is in favour the same in black; it is especially in black that one makes these half flounced skirts. Skirt of poult-de-soie maroon high flounces, trimmed with puffs of satin. Cloak Louis XVI. in poult-de-soie, raised at the sides and trimmed with a Chinese pearl grey fringe. At the bottom of this fringe is gimp of Malines.

Bonnet in Mechlin net, ornamented with a large rose and leaves, with green strings and shells towards the top. Little puffs, composed of lace and black velvet, long strings of black velvet and double pans towards the end. Inside of the bonnet: Dahlia cockade, composed of little comets, placed on the front, from where they part on each side, with a fall of lace ornamented with comets and rose, terminating in a round lappet; a fall of the same falling behind, with a bow of rose to short pans towards the neck. On the top of the head a bow of rose ribbon. Muslin ruff and Valenciennes.

Bonnet intriguer, composed of embroidered muslin and shells of green satin ribbon, with lappets joined; on the chest a bow of the same. Little puffs, in clear embroidered muslin, with rose-coloured shells, with long pans, rose colour, falling behind.

Collar: two rows of muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes, and little folds high towards the neck; a third row descends towards the neck, a green ribbon maintaining the collar. A fall, composed of a band of muslin and Valenciennes, adorns the front of the chemisette. Cuffs to match, with little folds, complete the toilet.

Body of white muslin, three facings in embroidered falling one on the other. The facing of the sleeve corresponding with those of the neck, and falling irregularly one on the other. Little tippet bordered to the bottom in muslin ruff. It is very high at the back of the neck, lower in front, a little open in the neck to rows of plaiting. Another plaited row ornamenting the shoulders, and reunited in front towards the waist by a cockade of embroidered muslin.

Habit of the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV. for a ball costume.—Skirt in clear yellow satin, trimmed at the bottom with three rows of Spanish snuff colour, of which the two first are raised on the front of each side, and form thus four distant rows of symmetrically placed velvet. Cloak of Spanish snuff-coloured velvet, arranged with large pockets to point in the front, bordered with lace the same colour as that of the skirt. The border and the front of the cloak is trimmed equally in yellow lace. Half-a-dozen gimp buttons in yellow lace ornament the front of the cloak from the neck to beyond the waist. Half-flat sleeves enlargened at the wrist; it has a large facing in yellow satin, slit open to the bottom in two points, fixed on the top by three yellow lace buttons. There

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are three buttons alike on the end of the gimp. Large cravat in white muslin, tied in a simple bow with long pans. Puffed cuffs with little gathers in embroidered muslin. Musketeer hat in grey felt, with pearl buckles in front, and long rose-coloured ostrich feather falling behind. Pearl grey kid gloves, with one button, and fastened with two gold tassels. Little riding whip in fine yellow platted hide.

Second toilet.—Peasant of North Italy. Ball costume. Round skirt, short, and a little fall of cerise red cloth. Body in silver grey cloth, the neck uncovered and square in front, with little plastron of black velvet. Long, ample, clear blue apron, with a cerise girdle. Cloak of cerise cloth, buttoned with light yellow silk buttons, very open in front, raised behind to half fit. Flat sleeves, slit to the elbow, bordered with arabesques of gold cord. Chemisette in embroidered muslin, square at the neck. Puffed sleeves in embroidered muslin to the wrist. Necklace of three rows of amber pearls. For head-dress a wreath of vine branch, with dead amber pearls falling behind. Silver grey stockings, flat cerise shoes, ornamented in front with a cerise and silver grey fringe.



Boulevard des Capucines, 25*th January*, 1870.

Chere Amie,—

It is not often that I have spare time in which to send you a letter, but as the dulness here is so intense, a portion of my literary time is for a wonder at your disposal.

There have already been several large parties here, on the occasions of Christmas and New Year's-day fêtes, and as the taste as regards toilettes propagates more and more, although the "reunions" were for the principal part family affairs, the greatest elegance was observed.

It is only young ladies who at present wear lace in their dresses, and then only Valenciennes, which I must strongly advise them to adhere to. Here is a toilette, at once elegant and original, and which quite suits simplicity. It is composed of a robe of white tarlatan, covered to the knees with small volants denticulated. The tunic, Camargo form, encircled with three small volants to match, and relieved with knots with large pans in black velvet. Small bows of black velvet are thrown about like flies, and among the volants at the bottom of the skirt.

The skirt décolleté square has half-length sleeves with sabot. It is ornamented with small volants and black velvet, forming bretelles.

This robe is set indifferently on an under-skirt of light taffeta, forming a transparent, and one may thus vary the toilette without any other expense than that of the under-skirt. It is completed by a sash of very large black velvet, which is set behind in scarf pans, which are set one over the other.

Never has there been such a multiplied use of velvet in toilettes as at present. It is mingled as much with light stuffs as with thick ones.

Here is a kind of toilette which plays the first part, and produces a very pretty effect. They are robes of glacé taffetas of light tints—blue, rose, straw, &c. The skirt may either be long or short. On this skirt is set in the bottom two biases of black velvet, describing two very large pointed denticulations on the waist, parting from the other biases, which have slightly the form of an arrow, the point of which is turned on the side of the waist. These arrows descend on the skirt nearly to the denticulations at the bottom, and are encased with narrow white lace not gathered. The corsage décolleté has the same ornament parting from the sash and enlarging towards the shoulders. Knots of black velvet fall on the sleeves, composed of very straight bouillonnés. The sash must be in black velvet, likewise encircled with white lace. It is very pretty to terminate it by a very high lace, which replaces the fringe. The knots of black velvet ordinarily complete this toilette. They are set on the top of the head, sometimes accompanied by a flower set behind the ear.

Velvet robes are also in all the fêtes except balls.

At the present the shoulder knot becomes one of the principal ornaments for ball dresses.

The Baroness de P—— the other night wore a diadem of roses, mingled, of the new form; the rose in the middle was very voluminous and the others which accompanied it diminished in size as they approached the ear; the coronet had no train.

Bonnets threaten to disappear entirely to give place to a toquet. At this period it is only aged ladies who wear close bonnets. The others set a flower puff on a cluster of small buckles, which advance towards the front. The form which suits best is that with the edges very much relieved on the sides. It is nearly always made in velvet, with a very long ostrich feather falling behind. When the feather is white the toquet is considered as full dress; when black, as negligée toilette.

However, there is an intermediary between the two forms. This is the Maintenon chapeau, composed of a lace mounted in pipings around the front, having as its base flowers piqued in a small ruche. The flowers of velvet are those which produce the greatest effect when thus disposed. A half crown of leaves of various green velvets, set à la Cérès, forms a very pretty base with straight.

Veils enrolled around the neck are not worn in winter, and by a singular caprice of the fashion they are abandoned just at the time when they would be useful. It is quite true that collars of fur have returned in fashion, and that boas are again much worn. This is very graceful, above all with the décolleté robe. But it is probable that it will soon be perceived that their use is harmful, and they will not be in fashion for long.

Robe of rose satin with a train, opening entablier on a jupon of white satin, covered with white tulle, with a large volant of tulle with head ruched and bouillonnéd. The edges of the tablier describe a spiral arrested at regular intervals with a bow of rose ribbon gros grain. The spiral rises on the shoulders and is retained like the apron by roses. Plastron in white lace, staged. Sash of rose satin, attached on the side by a bow of lace with a rose in the middle. Head-dress with puff of roses and white aigrette. Rose satin shoes, straw-colour kid gloves.

Robe of white tarlatan, set on an under-skirt of white taffeta. On the first skirt four volants of white tarlatan, separated by ribbons of pale green satin. Second skirt

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trimmed round with a plait surmounted with a green ribbon. The skirt is with a train behind and tunic rounded in front. It is relieved en pannier by a large scarf in green satin, which parts on the sides and is tied on the puff of tarlatan, where it forms a large knot with pans trimmed with fringe. The corsage décolleté, with lace plastron in front, has bretelles of the same ribbon, and the sash tied lower than the waist has likewise a large knot with pans; these pans form a sort of basque. Head-dress with a puff mixed with roses and points of white feathers. Shoes of white satin with ruche of blond around and white and green.

1st Toilette.—Ball costume for young lady. Robe of gauze de soie, ornamented in the bottom with a large chicorée ruche. Second skirt, tunic, same stuff, with reverse of velvet; the tunic is ornamented all round with a small chicorée ruche in guaze, embroidered with small velvet, very straight; it is relieved on each side with a knot and a transparent under the tunic, which is cloven behind and ornamented by a reverse, and a knot corsage with a point rounded with reverse in velvet before and behind, the drapery in gauze forming the sleeve. Head-dress in rose laurel, mounted on a small puff of coques of velvet; a train falls behind with two long No. 4 velvet ribbons.

2nd Toilette.—Young lady's ball toilette. Robe of satin with long train. Second skirt in lace: bouquets and trains of flowers of white briar, falling in cascade on the plait behind the skirt of lace, is relieved in two parts; on the sides are set bouquets, and a train in each of the plaits. Bodice with rounded point, bertha and sleeve in lace retained on the bodice with small bouquets of briar. Head-dress of briar flowers forming half garland: it trims all the top of the head and is broken in the middle by an anemone of satin, afterwards falling behind, en panache, on a clustered chignon.

3rd Toilette.—Little girl's town toilette. Robe of satin, trimmed at the bottom of sleeves and round the neck with fur. Tunic and corset in velvet; the tunic is much shorter in front, and is cloven on the side, so as to make a part much longer, which is relieved by three long plaits. The corset is décolletté and without sleeves, and the whole trimmed with fur. The sash is in fur, with three small queues, which ornament the plaits in the middle of the tunic. Tyrolian hat, grey felt, edged with velvet and satin bias, and ornamented with a bird.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Indoor costume of pale mauve Italian cloth with flounces of the same, trimmed with bows of a darker shade. Zouave jacket of dark mauve silk with black velvet trimmings and fringe.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of black gros grain with casque of the same, trimmed with satin bands and silk tassels and fringe.

Fig. 3.—Robe of green poult-de-soie, ornamented with bows of velvet. Habit-shirt of white muslin.

Fig. 4.—Little girl's costume of deep rose cashmere with narrow black velvet on the skirt and sleeves. The over-dress is of black velvet, with satin bands and fringe on the edge.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Robe of brown rep, with rosettes of ribbon down the front. Jacket of velveteen trimmed with fluted satin ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of lavender satin with trimmings of cerise velvet and white lace. Coiffure ornamented with roses.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of violet poplin, with flounces of black silk, headed by vandyked velvet; a band and bow of violet ribbon round the coiffure.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Walking dress of grey striped silk; mantle of black cashmere, trimmed with lace; hat of black velvet, with grey veil and red flowers.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of blue poult-de-soie, trimmed with broad bands of blue velvet and fringe; muff of Astracan fur; bonnet of blue terry velvet and white flowers, with a long lace veil.

Fig. 3.—Costume of pale brown poplin, trimmed with narrow frillings of the same and satin ribbon. Bonnet of brown satin and black lace, with a rose in the front.

PLATE IV.—*No.* 1.—Hat (Lucille): Drab terry velvet with full bow in front fastened with full ruching of velvet, the bow of the same material. Feather drooping over the centre and falling behind, two short feathers on each side of the centre, one in front.

No. 2.—Bonnet (Caprice): Lace with front of ribbon ruche and strings of ribbon with full bow and ends falling. The crown formed of a wreath of mixed cornflowers and centre rose.

No. 3.—Bonnet (Queen of May): Velvet and lace, with quilled edges, large fall, and long lace and velvet ends; drooping tendrils of eglantine fall over the back hair, which is dressed with curls falling on the neck.

No. 4.—Chemisette and collar of fine muslin, with upright frills and points with insertion; the first frilling graduates to a point in front of the bodice and terminates with a rosette of lace.

No. 5.—Bonnet (Amethyst): Green satin, strings and bow of the same, an edging of Valenciennes lace to the fall and passing over the crown in scollops; the bows in front are fastened with a jewel.

No. 6.—Hat (Parisienne): Black velvet with flat centre and small crown; in front a full-blown rose set in lace, tendril of leaves and bud round the sides and very small puff feathers; a large fall of black lace behind completes the ornamentation.

No. 7.—Hat (La Russe): Black velvet, high crown and close sides, falling well on the head; separate ruchings of satin round the crown, with scarlet thistle in front; at the back a massive double bow of satin ribbon with long falling ends; a close curling feather is sometimes worn over the crown.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give this month a décolletté, or low bodice corsage, for evening dress, with full short sleeve. It is to be trimmed round with ruches or lace, with a bouillonné in front.

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USEFUL DRESSES.

To make up plain materials into fashionable dresses and costumes is no easy matter. For house dresses bright warm colours are preferred, rather than the dark rich colours so appropriate for the street. Blondes wear bright Alexandra blue, violet-purple, oasis green, or the stylish prune-colour; brunes choose ruby, maroon, French blue, or else a clear grey enlivened with trimmings of garnet or gay plaid. The design for such dresses is a short basque, with revers or without, and coat-sleeves. The skirt is but two fingers longer behind than a walking-dress skirt, and is four and a half yards wide. The trimming is velvet ribbon or bias silk bands of the shade of the dress. If the waist is without revers, the neck is merely corded, and a standing frill of sheer muslin is worn with it. A similar ruffle inside the coat sleeves falls over the hand.

For street suits of Empress cloth or merino the colours are lapis-blue, invisible green, Egyptian brown, and other dark shades. These are plainly made with a single skirt, trimmed with a deep plaiting, headed by a band of velvet. The plain round waist and coat sleeves are but little trimmed. An over-basque with velvet collar and cuffs is flannel-lined or wadded. Half flowing sleeves make this garment more dressy.

Finer woollen materials are made with Metternich mantles, ample enough to dispense with tunics, or else they have long redingotes draped to give the appearance of two skirts. With furs these suits are worn in the coldest weather. If more warmth is desired, a short paletôt of cloth or velveteen the colour of the dress is added.—*The Queen.*

THE TOILET.—The duties of the toilet and the due preservation of the gifts of Nature are so intimately associated with the preservation of our health and well-being, that it is impossible to neglect their important claims without paying a severe penalty for our negligence and want of care. Among the most important objects which claim our notice in this respect, the hair, the skin, and the teeth obviously require the most sedulous attention. For the whole of these the perseverance and success of Messrs. Rowland have provided specifics of unfailing efficacy and virtue. Their celebrated Macassar has obtained universal celebrity, has been celebrated by the lays of the poet, and is patronised by rank, beauty, and fashion for its inimitable qualities in preserving the hair in a state of healthfulness and beauty. The skin has, in like manner, claimed their attention, and in the production of their Kalydor they have achieved a discovery no less beneficial to that delicate and vital portion of our frame; the same result has been achieved with their Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, which, as a preserver and beautifier of the teeth and gums, stands unrivalled by any dentifrice of past or present times.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liverpool), consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

FLIRTATION AND ITS RESULTS.

(*Continued from our last.*)

Day by day passed on, and Edgar had utterly forgotten his promise to Clara Langley to finish the season at Newport. Day after day he devoted himself to Flora, making her perfectly happy, sowing deep the seeds of a wretched love for himself, and driving Mrs. Merroville to despair with wounded pride and jealousy. With the selfishness peculiar to his sex, he never once thought of the woman to whom he was betrothed, of the broken heart he might entail on Flora, or of the misery he had already brought on Mrs. Merroville. If he thought of any of these, it was of Mrs. Merroville, for to her state of mind he could not be altogether blind. She showed it both in looks and words.

While she had only loved, she had concealed the pangs with a Spartan-like bravery; but when she saw the idol of her soul offering to another the same homage that had wrought her woe, human nature could not endure it patiently.

Now, Edgar Farren, although he was a desperate flirt, was, at times, smitten with a sudden overflow of kindness—after the mischief was irrevocably done. The tender, reproachful glances of Mrs. Merroville, or the sudden pallor of her fair face, smote his conscience, and for days at a time he would pay her every loverlike attention that gallantry could suggest to him. From this course he would unexpectedly be awakened by the silent reproach of Flora's sweet face, paler than its wont, with sorrowful, sad lips depressed, like a rose parched for the dew on which it fed. Instantly he neglected Mrs. Merroville, and gave up his every thought to Flora.

In this way, Mrs. Merroville and her step-daughter were rapidly growing to hate each other: and there is no hate like that of rivals in a man's love.

It is impossible to guess how long this state of things might have lasted, but for an incident that suddenly awoke Edgar Farren to the true state of his own feelings.

"Edgar," said Mrs. Merroville one day—she had adopted the custom of calling him by his Christian name since the time when she became jealous of his attentions to Flora—"have you noticed that youth who is so attentive to Miss Merroville?"

"Yes," said Edgar; "the new arrival—a cousin, or something, isn't he?"

"A very distant cousin, but anxious to become more nearly related. He is going to marry Flora."

"Marry Flora!" exclaimed Edgar, loudly, for he was utterly amazed.

And then he said no more, for a loud roaring noise seemed suddenly to fill his ears; his heart stopped beating, and then recommenced with extraordinary rapidity.

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He was presently conscious that Mrs. Merroville was talking to him; but it was some time before he distinguished a word that she said. He heard her say:

"Why, of course he is going to marry her. Does it surprise you? Has Flora never mentioned it?"

"She has not so far honoured me with her confidence," Edgar returned, frigidly.

And then, with the strongest effort of will that he could command, he dismissed the subject from his mind, and devoted himself to Mrs. Merroville.

It was late in the afternoon before he found himself alone; and then he could no longer command his thoughts. Despite his utmost efforts, they would return to Flora.

"Can it be possible," he asked himself again and again, "that a girl so apparently guileless, so sweet, so innocent, can have thus deceived me? And I—good heavens!—I love her! It serves me right. I am justly punished. I would have deceived and broken her heart and married another. But the tables are turned upon me, and do what I can, I still cannot choose but love her. What shall I do!"

At this moment came a knock at the door, ushering in a letter from Clara Langley. It reminded him of his promise most strongly; and coming as it did so close upon his disappointment concerning Flora, he determined to act upon its contents immediately.

In less than an hour his valise and trunks were packed and corded, his hotel bill paid, and he stood at the door waiting the vehicle that was to convey him to the railway station.

Neither Mrs. Merroville nor Flora guessed that he was going; and he saw neither of them before he went away. But he left a few lines of farewell for Mrs. Merroville—for Flora not even the word "adieu."

Miss Langley triumphed when her handsome, talented, and well-known and admired lover made his appearance at Newport.

"Ah," thought she, "now he is mine for ever! I have entirely won him."

And Farren devoted himself to his *fiancée* in a manner well calculated to deepen this conviction on her part. He was all loverlike attention. He waited upon her constantly. He declared her to be charming—as, indeed, she was—and used every argument to persuade himself that he had quite forgotten Flora.

But Mrs. Merroville could not stand this state of affairs. Ever since her love had been increased and rendered furious by her jealousy, she had found it almost impossible to live out of the presence of Edgar Farren.

The natural consequence of this, combined with the fact that she knew of Farren's whereabouts—for he had been stupid enough to mention his destination in the note of adieu which he left for her—was, that one morning at the breakfast-table the young tragedian found himself face to face with the whole Merroville party.

Farren bowed courteously to Mrs. Merroville and her husband; and coldly to Flora, who nearly fainted, poor child, at the sight of him, and could eat no breakfast—which was no new thing, for she had not eaten more than enough to sustain life since his abrupt and cruel departure.

Mrs. Merroville well knew that it would be death to all her plans if Edgar and Flora once came to an explanation, and that had been one strong reason against coming to Newport.

Another and stronger reason was, that she knew that Edgar, even though he loved her, could be nothing to her, bound as he was to another. But then came wicked thoughts at which she shuddered, but dwelt on eagerly, almost hopefully. Her husband was old, infirm, and his physician had more than once warned her seriously that he might die very suddenly. The result of all this reasoning and thinking was that Bath was abandoned, and Newport selected to fill up the remaining six weeks of the summer season. Mrs. Merroville now bent all her energy to the task of preventing an explanation, or even a conversation, unheard by herself, between Flora and Edgar. To her surprise she perceived that this was likely to be a much easier task than she had anticipated. Farren, enraged against what he chose to call Flora's duplicity, paid no attention to her presence at all; he was still courteous and even gallant to Mrs. Merroville, but his whole time was given up to Clara Langley. With the quick eye of jealousy Mrs. Merroville read this in a few minutes; a terrible suspicion darted through her mind, and, acting upon it, the very first moment that she could contrive a meeting with him unobserved by others, she coldly congratulated Edgar on his approaching marriage.

Farren was astonished and a little taken aback; but, on the whole, very glad that she had learned of his engagement to Clara; "for," he thought, "this will, thank heaven, rid me of her sentimental nonsense."

With a conscious smile he accepted her congratulations, and thanked her. Mrs. Merroville looked at him wildly for a moment; read in his face that her suspicion was truth, and, with a gasping cry, fell, fainting, into his arms. In the first alarm of the moment Edgar called aloud for help, but was, fortunately, unheard. He then laid his insensible burden gently on the sofa, and cast about for some means of restoring her. He gently sprinkled her deathlike face with water from the pitcher on the table, but she showed no symptoms of reviving. Edgar looked about the apartment; and, by a happy chance, found some lady's bottle of smelling-salts on the mantel-piece. He applied the restorative to Mrs. Merroville's nostrils; and, after several minutes, a low, shivering sigh parted her lips, and her eyes gradually unclosed. She looked at him sadly—wistfully—and

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gasps and sobs shook her, and, at last, she burst into passionate weeping. Edgar was almost beside himself; he felt that he was in a most awkward situation, and knew not how to get out of it. But to remain quiet while a beautiful woman was looking at him with bitter reproach showing through her angry and passionate tears, was beyond his powers.

"Dear Mrs. Merroville!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on his knees beside her, "what have I done? Do, pray -pray do calm yourself."

"Cruel - cruel!" sobbed Mrs. Merroville; "you have broken my heart. Why did you show in every look and word that you—loved me!—if -oh, I wish I was dead!—I wish I was dead!"

Edgar caught her hand and kissed it. She snatched it violently from him; and then, by an irresistible impulse, clasped her arms about his neck, and kissed him many times.

"I never wish to see you again," she sobbed. "Why—why did I ever see you? Leave me now, at once, and for ever."

"No, never—till you have said that you forgive me; and I am not so much to blame, Mrs. Merroville! Had you been free—ah, then, indeed, you might reproach me if I should leave you now without confessing that I love you."

"That you love me! Edgar—do you, then, love me?"

"Who could know you and not love you? Do you think I am insensible as marble?"

"Then you love me! and it is my cruel fate, not you, that wills me to be for ever wretched. At least I thank you for that assurance."

"And you forgive me?"

"If you speak truly, I have nothing to forgive. Leave me now—let me be alone with my misery and my hopeless, wretched love."

Edgar kissed her hand again, and obeyed; being in truth right glad to make his escape. And Mrs. Merroville left the parlour also, and retired to her own room. She did not leave it for a week, for she was sick at heart, and many a time she prayed that she might die. Her sole consolation was that he loved her; and she began to pity poor Flora a little, who had not even this sad consolation.

When Mrs. Merroville again made her appearance in the parlours and at the public table, she was very pale, and looked very wretched. She had the good sense not to make any effort at conversation with Edgar, but steadily avoided him.

(To be continued.)

AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.—The tremendous audiences gathered nightly within the walls of this national theatre are provided with an entertainment in every way worthy of them; and we have sincere pleasure in recording the complete success of the new grand comic Christmas Annual, entitled "Beauty and the Beast; or, Harlequin and Old Mother Bunch," written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard. It is less didactic than some of Mr. Blanchard's former productions; indeed, it may be characterised as a spectacular and acrobatic pantomime, in which the extraordinary munificence of the enterprising lessee, Mr. Frederick B. Chatterton, in providing scenery, dress, transformations, and tumblers, has ably seconded the dramatist in the weaving of his fable and the elucidation of his plot.

COVENT GARDEN.—"The Yellow Dwarf; or, Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Gold Mines," is one of the most brilliant of Mr. J. R. Planche's efforts. Mr. Augustus Harris has concentrated all his energies upon the production of this splendid pantomime, and has determined that this alone shall be the attraction of the evening, and the most unequivocal success has rewarded his endeavours to amuse and delight the vast audiences which nightly crowd the theatre to the ceiling.

OLYMPIC.—"Little Em'ly" still is the chief attraction at this house. A more charming domestic drama it is impossible to conceive, abounding in affecting incidents, fully revealing the most intense phases of natural home affections. It offers a scope for the display of personal merit seldom to be obtained. Mr. Peggotty, Ham, and Little Em'ly, have faithful representatives, as also the minor personages, while Micawber the immortal, lives again, or rather is made mortal by the clever acting and happy make up of Mr. G. F. Rowe, who has made this character his own.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—The exhibition in Baker Street, interesting to old and young, has this season been especially attractive to some thousands who have thronged Madame Tussaud's rooms, made gay and brilliant by handsome dresses and costly uniforms that deck the wax-work models. In addition to the ordinary attractions of this establishment, portrait figures have been added of those personages who have made themselves famous or notorious. Of all the figures recently displayed, that of Mr. George Peabody is the most striking. It is an excellent likeness, and similar in style to the statue at the rear of the Royal Exchange. A model of Grisi has found a place in the exhibition, and Mr. Tussaud may be especially congratulated on the excellent work of art. Lord Byron is also represented; and in the room properly termed a "Chamber of Horrors" is a life model of the murderer Tropmann, whose personal appearance has been graphically described in our Paris correspondence.

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Fashions for March 1870.

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Fashions for November 1870

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LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for March 1870.

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Fashions for March 1870

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PLATE V.



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FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevards des Italiens, *February 23rd*, 1870.

Chere Amie,—

Gold streams everywhere. Is it in the pockets? That is another question. For us it is important to state that the fashion is to put a little by to go to balls, on the ball-dresses, and in the head-dresses.

One sees again white dresses with gold fringes, and delicately embroidered with garlands of gold. The dresses of white China crape are still very much in favour. The silver embroidery is perhaps still more distinguished. Thus we have seen a dress of mauve taffetas, with great flounces of lace, on which is placed a tunic of mauve crape, bordered with silver fringe, with a little silver embroidery on the top of the fringe.

The tunic is only raised on one side by a garland of tea-roses mixed with little bows of silver-coloured ribbon. The same rose on the body, and a great bow on the left shoulder. In the hair, a single tea-rose, very large, with bow of silver and ribbon of silver passed in the plaits of the hair. The sleeves are made very short, square, and half long; the body is square and open. The flounces of lace coming to the bottom of the train. They have generally for the head, velvet of the same colour as the dress, and lace, with pipings, on the top.

A little fringe of flowers running on the top of the lace adds much to the luxury of this kind of toilet. Rose-coloured coral is much worn for the evening. A mixture of white and black makes very charming toilets. It is almost always with foulard that the rose-coloured coral is worn the best. We observed the other evening at a large dinner party, a costume of foulard, chosen from the colony of the Judes, of a very delicate colour. One knows that the house of which we speak is celebrated for the freshness of its shades and the quality of its dye, which never fades when it is exposed to the wet. The toilet of which we speak was a long skirt, covered with pipings of tarletan. A band of black velvet separated each flounce, and being transparent you could see between the rose-coloured foulard between the flounces. On the low body of rose foulard was made a little vest much ornamented with folds of tarletan and black velvet. It was light, and made transparent on the shoulders; but one can make the same with a lining of rose foulard. The house of the Colonie des Judes has a great many clear shades especially destined for the evening toilet. For the town the foulard offers a precious resource. It replaces silk with advantage; it does not fear the wet. The Chinese kind, very highly coloured, some black, white, or purple, make charming toilets, and can be cut for a tunic put on the top of the skirts and flounced.

1st Toilet.—Skirt of black velvet, round and straight deep flounce, edged with a little piping of rose-coloured satin. Tunic alike, round, making a puff behind, raised on the side by a large bow of rose satin, with pans half long, trimmed with long slender roses on the top. This dress is wholly in double rose satin, and the borders trimmed with satin piping. Body ajusté raised behind to show the satin, very open in front; skirt round, bordered in narrow pipings of rose satin, falling square in front. Flat sleeve to reveal the satin, buttoned to the wrist with black buttons, bordered with roses. Sash of rose satin, fastened in front with a large flat round bow. Chemisette trimmed with lace, and open in the front to reveal the satin. Cuffs of lace. This costume, complete, employs 22 m. of black velvet, of which 4 m. for the skirt, 6 m. for the tunic or second skirt, which is terminated on the flounce, and 6 m. equally for the great flounce and on the top, which is made glase to the bottom of the first skirt. You must have 5 m. of rose taffetas for the revers, sash, lining of the open sleeves, bows and piping for all the costume. We count 50 c. for velvet, and taffetas 6 s. c.

2nd Toilet.—Skirt of emerald green faille, trimmed at the bottom with two flounces falling one on the other. Tunic very long, falling on the flounces of the skirt, having three pans to the bottom; open on the front, trimmed with a flounce, surmounted with narrow pipings, the piping which trims the pans behind raising down to the sash and reunites with the pans in front. Body ajusté, with very long basques; puffs behind, the two others very open in the front, trimmed on the side by a bow of emerald colour, made in many shells, and to pans short cut in lozenge. Sash of green satin, fastened behind by a bow of the same colour, with long pans, very large. Flat collar, flat sleeves. Lace hat, with lilac feathers, with long gauze veil of silk rolled round the neck. Maize

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gloves; muff of sable of Canada, lined with lilac silk. Great cloak of black velvet; lining of rose satin, and rose satin pipings; open at the back of the shoulders, and falling behind the arm, looped up with a bow which reveals the tunic.

This costume employs 22 m. of emerald green taffetas in faille for the first skirt, with flounce; the tunic long and open in front, and for the trimming composed of the sash of bows, and of pipings of emerald velvet which frames all the part of the figure. You must have 6 m. of velvet in 50 of large.

Velvet is never so much worn as in winter. It is not the cold which imposes it, it is the fashion. Flounces are also used on light cloth, and that is what makes the skirt so heavy as to inconvenience the walking, and one is obliged to take the front breadth for the flounce.

Not content with this, fashion will still put bands of fur for the heading of the velvet flounces. This is, however, a kind of skirt which seems as coup d'œil, and is less disagreeable to carry.

It is a skirt of which the height is little froncé, and to which is added to the height of the hips a flounce plissé, which falls to the bottom, and is only lined by a simple lining. The heading of the flounce is trimmed by a straight band of fur. The tunic is without puffings. It is formed of two long skirts in the wing form. It is surrounded by a flounce, the heading of which is simply fur. The body is flat, and a similar band of fur comes in a point on the chest. The sleeves are double: the first tight, with a bracelet of fur at the wrist; the second is open nearly down to the elbow, very large, and forming a point like the tunic. On the front of the body the fur is simply put. Astrakan and Mineva looks very well on cloth, but on silk, dress sable is preferred. Grebe and Swansdown are reserved for grand toilets of light silk. Some like ermine. That which is a great elegance is dark sable worked on white satin for ornament. One sees very elegant dresses; and for balls, dresses trimmed in this fashion. Toilets of apartments have a great coquetry. One sees skirts in satin, braided in black, over which comes the dress. These skirts are maroon-colour, gooseberry, or pearl-grey, and will serve for many toilets. One can also have bodies which will serve for any dress.

They can also have the above in double cashmere of a light silk colour; also in China crape it is delightful; and the pattern is quite new. Imagine a Spanish body to which is added, on the sides, large points. The sleeves are half large. The body is braided in silk, and more often in gold cord. One can trim it entirely in black or white lace. We have seen it very distinguée in black cashmere, trimmed in Chantilly and gold embroidery, and in sky blue crape, trimmed with gold or silver, set off on the top by valenciennes. One sees that we are far distant from our mothers, who went to court in muslin dresses. The most magnificent is on the court dresses. When they are very high, they are made into flounce for the front breadth of a light-coloured satin. When they are low they are mixed with garlands of white or coloured embroidered flowers in silk by the hand. Thus we have seen at the house of Madame Gordon a dress of sky blue satin, of which the skirt was ornamented with fringes of maroon chenille. The sky blue apron, trimmed with maroon embroidery disposed in scalops by little valenciennes. The body of the morning dress was made a revers, with maroon velvet, and of the revers alike ornamented at the bottom of the sleeves, which almost ajustées to the wrists, lightly puffed on the arm. The sky-blue skirt can be replaced by a linen skirt very much trimmed. One knows that Madame Gordon has a peculiarity which is rendered celebrated for the making of morning dresses, and you can find always at her house a great number of various models, very pretty, and varying much in their prices. Here is a model, very simple and convenient for a trousseau. It is in light white cloth. The bottom is trimmed with two slants of black velvet which comes up to the body in front, where they expand in large revers and turn round the neck like a very short tippet. This dress has open sleeves, very ample and very hanging, trimmed simply with black velvet. All the dress double blue turqoise foulard. The lower skirt, which left entirely to be seen, has seven little flounces of black muslin, edged with a little valenciennes. On the flounces are fixed very little straight black velvet bows, which have the effect of little velvety flys. It is an ornament very easy to make, and adds particularly to the linen skirts. This morning dress can have at will a sash or not. If you have a sash it must be in black piece velvet with four square coques, two pans falling half long and cut in the arrow shape.

There are very few head-dresses in court now. Ladies adjust their hair or that that they have procured. However, there are some people whom their age or their health does not permit them to wear bare heads. We said the other day that the mixture of colours now for evening toilets, &c., were almost generally abandoned for the town toilets. There is a mixture, however, which can serve for the two purposes. That is pearl-grey and white, by the aid of which they compose plain toilets of distinction. For example, for toilet of state, or grand dinner, opera, or dancing: A dress of pearl-grey satin, ornamented at the bottom with three slants of white satin, enough distance between them to place two rolls of simple white satin. The skirt to train, the tunic like two wings, lightly raised on the hips, forming on the side a little puffing. This tunic framed in white satin roll. The body lightly gathered in the back, showing behind and open à la Bretonne in front, that is to say, square, very low, straight, and one of the sides of the body coming to cross on the other, fastened with large white satin buttons. The sleeve juste, with a cuff of white satin excessively high with pipings. The front breadth of this dress forming an apron very straight in white satin. The front breadth is ornamented as you like in embroidery, lace, or trimming. It is on the apron that is placed now the greater part of the trimmings of the dress, and are sometimes over-charged. We have seen some toilets of which the apron was ornamented in fur, but to our opinion this attempt is more eccentric than graceful. A thing very gaudy and which looks still eccentric, but it has some chances to be adopted. It is the complete costume in red velvet—not for a ball costume, but for the town, with body showing the juste sleeve. It has no ornament except, however, some of sable. We add it by puffings to the tunic. It is cut in the form of a frock coat or tail coat, or with a scarf very large, pointed at the bottom and thence to the waist, under the arm, to descend to the two-thirds of the skirt. The solid network lace, such as the point of Argentine and the point of Venice, are those which are the best to complete the costume of red velvet. In talking of lace,

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let us say that the flat collar is not absolutely abandoned, but it is not in any than a toilet negligée. In all other circumstances, it is replaced by the fresh collar of lace; it is the same question brought from the Pierrot, that which is not to wisn it is the most ungraceful of collars. The quilled collar in two rows of valenciennes and descending in points on the body is the most becoming to the face.

1*st Toilet.*—Dress of amethyst satin, round skirt trimmed at the bottom with three slants of black velvet gradually heightened, the first towards the bottom being 6 cent. high. Tunic alike, open behind, bordered with flowered stuff, with a large slant of black velvet, and forming a revers of black velvet on each side. In front the tunic is half short and surrounded with the same velvet. Body à basque, with revers similar to those of the tunic, fastened to the middle by a large bow of black velvet with long pans and double coques. In front the skirt is short and square and trimmed with black velvet like the rest. Flat body with fixed collar and revers of black velvet. Flat sleeves with simple revers ; sash of black velvet with bow behind, without pans. Bands of black velvet on the hair and bow of velvet on the side. Boots of dark kid. Flat cuffs. The complete costume that represents this figure is made with 17 m. of satin of 65 cent. of breadth, of which 3 m. 50 cent. for the body to skirt, à pan d'habit 4 m. 50 for the second skirt and puffing, and 9 m. for the round skirt. The velvet trimming so much for the revers of the body, and for skirt, the tunic, and the slants, are made by 4 m. of black velvet in 50 cent.

2*nd Toilet.*—Dress of ash-coloured faille. Round skirt trimmed at the bottom with three bands of velvet of the same colour. The skirt is striped with very little flounces with narrow pipings of faille as the dress. Round tunic behind, with puffings and surrounded with velvet, terminated with the same little flounce. Flat body having in front a very short pointed chatelaine skirt trimmed the same as the tunic. The body is a revers of maroon velvet, opening on a chemisette of white lace, leaving the neck bare. Very flat sleeves à revers very high. Sash of velvet, square bow behind, without pans. Under sleeves of valenciennes as the chemisette. Little bows of velvet at the opening of the body. Diadem shaped in fair écaille. Boots in grey Russian leather cased in sable.

1*st Toilet.*—Skirt of faille in Marie Antoinette colour, nearly straight, round, and trimmed at the bottom with a large flounce plissé à la russe, surmounted with ornaments composed of bands of little plissés russes, forming little lozenges with a bow without pans at each superior points ; at the bottom of these lozenges a little flounce like the dress plissé à la russe and enclosed between two bands. Tunic with long basques, bordered with a little flounce plissé, surmounted with a band of the same, very open in front, with puffs behind, bordered with a band plissé à la russe, colour deeper, ornamented with flat bows without pans, a little distance from one another. Flat body; flat sleeves, with flounce plissé à la russe on the cuff forming a great revers. Collar and sleeves of linen. Sash of velvet, with large bow behind, with two coques and large short pans.

2*nd Toilet.*—Skirt round and straight, in coarse grain, ornamented at the bottom with two flounces, gathered and surmounted with puffs, crowned with bands plissé à la russe. Cloak in black velvet, with large skirt, very open in front, falling behind, forming butterflies' wings, separated down to the waist. The border is trimmed with a high flounce, with trimmings of Canada sable. Black sash of coarse grain, fastened behind by a large bow with four coques and two short lappets, and pointed. Flat body : flat sleeves ; flat collar and sleeves. Cap Réve d'amour in black velvet, with a simple rose in front, and a long white feather falling behind. Sable muff of Canada.

Here is winter in its fall, and to console us we have dancing. This year fancy has spread her wings. The ball dresses are covered with flowers. It is very elegant ; it is poetic. It is not jewels that women depend on for the budget of their toilet, but it is wreaths and flowers. They dispose the flowers on dresses in great fashion—in trains disclosing the tunic—in clusters of flowers on the skirt—in clasps on one side. in fringes, very valuable. Here are some models from the celebrated houses : A dress in straw-coloured tulle, trimmed at the bottom with a high flounce of the same, bordered with satin. The tunic of straw-coloured tulle is raised on one side by a large bunch of iris, accompanied with its leaves like ribbons of green satin. The leaves are posted with that which adds much brilliancy. The body is low and round, with a bertha of puffed straw-coloured tulle. On the side is attached a beautiful iris with velvet leaves. On the same, full-blown, with foliage forming epaulettes. The head-dress which accompanies this toilet is a simple puff of iris, of which the leaves are mixed with the curls on the flat of the chignon. It is well known that all toilets of tulle have for the underneath a dress of taffetas of the same colour as the tulle. White tulle is always preferred by young girls and young women. Here is a charming one : Three skirts of white tulle, equally long, and training as the white skirt of taffetas. They are ample and not hemmed at the bottom. Put on the top of this is a little apron in China rose crape, blue, cerise, rose, &c., fringed with slender feathers, which behind are knotted on the skirt and fall in long pans. This little tunic is surrounded on the sleeves by little bunches of flowers. Daisies have a charming effect on a rose-coloured apron. Panseys are delicious with the toilet in blue. The poppy and the tulip are pretty with a white or pale green toilet. The most delicious of all is an entire toilet of rose-coral, the tunic being more pointed of crape than the skirts of tulle. The sash of these dresses are made either long or short at will, but they must be the same colour as the tunic. Here is a figure very pretty, very new, and which pleases economical women. It is three skirts of white tulle, a little habit of black velvet, of which the body is very low and terminated behind by two long lappets à grands revers as military habits. These revers are made in satin, rose, blue, &c., and also in very short sleeves. This kind of habit is not always black. It can be made in maroon with revers in sky blue ; violet with straw-coloured revers ; blue with white revers. It is originally in puce v elvet, with turquoise blue satin revers. Head-dresses are as capricious as the dresses, always falling in the neck but with bows in the hair, or puffs on the top. Town toilets are very pretty singular things in mixture, the most beautiful stuffs the most ordinary. Thus in mixture the serge and the faille, the cloth and velvet, satin and cashmere.

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DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Long dress, toilet de poult-de-soie body cut with lappets ornamented with two little flounces; the front is open in points with revers, open sleeves with flounces; the skirt is trimmed at the bottom with a flounce in drapery plissé, and on each side little flounces in rapport, in at the bottom; on the head little buds of white roses, and foliage forming puffs.

Fig. 2.—Toilet of a young girl in pearl-grey poplin, round skirt, trimmed at the bottom with three flounces, with blue velvet, and little bows in front; body ajusté à revers, and large sleeves, with long tunic, forming second skirt, tied up behind. Felt hat, with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 3.—Costume for walking in dark cashmere or maroon, skirt round, trimmed with three high flounces at the bottom, surmounted with puffing and ruche; second skirt, à tablier round in front, raised behind in puffs, little jacket alike, half ajusté, and cut in lappets, all trimmed with a plissé, surmounted with puffings; the sleeves of the jacket are trimmed at the bottom with a high plissé, round and large. Diadem hat in gauze and velvet, ornamented with cocks' feathers, with buckle at the side.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Indoor costume of blue poplin, trimmed with ruching, and bows of ribbon to correspond in colour.

Fig. 2.—Robe of lavender faye, trimmed with satin bands of rose colour, edged with narrow frilling and silk fringe.

Fig. 3.—Promenade dress of brown poult-de-soie, with four flounces on the skirt; mantle of Lyons velvet, trimmed with satin bordering and black lace; bonnet of blue terry velvet and lace.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Promenade dress of green satin, with trimmings of black velvet; mantle of black velvet; bonnet of green satin, with a long veil.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress, and mantle of golden brown poplin, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade. Black hat, ornamented with a rose, and wreath of green leaves.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of peach-coloured poult-de-soie, trimmed with narrow black velvet. Bonnet of lace and flowers.

PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Dress of grey lustre, with flounces of the same. Sash of wide blue ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Robe of prune-coloured taffeta, with facings of satin.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of violet-coloured gros-grain, trimmed with black Maltese lace. Coiffure ornamented with white flowers.

PLATE V.—*No.* 1.—Bonnet of terry velvet in double folds, bow and fall of lace, full-blown rose and buds, leaves falling over the front from side to side.

No. 2.—Head-dress: Ostrich plume, with jewel in the centre; large full coils as worn by the Empress of Russia, with one large curl falling on the back of the neck.

No. 3.—Bonnet of lace and velvet, with wide velvet fall, and full edging of lace, trimmed with roses and buds falling low on the lace edging of the fall.

No. 4.—Full chemisette and upright frilling for neck, ornamental ends composed of fine muslin or lawn; the chemisette having fluted ends; the collar is of fine lace, properly starched to preserve the position. Small satin buttons are used as ornaments, or they may be of pearl or gold; a circular bow of satin ribbon in centre.

No. 5.—Head-dress of close coiled plaits, entirely covering the crown, and forming the toilet for hair, having in the centre towards the forehead a white rose full blown, with tendrils of woodbine falling over to the back hair, and drooping on the neck.

No. 6.—Bonnet, semi-helmet shape in front, with large bow of velvet at the side, and wide velvet strings; a mass of brilliant flowers for the crown; jet ornaments may be used for the front.

No. 7.—Head-dress: Hair (à la Eugenie). Do in from the temples, then from the crown in one heavy plait, the back being composed of three or four large ringlets falling in graduated lengths on the neck.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give this month a Model of a Pelerine to be made of the same material as the dress; to be lined with very warm lining, and trimmed with ruches or fur.

COLD BLIGHTS THE FAIREST FLOWERS AND BLOSSOMS FADE BEFORE IT!—The cold, piercing winds of March are subversive of personal comfort and attraction to Ladies, in causing an unseemly roughness and redness of the complexion and skin, and, with the lips, to become tender and chapped. As a preventive and a relief in all such cases, the application of Rowlands' Kalydor will prove peculiarly grateful. This unique preparation is extracted from exotics of the mildest and most balsamic nature, is warranted perfectly innocent and free from mineral or other pernicious admixture; operating as a powerful cleanser of the skin, it speedily allays all irritation and tenderness of the skin, removes cutaneous disfigurements, freckles, and tan, and imparts a healthy and blooming appearance to the complexion, and a delicacy and softness to the neck, hands, and arms. Perseverance in its application promotes a free and uninterrupted exercise of those important functions of the skin, so essential for the preservation of health, and the attainment and continuance of a beautiful complexion. Its purifying and refreshing properties have obtained its selection by Royalty, and the several Courts throughout Europe, together with the *élite* of the Aristocracy, and it is universally in high repute from the sultry climes of India to the frozen realms of the Czar.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

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FLIRTATION AND ITS RESULTS.

(Continued from our last.)

FARREN was himself far from happy. His attachment to Flora, instead of fading away, as he had hoped it would, became every day more deeply rooted; and there was nothing in Flora's manner or appearance to keep alive the anger and wounded pride which had first separated him from her. Instead of this, the fair, delicate pallor of her sweet face, from which the roses seemed to have fled for ever, and the gentle reproach of the eyes he sometimes found resting with wistful, loving gaze upon his face, stirred his half-slumbering love to sudden fire, and caused him to regard Mrs. Merroville's story of Flora's approaching marriage with grave suspicion. Perhaps that attentively watchful lady perceived this, for she announced her intention of leaving Newport and returning to her city home; and by chance Edgar learned that their departure would take place immediately.

The news plunged him into the deepest melancholy. A hundred times he was on the point of begging Flora to grant him a private interview, but was deterred from taking such an irrevocable step by the thought of how futile it would be. He dared not confess his love. Why torture the poor child? As he was bound to another, it was much better that she should think the worst possible of him; and then Edgar tried to hope that she would, and so forget him.

To remain within doors was impossible. Farren thrust his cigar-case into his pocket and strolled out, walking listlessly hither and thither, neither knowing nor caring where he went.

The afternoon slowly waned. The sea beat its monotonous dirge against the shore, and the low whispering breezes grew sadder, sweeter, dearer, as the night drew on. The fading light of the setting sun dyed the west in crimson splendour and touched the sea with red and golden fire. Edgar was at all times keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and the loveliness of the evening awoke in his soul all the romance of his nature. His eyes filled with a tender dew when he thought of Flora, and his heart thrilled as a strain of sweet music stole softly on the evening air, and sweetly, slowly swelled above the breeze and the sound of the waves on the beach, drowning all in a flood of sad, delicious melody.

He did not stop to wonder whence the music came, but walked forward toward the spot unconsciously, and to his utter amazement found himself standing before Flora Merroville. She was seated upon a portion of a large irregularly-shaped stone, whose jutting points had concealed her form till he was close beside her.

Edgar remembered then that he had, incidentally, heard of Flora's being an accomplished violinist, and now he knew how true it was. She saw him, and he knew it, but she neither spoke nor ceased playing.

Edgar sat down beside her, and then he saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and that now and then the pearly drops slowly followed each other down her pale cheeks.

Sweeter, sadder, fainter the music breathed and died away beneath her skilful touch, till, with a sudden break, the bow fell from her hand. The silent tears rose into loud and passionate weeping, and she lifted the violin and laid it on his lips with a gesture of mute despair.

"Kiss it, Edgar," she said; "you have never kissed me. I was trying to play a farewell to you; but I cannot finish it. The music is broken, and my heart is broken too!"

"No, no, no, Flora—my own darling, no! For you know well—you have known long that I love you, and have never loved any other but you."

"Cruel and false!" sobbed Flora; but her tears ceased, and a faint, delicate pink flushed her pale wet cheeks. "If you loved me, why did you leave me so?"

"Because Mrs. Merroville told me that you were going to marry Henry Weston."

"Henry Weston!—Mamma told you I was going to marry him! How could she be so false! I have refused him a dozen times, and the very day you left Bath I forbade him ever to speak of love to me again."

"Is this true, Flora? But I cannot doubt you. You are all truth and loveliness."

"As true that I live, and love you, Edgar!" she answered, blushing deeply.

"Then I am yours for ever, Flora! Hush! I know what you would say. But Miss Langley is a proud and noble girl. She would scorn to marry a man whose heart belonged to another. I will deal honestly with her. I will tell her the whole truth. Leave everything to me;" and then, for the first time, he kissed her, tenderly and solemnly, as the seal to their betrothal. Never till that moment had he been moved to the profoundest depths of his soul; but in that moment—in that first passionate, yet timid kiss—he knew that his heart was given, for all time, to Flora Merroville.

Alas, for Clara Langley! at that moment twining pearls among the shining braids of her fair hair! The passionate love she had hoped to awaken in the cold heart of Edgar Farren had passed away from her for ever, and poured in rich profusion at the feet of another.

Punctually at the hour she had appointed, Mrs. Merroville, with her husband and daughter, returned to their home in New York. Mrs. Merroville fondly hoped that no explanation had taken place between Flora and Edgar; but the brightened looks and cheerful spirits of the former caused her a vague alarm. "However," she argued, "he is betrothed to Clara Langley, and he dares not break it off."

Curiously enough, she felt no jealousy of the woman whom she believed destined to become Edgar's wife; for her heart told her truly that he did not love Clara. But despite his assurance that he loved herself, his in-

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sinuation of what might be if she were free, she had still a lingering jealousy of Flora, and a terrible dread that he would learn the falsehood that she had told him concerning Henry Weston, and would despise her accordingly.

In the meantime, Edgar Farren had acted with resolution and frankness. He told Clara Langley plainly that he loved Miss Merroville; that the only true love of his heart was given to her; that he considered it his duty to tell her so, while he remained bound in honour to fulfil his vows to her.

This was like the reading of her death-warrant to Clara Langley; but she bore it calmly, and with the dignity of a queen. She spoke no words of hypocrisy, but confessed that she had truly loved him with all her heart—would always love him, and could not but hope for his happiness.

"The woman you love, Edgar," she concluded, "may be more worthy of you; but she cannot love you more. She is a sweet and lovely girl—you must marry her. She loves you, I am sure; and, as your wife, she cannot be otherwise than happy; but to the last day of my life, be she happy or otherwise, I must hate her with every breath I draw, with every throb of my heart, even as I shall love you to the latest moment of my life. Farewell."

Edgar Farren answered not a word—he could not. He had caused many a foolish, tender heart to groan with anguish; but he had never known true repentance for the cruelty till he heard these words from Miss Langley. He left her presence feeling like a miserable cheat and a villain.

The fall season was approaching rapidly; and the time drew on when Farren's engagements for the autumn began to call upon him. He began the season with a four weeks' engagement in New York. He returned to that city, therefore, immediately after breaking off his betrothal with Miss Langley, but chiefly because he pined to behold Flora again. He lost no time in calling at her home, and was all unconscious of a serious event which had transpired the very evening of the return of the Merrovilles to New York. Mr. Merroville had died, and was but three days buried. Ignorant of this circumstance, he did not observe the deep mourning of Mrs. Merroville, though he could not be blind to the manner of her reception. She supposed, not unnaturally, that he knew of her widowhood; and although ordinary delicacy would compel silence for a time, she never doubted but that his call was intended to assure her of his love, as much as to offer condolences for the loss of a husband she had long detested.

Her surprise cannot, then, be easily described when he met her frigidly, refused her proffered hand, and returned to her ardent expressions of delight at seeing him these words:

"You flatter me, madame, with so much kindness. But I asked to see Miss Merroville; and I would be pleased if I could have a few minutes' private conversation with her father."

Mrs. Merroville uttered a smothered exclamation, and looked expressively at the heavy folds of crape and bombazine which denoted her recent loss.

"Do you, then, not know what has happened?" she asked. "My husband is dead, Edgar."

"Great Heaven! is it possible?" Farren exclaimed, really shocked. "I have to ask your pardon for this intrusion. I am really sorry; but I will go!"

"No Edgar; not yet," said Mrs. Merroville, cold and stern, as she interposed herself between him and the door. "What has occurred to occasion this change in your manner to me?"

"Simply that you lied to me, and I know it."

"And if I did, Edgar, it was because I loved you."

"You flatter me, madame," Farrren returned with a slight bow, and a grim, satirical smile.

Mrs. Merroville was now deadly pale, and cold and rigid as iron.

"All that passed between us during our interview goes for nothing?" she asked.

"For less than nothing."

"You love Miss Merroville, I suppose?"

"I adore her; and she has promised to be my wife."

"I congratulate you—she is a good girl—young, beautiful, and she loves you. You ought to be a happy man," and with a ghastly smile she moved aside, and bowed slightly as she looked toward the door.

"When can I see Miss Merroville?" Edgar asked, somewhat discomposed by the change that had come upon her.

"At all times that your betrothed bride chooses to receive you, Mr. Farren—there shall be no restraint placed upon her."

Edgar bowed gravely, and went away.

Mrs. Merroville remained standing where he had left her, long after he had gone. At length she roused sufficiently to take a few steps forward, and then fell heavily into a chair. After a while the confused mutterings that fell from her lips shaped themselves into sentences, and with clenched hands pressed above her throbbing heart, her wounded pride, her scorned love, her hate, found vent.

"He has played with my heart as with a toy. He has laughed at my agony—he has lied to me, and deceived me, and now he exults over the misery he has wrought. But he shall pay for this anguish with his life—with his life!"

Although moving in the same circle, Flora and Clara never met; Miss Langley, indeed, took pains that they should not, and, owing to Flora's recent loss, there were very few opportunities of the two young ladies being thrown into each other's company. The engagement of Flora and Edgar Farren soon became generally known;

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and was talked about in select circles, and buzzed about very generally at the matinée performances at ——— theatre. Flora, who occasionally attended these matinées, did not escape observation, although secluded in the depths of a private box, but was soon well-known by sight to the habitués of the theatre. They were to be married in the following summer; and Mrs. Merroville having once given her consent, and taken the lovers under her care, behaved in the most exemplary and motherly manner. The season in New York was over; and Mr. Farren left the city to fulfil engagements in other towns; the time passed more slowly to Flora, now that her lover was gone; but the springtime came, and with it came Edgar Farren. Then the weeks flew, and the day of Flora's marriage approached.

If Farren ever had any doubt of Mrs. Merroville's sincerity in her desire to make him and Flora happy, it had long since passed away; and he now reposed every confidence in her. The eve of his wedding-day arrived; he had spent it with Flora and Mrs. Merroville, and did not bid them adieu till a late hour. Mrs. Merroville accompanied him to the door, and gave him her hand at parting. She was very pale and seemed agitated. She grasped his hand convulsively, and he winced a little at the pain this occasioned him, for a sharp-pointed stone in one of the rings she wore pierced his flesh and drew blood; but she held his hand for some moments in a soft lingering pressure, the pain passed away, and he forgot all about it.

The bride waited long on that wedding-morning, but the bridegroom never came: he had wedded another bride.

A cold, discoloured, swollen corpse, Edgar Farren lay in the embrace of death.

Poison, the doctors said; but what poison, or how administered, none could discover.

Flora did not long survive her lover. When the news of his death first reached her, she seemed indeed to have died even then. She came back to life from that long, death-like trance; but only to linger a few sad and miserable days, and then to fall gently asleep. She spoke only these words from the moment of hearing of his death till she yielded up her own life: "Bury me in the same grave with Edgar."

Mrs. Merroville has probably been seen by all those who have visited Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane any time during the past year. She is still very beautiful, and bids every stranger she sees to attend her marriage with the young tragedian, Edgar Farren.

Miss Langley is still unmarried. Probably she will never marry. Certainly she will never love again. From a rather handsome girl she has become a queenly and beautiful woman; spirituelle in appearance, however, with large, calm eyes, that look far beyond this world, and an almost terrible repose of manner. She is very still, very pale, and she never smiles or weeps.

Concluded.

AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.—After a very prosperous career, Mr. E. L. Blanchard's pantomime was brought to a close on the 26th ult., and replaced on the following Monday by Mr. Falconer's romantic drama, "Peep o' day," reproduced with all its original picturesque accessories, and preluded by a new farce, entitled "Phœbus's Fix," written expressly for the Vokes family, and in which they appear to great advantage.

QUEEN'S.—The five-act historical play, "'Twixt Axe and Crown," by Tom Taylor, Esq., produced with genuine success a short time ago, still proves eminently attractive, and seems likely to be included in the play-bill of this theatre for a lengthened period.

ALFRED THEATRE.—A "new and original realistic drama" has been produced at this house with good success. "The Countess, or a Sister's Love," is the maiden production of Miss Emma Schiff, and as such deserves more toleration than if proceeding from the pen of a practised dramatist. Although there is nothing strikingly original in the story of "The Countess," the well-worn incidents of conventionalism are strictly eschewed, the plot being in the main forcible and effective.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The return of Mr. Sothern to the stage from which he had been too long absent attracts to this theatre large and fashionable audiences, by whom the brilliant actor is received with enthusiastic acclamations. He appears to have recovered completely from the effects of the severe accident which recently befel him in the hunting-field; and that he is now quite equal to the resumption of his professional duties is shown by his skilful and spirited acting in his favourite part of "Lord Dundreary," which he plays with all that quickness and quaintness of humour and all that wealth of fantastic comedy which have won for the impersonation so extensive and so enduring a popularity. The comic force of the impersonation is proved by the fun it diffuses throughout the house—the laughter of the spectators being as frequent and hearty as though, instead of being familiar to them for many years past, the character had come upon them with all the zest and surprise of novelty. Mr. Buckstone again appears in his original part of Asa Trenchard, playing it as humorously as ever, and the cast is also strengthened by the clever acting of Mr. Chippendale as Abel Murcot, and Miss Caroline Hill as Georgina.

MR. BELLEW'S "HAMLET."—These illustrations of Shakespeare are the most rare and intellectual that have probably ever been offered to the public since the death of greatest tragic actors. Mr. Bellew's conception of the character of the unhapy Prince is original, and of great poetic force, entirely free from the usual stage readings, and full of points of the greatest pathos and beauty.

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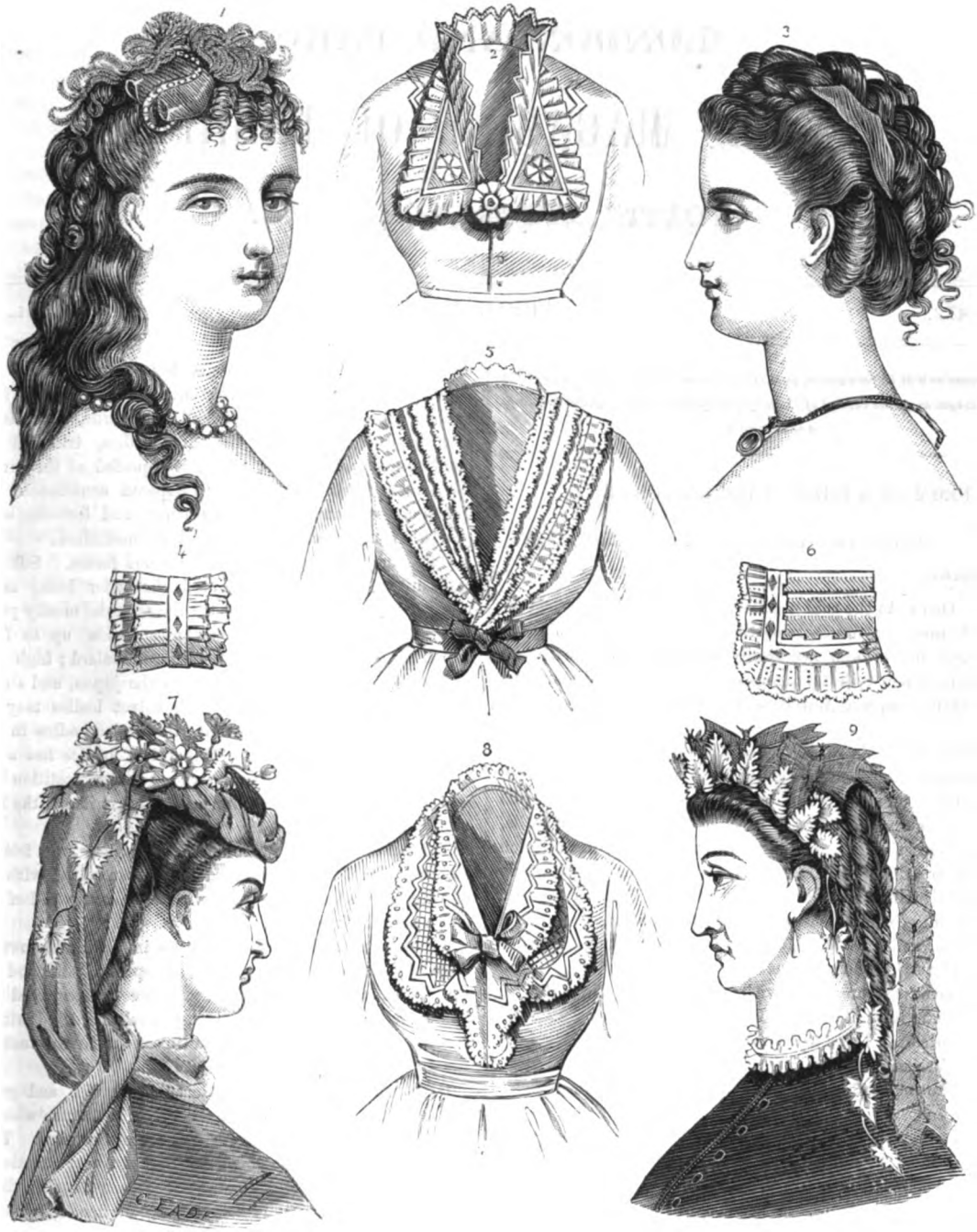
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Fashions for April 1870

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PLATE V.



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FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 472. APRIL, 1870. Vol. 43.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevards des Italiens, *March 29th*, 1870.

Chere Amie,—

Owing to the cold weather we have lately experienced, spring fashions are much later than usual this year, and the winter season has been necessarily prolonged; but with the first fine days new toilettes are appearing, and I send you some of the earliest spring novelties which I have been able to gather.

Toilettes made up of faille and China crape will be much used this spring. The robe should be of a clear colour; green, mauve, violet, etc., are the best. The skirt is worn short and round, and is ornamented with a series of bouillonnés of faille, the two edges of which are fringed in the material, in imitation of a feather fringe. The tunic is of China crape, similarly edged, and trimmed with a netted fringe. The bodice is a chemisse russe, completed by a small square fichu, gathered in at the back, and crossed in front, which is trimmed the same way as the rest of the costume.

Some costumes are made with mantelets of China crape, having square lappets in front, like a stole, and sleeves attached to the mantelet. These will probably be much worn when the spring is further advanced.

The following are amongst the latest and most fashionable toilettes:

Round skirt in taffetas de Lyon, trimmed with a gathered flounce, headed by a similar small one in full folds, and bordered with a small silk fringe. Tunic, forming pouf behind, and round tablier in front, the whole edged by a double flounce, fastened in the centre. Fitted bodice, with large revers, crossed at the waist, and trimmed with a small gathered flounce, finishing with a small silk fringe. Flat sleeve, trimmed with flounces as the skirt. Gants de Saxe, with three buttons. Toquet Valois in velvet, trimmed with green ribbon, and bunches of lilac daisies.

Skirt of white taffetas, on which bouillonnés of white tulle de soie are fastened by slopes of blue velvet, placed lengthways. Habit of blue velvet, with long basques, pointed behind, edged with a bouillonné of white tulle, which is placed over deep Brussels lace. Very low bodice, trimmed with a bouillonné of white tulle, which is repeated at the turning of the arms. White kid gloves. Chaperon ornamented with a bunch of roses and an ostrich feather, and festoons of white pearls. Blue velvet round the neck for medallion.

Out-door fashions have taken various forms. Silk serges, cachemires, and foulards are used, the latter being as much in favour as ever. Velvet is still the material mostly preferred for jupons. I have seen costumes made up as follows: Jupon of deep-coloured velvet, tunic of foulard; high bodice, without sleeves, in similar velvet to the jupon, and sleeves in foulard, similar to the tunic. The velvet bodice may also be made décolleté, square in front, the under bodice in foulard appearing as a chemisette. This velvet bodice has a basque with deep fantail folds forming a long basque postillon behind, and herein consists the difference between it and the Russian vest of last year, which was cut straight.

This costume may be trimmed with rather long fringes, or a netted fringe. It may be made in maroon velvet, with a tunic of white striped silk, bordered with a crossway fold of velvet, and a netted fringe.

There are several novelties of style in tunics for town dress. Most of those made for the spring are open in front, and present the appearance of a second skirt, more or less raised behind. Some are even without this, being merely bordered with large crossway folds of velvet, similar in colour to the material of the dress.

Great efforts are being made to bring silk and gold embroidery into fashion. The small velvet costumes which were brought out two or three years ago, are again worn. The free use of lace has revived them, for they are very effective when thus ornamented. The basques are trimmed with flat lace, and the ornamentation is completed by a flounce, which may be placed as high as the wearer pleases. They will this year be worn with long sleeves, and are décolleté, square, and high-shouldered. This style will be found convenient for various circumstances and occasions. They are also worn richly embroidered in gold, which, if worked on dark velvet, is very elegant.

Guipure is still used. Black silk jupons may be trimmed

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with white guipure. Perhaps the most elegant trimming for black petticoats will be ruches edged with small white valenciennes. These ruches may even be used upon dresses of white gaze de Chambéry. They should not be very wide, but in several rows, and will be found to have a charming effect.

This will be very becoming for a dinner toilette, or for an evening party. Skirt of pink faille, with train from the sides; a little behind two large crossway folds, very wide at the bottom, surrounded by a deep flounce of point d'Angleterre. On the tablier fall two cascades of white lace, in which several bows of black velvet are placed, terminating in a large bow of the same. Bodice décolleté square, and similarly edged with lace and black velvet. Sleeves, half-long, à sabots, with a bracelet of black velvet, fastened by a bow of the same.

The following was much admired a few evenings ago, and are quite in the latest style: Skirt of pink silk, trimmed with a deep gathered flounce, covered with black lace, and ornamented with wreaths of roses placed at symmetrical distances. The rest of the skirt to the bottom of the tunic, was a series of bouillonnés of pink tulle de soie. The tunic was of black velvet, rather short, looped up at the sides by a bouquet of roses, forming a pouf behind. The tunic was rounded in the front, and bordered by deep English point lace, surmounted with a small ruche of velvet. The bodice was very low at the shoulders, and finished at the top in pink silk, covered by black lace. A garland of roses, the end of which was fastened to the front of the bodice, descended as a scarf, terminating on the left side behind the arm. White gloves, quarter long. The head-dress was composed of a bunch of small roses, with a white feather and tuft at the top of the head.

Skirt of apricot gaze de soie, puffed, over a skirt of apricot taffetas. Habit of light mauve satin, high at the back, made low and square in front. Long pointed basques falling behind. Camargo sleeves, with sabot of very clear muslin, trimmed with lace. Under sleeves, similar in colour and material to the skirt. Chemisette in clear muslin with festooned ruche. White gloves, quarter long. Head-dress, bunch of hortensia, with white ostrich feather.

Several important weddings are announced. The present style is a robe of faille, or of drap impérial, with a very long train to match, placed over the robe. The train is bordered either with a flounce of lace, half-deep, or merely a flounce of tarlatan, which is repeated on the front breadth. At the sides, where the lace meets the tablier, small tufts of orange blossom are placed. The corsage is open as a fischu in front, showing a lace guimpe, and the sleeves, which are of "pagode" shape, are very large.

The great change of the season in corsages is their being worn demi-décolleté, that is, higher in the back. These will be very becoming trimmed with a bias of velvet, or small lace, or plain tulle de soie.

New bonnets are appearing with the earliest fine weather. There is a tendency to wear them higher, and somewhat larger. Few shapes are without diadems in front, either with plaits, or with ruches, and others with Morella flowers in velvet bouillonnés. Scarf-falls are still very much worn round the neck.

Here is one which was much admired the other day. It was a demi-toquet in black velvet, of semi-high shape, with bunch of pearl-grey feathers, fastened by a plait of pearl-grey satin, and black velvet turned up all round the bonnet. The bridle was also in pearl-grey satin, bordered with black velvet. This mixture of grey and black is much in favour, especially in bonnets for town wear.

Another, intended for the theatre, was a single pouf of sky-blue tulle formed of plaits placed one above the other, and was ornamented with a wreath of lilies of the valley, very small but thick, which was placed at the side, as in coiffures Louis XV. A small square blue veil fell back on the hair behind. Two scarf-falls behind, for passing round the neck.

Round hats are still much worn, and there is little probability of their losing favour, while such voluminous coiffures are the rage. I should mention, however, that the hair is not worn quite as high as formerly, but at the back of the head, with chatelaine tresses for town wear. Curls are added for evening dress.

Feathers are very much worn in every way. They are arranged in coiffures, on bonnets, and in fringes around tunics and wedding dresses.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Little girl's costume. The under dress is of bright green poplin trimmed with three flounces of the same, headed by a satin band. The over dress is of white cashmere with green satin bordering. Hat of chip, trimmed with a wreath of violet-coloured flowers, and pendent green leaves.

Fig. 2.—Robe of peach-blossom coloured taffetas trimmed with velvet of a deeper shade; cravat of white lace.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of bright-blue poult de soie, edged with pleated frills of the same. Hat of blue velvet, trimmed with a long white feather and blue gauze veil.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of gros grain, with trimmings of satin bands and narrow frillings. The rosettes are of satin. Black hat ornamented with a plume of white feathers.

Fig. 2.—Ball-dress of pink crape, made with flounces of the same and ornamented with sprays of white roses and long trailing leaves; coiffure to correspond.

Fig. 3.—Indoor dress of lavender grey foulard trimmed with velvet. Jacket of velvet bordered with black lace.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Walking dress of striped silk, with plain skirt. Mantle of mauve silk trimmed with fringe and ribbon. Bonnet of black lace and green leaves.

Fig 2.—Dress of emerald satin, with four narrow frills at the base. Mantle of black poult de soie, trimmed with satin and Chantilly lace. Hat covered with a white veil fastened by a rose in front.

Fig 3.—Costume dress of chesnut poplin. The upper dress is looped up with rosettes of ribbon and trimmed with frilling. The under-skirt is of a deeper shade bordered with a flounce. Bonnet of blue ribbon and white lace with a feather on the top.

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PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Indoor dress of violet faye, trimmed with flounces of the same, and black velvet.

Fig. 2.—Robe of silver grey alpacca trimmed with fringe and satin bands.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress with bodice and train of pale-blue, silk edged with a double frill of white tulle, on which is placed a wreath of spring flowers; the petticoat is of white silk, with puffings of tulle, divided by narrow blue ribbon, over it. Sash of blue ribbon. The flowers in the hair correspond with those on the dress.

PLATE V.—No. 1.—Chignon, waved, with long bands. The front hair is turned back on frizzettes, several short curls falling in front. Satin ribbon, with pearl clasp and feathers.

No. 2.—Collarette "Duchesse," a kind of pelerine, in muslin, reaching to the bottom of the bodice; above, a small straight collar, open, edged with valenciennes; in the centre, on each side of bodice, bands of piping, broken by stars in embroidery, which unfasten at the union of the pipings. The pelerine is edged with a small trimming of valenciennes.

No. 3.—Head-dress: the front hair lightly waved and turned up. Chignon formed on frizzettes, making a large knot; several curls at the side. Purple velvet ribbon.

No. 4.—Cuffs for collarette "Présidente."

No. 5.—Collarette "Rosine" in muslin, with small pelerine, short, and pointed behind, and reaching down to the waist. It is bordered all round by a small volant of muslin, edged with valenciennes, and is ornamented with three small frillings, lightly gathered, which heighten it.

No. 6.—Cuffs for collarette "Trianon."

No. 7.—Round hat in grey felt, trimmed with scarf of grey gossamer. This scarf encircles the shape, and is rolled up under slopes of grey satin; it is loose behind, and twines round the neck. Flowers in green satin, shaded with leaves in green velvet.

No. 8.—Collarette "Présidente" in white muslin, opening as a fichu in front. Double round revers, the first enclosed with valenciennes, the second edged with an insertion, and a small fold of muslin. High valenciennes all round. Knot of cerise ribbon in centre.

No. 9.—Head-dress, composed of butterflies in black lace. Red-tinted autumn leaves arranged as a diadem, and terminating in a long branch.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this month's issue a useful bodice, being a spring or Easter offering from Paris; very full, short, or half-length sleeve is to be used with it. The material dark cashmere or maroon, skirt round, with three high flounces; second skirt à tablier, round in front, and behind in puffs half ajusté, trimmed with a plissé, surmounted with puffings.

THE SEASON.—The return of *la belle saison*, the finest portion of the year, has the natural effect of reviving the spirits, restoring the tone of society, and inducing the hope of a better prospect of affairs. Despite, therefore, the trials of the past, the ensuing London season is expected to be extremely brilliant and gay; and the impetus thus occasioned to industry and trade will tend in an important degree to chase away discontent and suffering, and produce peace and plenty in their stead. The coming festivities of the races, the drawing-rooms given by our beloved Sovereign, and the *fêtes* and parties of our nobility, will all contribute to the desired result, and the purveyors to luxury and taste are making every provision for the anticipated demand. Among other requisites for the London season, the admirable appendages for the toilette prepared by Messrs. Rowland and Sons will not fail to monopolise their accustomed share of public favour and support. Their Macassar for the hair, Kalydor for the skin, and Odonto for the teeth and gums, are of more than European, they are of universal celebrity, and are used and valued in every quarter of the habitable earth.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS' FAREWELL PUBLIC READING.—On the 15th, Mr. Charles Dickens concluded his memorable series of readings. The applause having subsided, Mr. Charles Dickens, with evident emotion, but in his usual expressive manner, bade farewell to the audience in the following graceful address:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It would be worse than idle—for it would be hypocritical and unfeeling—if I were to disguise that I close this episode in my life with feelings of very considerable pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall and in many kindred places, I have had the honour of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition, and, in closely observing your reception of them, have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and instruction which, perhaps, is given to few men to know. In this task, and in every other I have ever undertaken, as a faithful servant of the public, always imbued with a sense of duty to them, and always striving to do his best, I have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support. Nevertheless, I have thought it well, at the full floodtide of of your favour, to retire upon those older associations between us, which date from much further back than these, and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art that first brought us together. (Great applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, in but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter, in your own houses, on a new 'Series of Readings,' at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful and affectionate farewell."

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RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER I.

In a pleasant nook of merry England there nestles the pleasant village of Brakenhill, and in a pleasant nook of Brakenhill stood, at the time our story opens, a pleasant cottage, whose proprietor and inmate was one of the pleasantest old gentlemen you could wish to see.

It would have done you good to see him on the summer's morning we write of, with his broad-brimmed hat and his gaiters, strolling about the premises of the Hermitage, as it was called possibly because no one could be more unlike a hermit than its owner—attended by his gardener; jollity and contentment oozing out at every pore of his countenance and beaming with such expression through his spectacles that the very flowers and plants themselves were glad to see him, and raising their heads as he looked at them, shook off their load of morning dew and said as plainly as the language of flowers could express it, "Good morning, Mr. Carford; hope we see you quite well."

"Beasby," said Mr. Carford.

"Well," said Mr. Beasby, who did not suffer from an excess of politeness, but who was nevertheless much attached to his master.

"We must have this tree removed," returned Mr. Carford.

"What for?"

"Miss Alice says that it darkens the drawing-room too much, and that it spoils the view from the window."

"Well, all I know is this," said Mr. Beasby, "that if this goes on much longer, we shan't have a blessed tree about the place."

"Nevertheless, she must be obeyed," replied Mr. Carford. "I confess I have a liking for the tree myself; but, however, the stump will make a capital garden seat."

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Beasby, "it won't make a capital garden seat long."

"Why not, Beasby?" inquired his master—"why not, eh?"

"Oh, nothing," said Beasby, "only it will be spoilin' somethin', or obstructin' somethin', or doin' somethin' it ought not to do, and have to be removed, as sure as my name's Beasby."

Mr. Carford laughed at his servant's remark.

"Nothing of the sort, Beasby," said he; "they'll want it to sketch the view from."

"The view!" pursued the discontented Beasby, who was a privileged individual—"the views about here used to be all right afore Miss Alice came home. Now they're all wrong. There's a tree too much here or a hextra tree wanted there; or there's too much light, or there ain't light enow. Wot with Beasby this and Beasby th'other, a man can't do as he likes in his own garden."

"And she says it's time those vervain mallows were transplanted," said Mr. Carford.

"There you go again," muttered Beasby, addressing himself to a flower he stooped to tend. "Perhaps she knows more about it than I do. It's much too early. I'll do it, sir, I'll do it, but I won't be answerable for the consequences."

Mr. Beasby would no doubt have proceeded to enlighten his master upon the subject of vervain mallows but for the appearance of Miss Alice herself, who, accompanied by a favourite Italian greyhound, came bounding across the lawn toward her father, with her golden hair free to the winds and sparkling in the sunshine, and the colour in her lovely cheeks heightened by the exercise—a sight to gladden the heart of the coldest misanthrope who ever made himself miserable. Even Beasby felt himself unable to grumble in such a presence, and so beat an ignominious retreat. Following her niece, but at a more leisurely and dignified pace, which seemed in itself to reproach Alice for undue haste and indecorous behaviour, came Mrs. Raynham, a sister of Mr. Carford's, whose husband had died some twelve years before, who had since kept house for her brother, and was now supposed to be finishing the education of his motherless daughter. This lady was eminently genteel, never venturing into the garden without her gloves, or without a spotless white handkerchief tied round her throat, to guard it against the attacks of two lurking demons called *cold* and *cough*, which she supposed to be hovering in the summer air and brilliant sunshine ready to pounce upon any defenceless individuals and finish them off at once.

"My dear Alice," said she, when she reached them, "I must really remonstrate with you. You must put a curb upon your animal spirits; indeed, my child, you must. It is positively unladylike to race about the house and grounds in the manner you do."

"Well, well," said Mr. Carford, laughing, "if it is unladylike it is very natural and pleasing, and I would not have my darling otherwise than she is."

"It's all very well, my dear Edward," returned Mrs. Raynham, "but you must allow that I ought to be a better judge than yourself of what is graceful and becoming in a lady."

"She's a perfect little fairy," said Mr. Carford, gazing with fond eyes after his daughter as she sped with her greyhound down one of the garden paths.

"She may be a perfect fairy, but I wish I could impress her with the necessity for a little more steadiness of manner. She is greatly wanting in repose," returned his sister. "And I must say, Edward, that I could wish you to support me in my endeavours to lay a foundation, and to frame her mind, instead of encouraging her in her boisterous ways. Fairies are not generally supposed to be models of polite and decent behaviour."

"My dear sister," said the old gentleman, "nobody can have Alice's welfare more at heart than I have. But I believe it to be the best promoted by allowing her to

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be free and natural. But, bless my heart! there is old Hamilton talking to her over the hedge. I wonder what brings him abroad so early."

So saying, Mr. Carford trotted down to the lower end of the garden, where Alice stood talking with a venerable gentleman of legal appearance, who was seated in a dogcart on the highway. She held in her hand a letter bearing a foreign postmark, and waved it in the air triumphantly as her father approached.

"A letter from Arthur, papa," she cried; "Mr. Hamilton has brought it from Firsdale."

"Ah, Hamilton, how are you? how are you?" said Mr. Carford. "You'll excuse my opening the letter, I know."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Hamilton.

Mr. Carford accordingly adjusted his spectacles, and commenced his perusal of the epistle.

"The sum of it is, my dear," said he, giving the letter to Alice, "that Arthur Brandon will be home again almost directly; in fact, he says that we may expect him at any moment, and is going to bring with him a French friend, the Vicomte of something I can't make out, whom he has met abroad, and with whom he has contracted a very intimate friendship."

"Does he mention the probable day of his arrival?" said Mrs. Raynham, who had joined the group.

"He says it is uncertain," replied her brother. "He might be here to-day. What took you to Redbiston yesterday, Hamilton?"

"I went over to prosecute that scoundrel, Duic, who is, I believe, the most rascally poacher in the district. Sir Geoffrey would have let him off easily again, I fancy, but I was determined to be lenient with him no longer, and so have put a stop to his moonlight strolls for six months to come. He wounded Parker, the head keeper, last Thursday night."

"Ah, Hamilton!" said Mr. Carford, "the poachers need expect no mercy from you."

"Very much too stern, I am sure," said Alice, archly. "For my part, I quite sympathise with poor Duic and the rest of them."

"My dear Alice," remonstrated Mrs. Raynham. "How *can* you say so?"

"Poor Duic, indeed!" said Mr. Hamilton. "The greatest scamp unhanged, my pretty Radical."

"You had better alight, and let Beasby take care of the horse for a few moments," said Mr. Carford.

"No thank you! I must be going at once."

"Well, dine with us as you return."

"I will if I can, thank you. Good-bye for the present. *Au revoir*, ladies." And the gay old lawyer uncovered his white hair as he went rattling down the road, with a grace and ease which would have done credit to the court of Louis XIV.

For some time Mr. Hamilton rode along without meeting any one, and at length he became so abstracted that he did not perceive the rapid advance of a vehicle from the opposite direction, until he was apprised of the fact by a shout from the driver, when, looking up, he recognised in the gentleman who was addressing him, Arthur Brandon, Mr. Carford's ward. The recognition was mutual, and was followed by a cordial greeting, and the introduction of a foreign-looking individual sitting by Arthur's side, who was very handsome, evidently very polite, and who was smoking a very large cigar.

"Mr. Hamilton—The Vicomte de Rouquelaine," said Arthur.

The vicomte—who spoke English with wonderful fluency—was charmed. The vicomte had often had the pleasure of hearing his dear friend Arthur speak of Monsieur Hamilton. It gave the vicomte unheard-of pleasure so soon to make the acquaintance of so eminent a member of the profession legal.

"You will find them almost unprepared for your sudden return, Arthur," said Mr. Hamilton. "They have but just received your letter."

"So much the better," returned Arthur. "Our visit will have almost the effect of a surprise."

"Pardon," said the vicomte. The vicomte would be the last in the world to mar any plan which promised gratification to his dear Arthur; but would it not be better that he should return to the charming town they had just left, and visit the Hermitage the next day?

Arthur, however, waived the objection, and determined on taking his friend forward at once.

Mr. Carford was as fond of his ward as he could have been of his own son if he had had one, and had Arthur chosen to bring home the Tycoon of Japan, the hospitable gentleman would have done his best to make him welcome. So that the vicomte, who had a handsome exterior, and a title in his favour, had no reason to complain of his reception. That individual had succeeded, indeed, within five minutes after his arrival, in making himself at home with each member of the family. Mrs. Raynham was secretly enraptured with his polite behaviour, and the good old lady settled in her own mind that she had never met any one who so thoroughly realised her idea of a gentleman. Mr. Carford was a more inaccessible fortress than his sister, but he could not long remain proof against the blandishments of the foreigner, who took such an interest in his grounds, and pronounced the scenery "superb." Even Beasby—the surly Beasby—who hated a Frenchman as he hated a trespassing fowl, and who was standing near when the visitors arrived, was heard to declare to the cook that "that 'ere Rookylane was not such a bad sort, after all, and at all events, if he war a Frenchman, he knew a well-kept garden when he saw it." The vicomte, seeing himself successful, exerted himself more and more to be agreeable, and thus it befell that Mr. Hamilton, returning to dinner, found that the Frenchman had taken the house by storm.

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CHAPTER II.

The Vicomte de Rouquelaine liked England. So he said, at least. He was enchanted (so he told Mr. Carford) with the neighbourhood, and he had decided upon renting a house in the country for the purpose of spending a considerable portion of each year in England. And where, since such was his purpose, could the vicomte find a place better suited for his designs than Brakenhill; where he would have the inestimable advantage of his dear friend Arthur's society? Clearly nowhere. So the vicomte, at the expiration of his visit, went backward and forward a great deal between London and Redbistone, sometimes spending several weeks at the latter place during his search for a suitable residence, and once or twice revisiting his native country. During his lengthy stay at Brakenhill, the Frenchman had not lost an inch of the vantage-ground he gained upon the day of his arrival, except in one quarter, and that was with Mr. Hamilton. That gentleman, while allowing him credit for his fascinating manners and gentlemanly bearing, had conceived a secret dislike for him, which increased with every week of their further acquaintance. This he communicated to nobody, but, in deference to the wishes of his old friend, Mr. Carford, outwardly treated the foreigner with undiminished respect.

Mr. Carford's health, during this time, rapidly failed, and became a subject of the deepest anxiety to his family. He had long been subject to a disease which his physician told him privately would one day prove suddenly fatal, and at this crisis he became naturally anxious to have his affairs settled and in order. One autumn evening, then, Mr. Hamilton visited him for the purpose of receiving instructions for his last will.

"Don't rise, Carford, don't rise," said Mr. Hamilton, as he saw the invalid preparing to do so. "How do you find yourself to-day?"

"Better, much better to-day," returned Mr. Carford: "I feel stronger this evening than I have done since the commencement of my illness."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"I sent for you, Hamilton," pursued the old gentleman, "to take instructions for my will. I feel better, as I tell you; indeed, quite well—quite well; but it is a thing which had better be done at once."

"Certainly," said Mr. Hamilton. "We'll get the business over first, if you have no objection, and then have a chat about more agreeable matters."

"I wish," said Mr. Carford, "to leave everything to Alice, with the exception of the Consols, which, as I have told you before, I intend leaving to my sister. Arthur is well enough provided for as it is."

"Any conditions?" asked Mr. Hamilton, preparing to take notes.

"Why, yes," replied the invalid. "I thought of making one rather important condition, but I shall want your advice upon the subject."

"What is it?" said Mr. Hamilton.

"You see, old friend, I cannot disguise from myself the fact that I cannot last long, even if I survive the present attack, and I cannot disguise from myself the fact also that Alice, dear girl, though the soul of purity and goodness, is still very young and thoughtless. The fortune I leave her is large, comparatively speaking, and is likely to render her a desirable match for any penniless spendthrift who could engage her affections. This is a danger which I wish particularly to guard against, so I have arrived at the conclusion, subject to your approval, that it would be better to impose some restriction."

"I cannot commend your intention too strongly," said Hamilton, whose thoughts were running upon the Vicomte de Rouquelaine. "What restriction do you propose?"

"In the first place, you will be the executor?"

"Most willingly."

"Well, I thought of making the following condition: In the event of her marrying before she is twenty-three, without the consent of yourself and my sister, she is not to come into possession of the property until she is twenty-eight years old. If she marries before that time, with the consent of you both, she is to come into possession on the day of her marriage; and if she is unmarried on her twenty-third birthday, she is to come into it then. You understand?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Hamilton.

(To be continued.)

A DODGER DONE FOR.—Mr. William Wotherspoon, of Glenfield, the famous Starch maker, was successful last week in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, Lincoln's Inn, in obtaining an injunction to restrain a party named Currie, from applying the word "Glenfield" to or in connection with starch made for or by him. It appeared that Currie, the defendant, had taken a small cottage or building at Glenfield, for the express purpose of inducing people to believe that his starch was the article made by the plaintiff. His Honour's opinion was that in this case the defendant had pursued this course with the deliberate and fraudulent intention of palming off his starch upon the public as the starch of the plaintiff, and acquiring a sale of his starch by means of the connexion and reputation of the plaintiff. He never had seen a case in which defendant had been guilty of more reprehensible conduct as a tradesman. He should, therefore, grant the injunction in the terms asked by the bill.—*Bradford Daily Telegraph.*

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THE OPERAS.

THE Programme has been issued for two Italian Opera Companies to give performances in London during the ensuing season. The first is that at Covent Garden, where the new *chef d'orchestre* from the Grand Opera at St. Petersburg, will take the place of Sir Michael Costa. Amongst the lady artistes engaged we notice the old favourites Mdlle. Adelina Patti and Mdlle. Titiens, with several other celebrities, and new aspirants for the favourable consideration of our patrons of Italian Opera. The gentlemen announced comprise the not-readily forgotten tenor Signor Mario, who re-appears after what was supposed to be his final retirement, and who will be supported by Signor Naudin, another well-known tenor, and Dr. Ganz. The celebrated baritone, Signor Graziani, and the names of several unknown to London fame, complete the list. The *répertoire* of the Theatre comprises upwards of forty complete operas.

The other, and what we suppose we must call the rival company, is advertised by Mr. George Wood to inaugurate its proceedings at Drury Lane Theatre, under the *baton* of Signor Arditi, who wielded it so successfully at Her Majesty's for many years. The names of the performers at this House comprise that of the delightful Swedish Vocalist, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Madame Volpini, Madame Sinico, and Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, with, as in the case of the other programme, several other old-established and some new names. The tenors, baritones, and basses, make up a goodly show of talent of the very highest order—Signor Mongini, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Signor Gassier, and M. Faure. Amongst the operas promised we notice several that have not been heard for some time, and whose production now will almost savour of novelty. To particularise some real novelties we may state that Mozart's *L'Oca dél Cairo*, left unfinished by the composer, and completed recently by the addition of some music selected from the composer's other works, will be performed for first time in London. There is also promised Weber's one-act little operetta "Abu Hassan," for the first time on any Italian stage, and an adaptation by Signor Arditi of Cherubini's French opera "Les Deux Journées," which is spoken of as a splendid work. Altogether, it must be acknowledged that with two such magnificent staffs of operatic performers, the London musical season is not likely to prove a dull one.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—The last weeks of the performance of Mr. T. W. Robertson's admirable comedy "School" are now announced, and the public may be advantageously reminded of the few remaining opportunities of securing a most enjoyable entertainment, as the re-appearance of Miss Marie Wilton has restored to the light-hearted school-girl, Naomi Tighe, all the original freshness of the impersonation.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Mr. Alfred Wigan has made his re-appearance at this theatre, in his celebrated part of Achille Talma Dufard, in "The First Night." The play is a thoroughly good specimen of its class.

VARIETY THEATRE.—In this new theatre, which occupies an eligible position in Pitfield Street, Hoxton, accommodation is provided for about one thousand persons, and the interior is divided into a spacious pit on a level with the street, a balcony or first circle, and an upper tier of boxes. The present programme comprises a drama by Mr. J. B. Johnstone, called "Seaweed Hall," an amusing interlude by Messrs. D'Auban and Warde, and Mr. H. J. Byron's burlesque of "The Colleen Bawn."

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—This celebrated exhibition in Baker Street has seldom looked brighter or more charming than at the present moment. The new Court costumes from Paris are of the most beautiful and superb description, some of the most eminent of the Parisian artists having been engaged to supply them, amongst whom there is the celebrated Worth, whose taste and skill have been so eagerly monopolised by the highest in the world of fashion. Every celebrity is rapidly added to the gallery, and the likenesses are proverbially good. The latest additions to the renowned chamber of horrors are the life-size figures of Hinson and the Frenchman Trauppmann.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Sothern has become the lessee of the Liverpool Theatre Royal.

THE "Grand Duchess" and other French plays announced at Dublin have met with the strong disapprobation of Cardinal Cullen.

THE editor of "Judy"—Mr. Chas. Ross—has written a drama of a startling character for the Surrey Theatre, which will be produced under the author's superintendence at Easter.

MDLLE. PAULINE LUCCA, who was engaged at the Moscow Grand Opera, has been compelled to abandon her contract by the advice of her physician, who has stated that she cannot appear in so cold a climate for at least another season.

IT is understood that Mr. Walter Thornbury is engaged upon the production of a new two-act play.

MISS MILLIE DE VERE, who was so successful in the Surrey pantomime as a burlesque actress, will appear in the new piece at the Holborn Theatre at Easter.

MDLLE. LESSE'S costume in the "Regina di Golconda," produced at the Grand Opera, Paris, is stated to have cost 5,000 francs. It was designed by Gustave Doré, and made by Worth.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN has commenced an engagement as Hamlet, at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham.

RECEIPT has been acknowledged of the munificent donation of £1,000 from "T. R. K." for the Royal Dramatic College.

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Fig 1

LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for May 1870

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LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for May 1870

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PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevards des Italiens, *April 23rd*, 1870.

Chere Amie,—

The change in the season has caused a revolution in the fashions, and Paris is now gay with toilettes and costumes suited to the warm spring weather, which seems now to have set in in earnest.

There is a great variety in bonnets. They are mostly worn with flat calottes, and diadems wholly consisting of, or merely bordered with, velvet. Velvet bows and bridles are worn with straw bonnets. The marked preference shown for straw may be noticed, and the use of black and brown straw rather than white, which is peculiar to this year. Those in black tulle are mostly trimmed with black and white lace, mixed.

In the newest bonnets the shapes, instead of encircling the face, are turned off at the sides, resembling the wing of a butterfly. One style, called Du Barry, much adopted by young ladies, is made with the front raised in diadems doubled with black velvet, and turning above the ear. A small stiff head-dress may be added at will, or a lace to fall back on the chignon, placed very low. It is made flat, and velvet bridles, not tied, may be added.

Another shape, called Charlotte Corday, made in tulle, with a framing of lace and ribbon rolled round, finishing in a large bow at the side, is very pretty. This bonnet is worn without a bridle. Bridles are not worn in any regular fashion; they are fastened carelessly, or as the wearer pleases.

For dress bonnets, rice straw, Belgian straw, and chip are preferred, which latter material has come in with Louis XV. styles. Bonnets in rice straw will be ornamented with China crape. With this material China crape scarfs are worn, tapering on the bodice, and passing round the neck instead of bridles.

Other spring bonnets are made of rice straw, with a flat crown, trimmed in front with a diadem of fluted gros-grain, and gros-grain silk strings simply tied.

Diadems are often merely formed of a ruche of velvet. In this case the best manner of trimming the bonnet will be to cover it almost entirely with velvet leaves, falling back on each other.

Field flowers are much worn, especially daisies and corn-poppies. These are arranged in tufts in the centre of black velvet bows, on bonnets of similar material or of lace, with scarfs of gauze or tulle.

Round hats are worn with a profusion of flowers, and are mostly trimmed with velvet. There is no change in them at present.

Louis XV. hat of grey straw. The crowns surrounded by black velvet and a wreath of roses aduated in tint. Behind, two points of black lace, over which fall the ends of a black China crape bow.

Marie-Antoinette bonnet, made of spotted sky-blue tulle. Inside, as a diadem, a puffing of blue tulle. Veil of tulle.

Bonnet of tulle and black lace. It has, in front, a roll of gros-grain surmounted by a small Mointenon of black lace. Lace barbs with a narrow lace edging.

A change has been effected in the shape of veils. They are cut large and square, and so arranged that one point falls in front of the face, another behind on the chignon, the others being brought together and loosely tied behind.

Mixtures of material are very fashionable, and faille, velvet, and China crape may often be seen in the same toilette. This latter material is very much worn, and may be arranged in every variety of style.

Toiles de l'Inde are mostly worn in buffs and drabs. Garlands of all colours may be worn with them. Robes in these materials are made with tunics very open in front, showing a tablier, ornamented with embroidered wheat ears, and various other patterns.

Her Majesty the Empress was amongst the first to inaugurate the adoption of materials of gros-grain, with narrow stripes of velvet. These are often of the same shade as the gros-grain, but they always show deeper. These styles are also worn in colour quite different, as for example, black on pink or brown, pansy on straw, brown on grey, &c. Robes of this material are made with trains edged with a ruche of gros-grain, bordered on each side with velvet of the same shade as the stripes. This ruche, very large, is interspersed with small bows

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of velvet. The tablier, in front, has a flounce of the same at the bottom, below the same ruche. With these robes casaques are worn, fitting in the front, over which is passed a waist-band, fastened in front by a large buckle in gold, mother-of-pearl, or jet, and a bow and short lappets behind.

The tablier shape is still maintained, and novelty consists rather in the style of ornamentation than in the general cut of the costume.

Amongst the novelties of this year, one of the most original is the employment of velvet with white muslin. A costume in the trousseau of an Austrian Princess was composed of a skirt of black velvet, trimmed with a flounce. This flounce was surmounted by a puffing, edged on each side with vallenciennes. Tunic of white muslin, embroidered with cornflowers. This tunic is looped at the sides by large dahlia leaves of black velvet; it forms two points behind, with one fastened like the bows of a cravat, and falling on the velvet skirt. Bodice of white muslin, naturally placed on a transparency of white taffetas, low, square, and bordered with a cascade of valenciennes. Three large bows of black velvet set off the bodice in front. Waistband of black velvet.

For theatre or evening wear, vests of China crape are worn, lined with silk, and embroidered with gold or silk. When not embroidered, they are trimmed with plenty of lace. The shape of these vests is nearly that of a casaque cintrée. A large basque-postillon is worn at the back; at the sides two basques, cut in butterfly wings, more or less pointed, and in front, two short basques, square, like those of a gillet à la Française. The sleeves are long, large, and widened, so as to show the dress beneath, or the white sleeve of lace or muslin attached to the corsage or stomacher.

A style much adopted in toilettes for evening parties is Louis XV. robes, in taffetas chiné, with tabliers, trimmed with flowers or bouillonnes, in light materials, mixed velvet. Take the following as an example:—Tablier of sky-blue taffetas, covered with flounces of white gaze de Chambéry. These flounces are bordered with small brown velvet. Train of sky-blue taffetas chiné, with double pannier looped up with bows of brown velvet. Bodice décolleté in front only, shaped as a small vest opening on a gillet of white taffetas. Around the bodice a flounce of gaze de Chambéry, bordered with velvet. Large bow of brown velvet in the centre. Sleeves à sabot, formed of a fold of gaze de Chambéry, with velvet bow. Long sash in brown velvet.

There is no perceptible change in the style of bodices. They are mostly worn open, as they have been for some time, and are made to suit the age or caprice of the wearer. Robes are always open in front, however.

Sleeves are worn à sabot with silk costumes. Whether long or short, they should resemble the trimming of the bodice. Pretty bodices, very décolleté, and without sleeves, are worn, finished with a guimpe of white striped sultana, and an oriental sleeve full and large. These sleeves are edged with valenciennes or old lace, the taste for which has become quite a passion. Louis XIII., point d'Argentan, and point de Venise laces are in great demand.

I select a few of the leading toilettes which have recently appeared. Short robe of foulard, with two deep flounces plaited à la russe. Small casaque of the same material, semi-fitting, with a small slit in the back. Elbowed sleeves, with braided cuffs.

Robe of pink taffetas, striped with black. Double skirt, looped at the sides, embroidered in front, and forming a puff behind. Casaque of black velvet, falling straight, slit in the back, with facing o black satin. Elbowed sleeve, guipure ornamentation.

Robe of mauve tulle, entirely covered with small plaited flounces. Bertha, trimmed with similar flounces.

Robe of white tulle, worn over a skirt of straw taffetas. The white tulle robe trimmed with white lace, ornamented on the shoulders and in the middle of the bodice with red poppies. Bunch of red poppies for the hair.

Skirt of China-blue gros-grain, trimmed with two narrow flounces, plaited à la russe, and surmounted by cross-strips. Tunic very long, looped up at the sides by a large cockade bow, which is repeated on the skirt just where the tunic begins to open; the end in front falls in a festoon, as does also that behind, and the whole is trimmed with a flounce in Russian plaits, accompanied by two cross-strips. Two scarf ends fall in front trimmed with a white net fringe. Corsage tight-fitting, with very open revers faced with blue satin and bordered by blue net fringe. Plain elbowed sleeves with a deep revers of satin, and a small ruche at the top placed as a ruffle. Chemisette with frill down the middle, trimmed with lace. Cuffs to match. Gros-grain waistband, fastened behind by a large bow with wide and half-long ends. Salmon-coloured kid gloves. Fanchon bonnet, trimmed with a bouquet of roses and cluster of white daisies and convolvulus, from which a trail descends on the shoulders. Barb formed of a roll of tulle, round which is wound a narrow blue gros-grain ribbon.

Bridal toilette: White faille skirt, trimmed with two tarlatane flounces plaited à la russe, and fastened with a white faille cross-strip. Between these two flounces, of which the lower one was the deepest, a flounce of English lace, repeated above the second plaited flounce. Above the last lace flounce a row of Chinese fringe with pears in white silk. Tunic in the form of a court mantle, ornamented with fringe like that placed at the top of the skirt; the tunic cut very short in front. Corsage close-fitting and low; pagoda sleeves trimmed with fringe like that on the tunic, and with English point lace. High chemisette of silk tulle, trimmed with lace; under-sleeves to match. White kid gloves. Coronet of orange-blossom, forming a point over the forehead, and terminating behind in a trail reaching to the middle of the back. Silk tulle veil falling over the train behind, and reaching to the knees in front.

Robe of Siam-blue taffetas. Skirt trimmed with two flounces plaited à la russe. Tunic trimmed with black lace, not very deep. This tunic is looped up at the sides, forming a pannier behind. Casaque in Siam-blue taffetas, similar to the robe, cut in square basques, bordered with black silk passementerie, and black lace around the basques. Small pointed collar in black lace. Large pagoda sleeves, trimmed with black lace. Bonnet of Siam-blue China crape, with large bow of the same behind. Wreath of Bengal roses at the side. Barbs of Siam-blue China crape, edged with black lace. Boots in black kid, with Louis XV. heels, or in gros-grain to match the dress.

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DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of striped foulard for a young lady of ten or twelve years of age. The trimmings are ruches of scolloped mauve ribbon. Hat of velvet, with a white feather.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of light green poult de soie, trimmed with flounces and frills of the same. Hat of Italian straw, ornamented with a large rose in the front. Veil of white gauze.

Fig. 3.—Robe of lavender taffetas, trimmed with fringe of same colour and pink ribbon. Mantle of black gros, bordered with velvet and fringe. Bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with white May-flowers.

PLATES II. & III.—*Fig.* 1.—Travelling costume in toile écru, or alpaca of any shade, with flounces edged and trimmed with brown. Sunshade with frills. Straw hat, trimmed with brown velvet.

Fig. 2.—Town costume in mauve poult de soie, with flounces and folds of the same. Hat with tuft of feathers.

Fig. 3.—Jacket in taffetas, trimmed with folds and loops of faye, ornamented with lace. Robe of mohair. "Empire" bonnet, in black and white.

Fig. 4.—Morning dress. Paletot and robe, striped, trimmed with blue faye. Flounces forming tunic. Head-dress "Duché."

Fig 5.—Town costume in black faye, called the "Paris-Louvre," trimmed with black velvet. "Regina" bonnet in taffetas and rice straw.

Fig. 6.—Town costume in sultana, bordered with brown. Straw hat, with flowers.

PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Indoor dress of brilliant, trimmed with puffings of the same, and bows of bright blue ribbon. Under bodice of white muslin.

Fig. 2.—Costume dress of silver-grey poplin, with trimmings of black velvet. Jacket of the same. Bonnet of black lace and scarlet flowers.

Fig 3.—Dress of rose-coloured silk, trimmed with narrow black lace. Coiffure with ribbon to correspond.

PLATE V.—No. 1.—Head-dress in white blonde, with mauve ribbon and wild convolvulus. It is formed on a small foundation of stiff tulle, of semi-circular shape, trimmed with blonde and bows of mauve ribbon, the tendrils of the flowers falling down to the neck.

No. 2.—Bonnet in muslin, with blue rep ribbon, trimmed with bands of muslin, bordered with valenciennes lace.

No. 3.—Head-dress of cerise velvet. Two bows of cerise velvet ribbon are placed in the centre, trimmed with Malines ce, and oops of white muslin and cerise velvet in the front.

No. 4.—Bonnet in pink ribbon, composed of muslin bordered with lace, on a shape of stiff tulle. Lace trimming between the bands on either side. Fastening of pink ribbon, with bows and lappets of the same.

No. 5.—Head-dress in black lace, with ribbon of pink rep and roses. The foundation is a small square, cut in stiff tulle, and ornamented with stiff quilled lace, which falls back in lappets. Pearl buckle in front.

No. 6.—Bonnet in purple ribbon, in muslin bands edged with lace, and trimmed with bows of ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give this month a model of a new pelerine for summer wear—it is to be made in light blue satin or silk, trimmed with a very deep fringe.

THE SEASON.—The return of *la belle saison*, the finest portion of the year, has the natural effect of reviving the spirits, restoring the tone of society, and inducing the hope of a better prospect of affairs. Despite, therefore, the trials of the past, the ensuing London season is expected to be extremely brilliant and gay; and the impetus thus occasioned to industry and trade will tend in an important degree to chase away discontent and suffering, and produce peace and plenty in their stead. The coming festivities of the races, the drawing-rooms given by our beloved Sovereign, and the *fêtes* and parties of our nobility, will all contribute to the desired result, and the purveyors to luxury and taste are making every provision for the anticipated demand. Among other requisites for the London season, the admirable appendages for the toilette prepared by Messrs. Rowland and Sons will not fail to monopolise their accustomed share of public favour and support. Their Macassar for the hair, Kalydor for the skin, and Odonto for the teeth and gums, are of more than European, they are of universal celebrity, and are used and valued in every quarter of the habitable earth.

A NEW TOILETTE REQUISITE.—A preparation for rendering the hands white and soft, without injury to the skin, has been lately registered by a firm in Castle Street, Holborn, under the name of "The White Hand." It has been pronounced by many well-known chemists capable of performing what is stated, and the inventors have a favourable report from the eminent analyst, Dr. Hassall. It is a liquid of a roseate hue, with a delicious perfume, and is contained in an elegantly formed lady's hand in opal glass, and will doubtless form another "requisite" for the Upper Ten.

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INDICATIONS.

SPRING.

A BURSTING into greenness,
A waking as from sleep,
A twitter and a warble,
That make the pulses leap;
A sense of renovation,
Of freshness and of health,
A casting-off of sordid fear,
A carelessness of wealth.

A watching, as in childhood,
For the flowers, that one by one
Open their golden petals
To woo the fitful sun;
A gush, a flash, a gurgle,
A wish to shout and sing,
As filled with hope and gladness,
We hail the vernal Spring.

SUMMER.

A dreamy sound of waters,
Falling, ever falling;
Voices of sweet song-birds
To each other calling;
Flowers, all rainbow-tinted,
Springing, ever springing,
On the vagrant breezes
Richest perfume flinging.

A perfect satisfaction,
A fulness of delight,
A sense of gliding onward
Through regions ever bright;
All balm, all bloom, all beauty,
Like some ambrosial clime—
These are the signs that tell us
Of glorious Summer-time.

AUTUMN.

A perfect flood of sunshine,
Wherein all objects seem
A scene of golden splendour,
That makes the senses dim;
Beneath a blue pavilion,
A glorious feast outspread,
Where choicest gifts of nature
Abundantly are shed.

A lingering look cast backward
Unto the days gone by,
A turning to the future
With sad and anxious eye;
'Mid Autumn's purple sunsets,
A dirge-note swells the blast,
And tells that soon the brightness
Of the year will all be past.

WINTER.

The winds are sighing—sobbing,
Like mourners round a bier,
And from the hills there cometh
A voice that soundeth drear
As the trumpet-call to judgment,
Saying, "Prepare, prepare!
Spread o'er the vale a fleecy pall,
And lay the old year there."

Within are sounds of gladness,
And fires that brightly burn,
And stories of the olden times
Are told by each in turn;
Without, the cry of misery
And want salute the ears,
And we look on hoary Winter
Through mingled smiles and tears.

H. G. ADAMS.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

WHO for one moment would have thought that any improvement could have been made in that most useful article, a Tape Measure? It indicates the inches correctly and plainly, and what more could be necessary? Mr. Lerro, however, has discovered that an improvement could be made, and in this manner:—If the numbers of the inches be placed on the tape vertically instead of, as at present, horizontally, they are the more easily read, and a saving of time is effected. His Ladies' measure or West End Tape is admirably suited to its purpose, as any who have once used it can testify. Dressmakers, above all, will welcome this most useful tape measure, as an invaluable ready-reckoner and great time-saver. Mr. Lerro's trade-mark, "Dean," appears on all good tape measures.

LUMINOUS FUNGI.—Once on an excursion (near Port Jackson) returning at dark through the woods, we were attracted by a number of very luminous fungi, which shed a broad glare of light among the grass and decayed leaves. This light was very *white*, like *ghastly moonlight*, and so strong that I could see the time on my watch. I gathered some, and found them to be *agarics* (mushrooms) some inches in diameter, with a flattish, wavy, pale slate-coloured or whitish cup, very numerous thickly-set decurrent gills, and a solid, curved, and frequently eccentric stalk. I brought them home, and they retained their lustre till decomposition set in. The light was strongest when the fungus was in its best condition and fully grown. I have since found the same agarics abundantly in other places.—*Dr. W. H. Harvey.*

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RETRIBUTION.

"I HAVE the most implicit reliance upon you, Hamilton," said Mr. Carford, "and your acceptance of this trust has removed a load from my heart; for, as I have told you before, Alice is too inexperienced and too impressionable to have control over so much money until she has seen more of the world and its ways."

"But, bless my soul, Carford," said Mr. Hamilton, suddenly, as he put up his pocket-book, "we are talking as though you were going to leave us to-morrow. It is all very well to take proper precautions, but I hope you will live yet to see Alice safely married and happy in her choice."

"I hope I may," said Mr. Carford; "but, nevertheless, get the will made out as soon as you can, and let me have it to sign."

"You shall have it as soon as it can be done," said Hamilton, and so they passed from that topic to others, and chatted away until it was time for Mr. Hamilton to take his leave.

"You must not think of walking to Firsdale so late," said Mr. Carford. "I will ring and see if Arthur is in, and if he is, he shall drive you over."

Arthur was in, and readily agreed to drive the old lawyer over to his home.

"Where is your friend, the vicomte, Arthur?" asked Hamilton by way of opening a conversation.

"In France, I think," said Arthur, "but his movements are so erratic that I scarcely know."

"He seems to have taken quite a fancy to this neighbourhood."

"Yes, I think he will settle here for some time."

"In order," said the lawyer, "that he may be near his friends of the Hermitage, of course?"

"I suppose that has something to do with it."

"And Miss Alice in particular, eh?"

Arthur was silent for some time, and then said:

"So you have seen it too, have you?"

"Who can help seeing it?" returned Mr. Hamilton; "except your guardian, who sees nothing. Mrs. Raynham has seen it long ago, you may be sure, and here are you fancying yourself the only being in the world with any power of observation. But seriously, my dear boy, I am sorry for you, and I wish with all my heart it may be otherwise. And I think it will be. I am sure that she loves you deeply, and depend upon it, as soon as the first fancy has died a natural death, she will come to her right senses in the matter. You have only to keep that infernal Frenchman with his palaver out of the way."

"And that," said Arthur, dryly, "I shall make no attempt to do."

"Why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Arthur, somewhat testily. "Because he is my very dear friend, to whom, above all others, should be given 'an open field and no favour.' And if he were not, I have no right to rule her inclinations or interfere with her love affairs. He has won her fairly—at least he will win her, for he has not said anything to her as yet."

"Perhaps we are altogether wrong," said Mr. Hamilton, hopefully. "Perhaps in contemplating the liking which we fancy Alice entertains for him, we are losing sight of the important fact that he may not be very desperately in love with her."

"It's no use speculating on that chance, I can tell you, because if it is any consolation to you, he has confided his love for her to me a dozen times."

"Why not speak to Alice, yourself, Arthur? You never have done, you know, yet."

"Oh, she knows well enough without my telling her. And once for all, I will not take any step whatever in the matter which is likely to interfere with the interests of Gustave."

"Gustave be hanged," thought Mr. Hamilton; but he said nothing.

"Well, my boy!" exclaimed the lawyer after a pause; "I admire you for your determination to stand by your friend. I hope he will prove himself worthy of your friendship."

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Carford survived the signing of his will only a week, and then sank to rest as a true-hearted old gentleman should do, and Brakenhill lost a friend. After the first shock, inseparable from the event, life at the Hermitage settled down into its former calm. Arthur still made it his home, agreeable to the wish of his guardian, and, having decided to enter the law as a profession, was pursuing his preparatory studies under the auspices of Mr. Hamilton. They heard once from the Vicomte de Rouquelaine, in a letter which was full of grief and sympathy, but saw nothing of him until one evening in early summer, when he suddenly made his appearance. It was about eighteen months after Mr. Carford's death.

He saluted Beasby cordially, and further ingratiated himself with that individual by making him a present of something wherewith to pledge him.

"Mr. Brandon, is he in?" said Rouquelaine.

"Well, no, sir," said Beasby. "Mr. Arthur be gone to Firsdale; but her and Miss Alice, they're in."

"I will make my respects," said the vicomte, and passed through the gate toward the house.

The vicomte found the ladies, as Beasby told him, in the arbour, and Alice reading aloud from some French book. Rouquelaine paused at the entrance of the arbour, and remained in the attitude of one who drank in every syllable with the most eager attention.

Suddenly Alice looked up with a little startled scream, and the next moment flushed crimson, while the vicomte advanced, hat in hand, with an air of the deepest reverence.

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"Madame," said he to Mrs. Raynham, "I kiss your hand. Mademoiselle, I salute you. Pardon me if I have caused you alarm. I ought to have spoken at the first, but I hesitated to disturb the melody of my own dear native tongue spoken by lips that do it such justice."

"It was unkind of you to listen, and then laugh at my bad pronunciation," said Alice, after the usual greetings were over. Of course the vicomte was duly horrified at the possibility of such an accusation, and he managed so skilfully that, seeming all the while to talk about nothing but himself and his country, he was in reality flattering the taste and discernment of his hearers in the most delicate manner. So that when Alice tripped off to the house to see if Arthur had returned, Mrs. Raynham was in exactly the state of self-complacency, and admiration of the foreigner, to the attainment of which that gentleman's efforts had been directed. No sooner had Alice left them than he begged Mrs. Raynham to accept his arm for a stroll round the garden, and intimated that he wished to speak to her upon an important matter.

"It can have been no secret," observed he, in a low and beautifully modulated voice—"it can have been no secret to a lady of Mrs. Raynham's penetration that, during the stay I had the honour of making some time ago at this dear old Hermitage, I conceived a deep attachment for her lovely and accomplished niece."

Of course Mrs. Raynham, not wishing to lose the credit of the said penetration, acknowledged that it *was* no secret to her.

"Then," said the vicomte, "may I presume so far as to ask madame to give the matter her kindest consideration? I should be sorry to say anything which may wear in the remotest degree the appearance of a boast, but may I venture also to remind her that my position as a member of the French nobility is such as to disgrace no alliance?"

Had Mrs. Raynham possessed a little more of that knowledge of the world on which she prided herself, she would have perhaps valued the vicomte's connection with the French nobility at less than he seemed to do himself. But as it was, it blinded her mental eyes, as the noonday sun would have blinded her physical ones, and she made answer accordingly.

"Vicomte," said she, and, with her true English veneration for aristocracy, she absolutely seemed to find some pleasant taste in the word, "I cannot be insensible to the honour you do us in making such a flattering proposal. For my part, you have have my full and glad consent to your marrying Alice, in case you find that your love is returned. But I must tell you that Mr. Hamilton's consent will be also necessary. By the conditions of my poor brother's will, she cannot marry without the approval of that gentleman and myself; at least if she does she forfeits the enjoyment of her property until she is twenty-eight years old."

"Madame," returned the vicomte, bowing low, "I have little doubt that I shall gain the consent of Mr. Hamilton, and even if I did not, what matter? I have money for the two of us."

"But I must impose one restriction, vicomte," said she. "You must give me your promise that you will not speak to Alice upon this subject until you have had an interview with Mr. Hamilton. You may have a chance if he comes home with Arthur to-night; but, if not, you can see him to-morrow, or soon."

The vicomte promised, although, as he said, he was impatient to hear his fate from the fair lips of Alice herself.

"And now take me indoors, for the night air is getting chilly," said Mrs. Raynham.

They went into the house, and there found that Arthur and Mr. Hamilton had just arrived. Arthur greeted his friend warmly, for, though he loved Alice as fondly as ever, he had schooled his heart during the past twelve months to bear what seemed best to him for her happiness. And they passed a delightful evening, as the vicomte again exerted all the wonderful resources of his mind. But he could not get a chance of speaking to Mr. Hamilton, because Mrs. Raynham had given the old lawyer a hint that he might expect a mention of the subject from him, and he wanted time to decide upon his line of conduct. "For," said Hamilton to himself, "although I don't much like the fellow, still the girl may, and that's the question after all, I suppose. But I must make inquiries about him." So he kept out of Rouquelaine's clutches until he had seen the latter safely on the road to Redbistone under Arthur's escort, and then he betook himself to his lonely home at Firsdale.

When the vicomte called at the lawyer's house on the next day, he found that sudden and pressing business had taken him to the Continent, which news rather disconcerted the vicomte, because he was getting impatient to pour out the tale of his love at the feet of his idol. At least so he said to Mrs. Raynham. During the fortnight which followed, Hamilton was detained upon the Continent, and Arthur was consequently at liberty to roam about the neighbourhood in company with his friend as much as he liked. And during the fortnight the vicomte, though he kept to the letter of the promise he had given to Mrs. Raynham, made violent love to Alice. And Alice liked it, as what young girl of nineteen would not have done? As soon as Mr. Hamilton returned, he sent a message to the captivating vicomte requesting an interview. Behold that gentleman, then, seated before the open window of the lawyer's office on a fine summer's evening, smoking one of his brobdignagian cigars which he had just lighted.

"I hope my smoking will not inconvenience you," said the vicomte. "If it will, say so without ceremony, and I will throw my cigar out of the window."

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Mr. Hamilton signified, somewhat coldly, that he was quite at liberty to smoke if it afforded him any gratification.

"Monsieur de Rouquelaine," said Hamilton, "it may be, perhaps, unnecessary to inform you that during the past fortnight I have been in France."

The vicomte hoped that his stay there had been a pleasant one.

"But of the object of my visit," went on the lawyer, "you, perhaps, know nothing?"

"I have heard that it was business, the black beast of one's existence," said the vicomte.

"As we may as well commence our conference with a clear understanding between us," said Hamilton, "I will at once inform you that the real motive for my visit to the Continent was to make inquiries about no less a personage than yourself, having heard from Mrs. Raynham that you aspire to the honour of marrying Miss Carford."

The vicomte said that he had the inexpressible honour of so aspiring, and that he could not but approve of the step Mr. Hamilton had taken; but he looked rather uneasy nevertheless.

"As the result of my investigations is a decision on my part to refuse my consent," continued Hamilton, "you will perhaps accept this simple intimation as final, and not press me to the unpleasantness of stating my reasons."

"So, Mr. Hamilton, you see fit to refuse your consent, do you?" said Rouquelaine, reclining on his chair and watching the smoke from his cigar curl away through the open window.

"Most decidedly."

"Ah!" said the vicomte; "perhaps it has not occurred to Mr. Hamilton that Miss Carford can marry without his consent."

"If she does, she has none of her money until——"

"She is twenty-eight. Precisely!" said Rouquelaine; "so ran the will of the benevolent old gentleman."

"It would become you better, sir," said old Hamilton, fast getting very angry at the vicomte's coolness—"it would become you better to speak respectfully of one whose hospitality you have shared."

"My dear Mr. Hamilton," said Rouquelaine, languidly, "pray calm yourself. You English are so impulsive. You were saying——"

"That if she marries you, sir, without my consent—and with it she *never* will—she has no claim on her property until she attains the age of twenty-eight; and that, I think, will be found sufficient reason to deter you from the union."

"Nothing of the kind. You mistake yourself, quite," said Rouquelaine, throwing away half his cigar and lighting another. "You are sure the smoke does not inconvenience you? No? I was afraid it might; I know you are not a patron of the weed. Let me see, what was I observing? Oh! I was about to say that money was no object. I can afford to wait."

"Very good, sir," said Hamilton. "Since you declare your intention, then, of prosecuting your suit for Miss Carford's hand, you compel me to say that I shall take measures to prevent that also."

"Pardon! Did I hear aright?"

"You did."

"May I inquire how you propose to do it?" said Rouquelaine, with a flourish of his jewelled hands.

"Simply thus. I am willing, even anxious, to spare my friends at Brakenhill the full knowledge of what a rascal they have been entertaining. But if I find that you are in the neighbourhood after to-morrow, I will unhesitatingly expose you as a man who has used his high position as a screen for every species of wickedness, who has disgraced his family and country, and who is, above all, a shameless liar and a gambling-house cheat."

For one moment the vicomte's face became perfectly livid with rage, and he seemed on the point of committing some violence, for he clutched a large office-ruler which lay near in a nervous and threatening manner. But the old man's age, or the wish to avoid any fracas, restrained him, and he became his own cool self again.

"Mr. Hamilton," said he, in the politest of tones, "I perceive that the game is up, and have the honour to wish you a very good evening."

"Good-evening," said Mr. Hamilton. "Recollect if I find you in the neighbourhood after to-morrow, I will expose you. Before that time I will not, for fear your dear friend Arthur should get into trouble by giving you a sound horse-whipping."

"Ah!" murmured the vicomte. "Dear Arthur! Poor fool! You English are so impulsive." And with that Rouquelaine coolly bowed himself out.

During their conversation rain had begun to fall in large drops. Rouquelaine set out to walk from Firsdale to Redbistone, intending to seek shelter at Brakenhill. But long before he reached the little village the rain came down heavily, and the thunder began to rumble along the heavens, so that he was obliged to take refuge in a small inn known as "The Sucking Pig," which stood retired from the high road about half-way between Firsdale and Brakenhill.

"Hang it!" muttered Rouquelaine, as he approached the door; "that old rat of a lawyer has spoilt the game. The fair Alice herself is no bad prize. I had a kind of fancy for the girl, and her fortune would have patched up the rents in that of the house of Rouquelaine. What a land of rain! To think that I should have spent my time in this bog of a country, and all for nothing, for I suppose there is no way of carrying the matter further. Now for the society of some of the noble English peasantry," continued he, as he lifted the latch. "I hear the voice of our friend the poacher among them."

(To be continued.)

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MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

SOME people say that there is no such thing as chance in this world, and that everything is fore-ordained, and must take place; whereas others maintain that life is but a series of accidents.

Gisbet Fetherstone never could have told what made him leave the cars, in the Baltimore depot, with a through ticket in his pocket for New York city, with the sudden idea that he should like to see what Baltimore looked like.

It was an accidental thought, and he obeyed it. Had he not done so this story would never have been written, for the events herein narrated would not have taken place. He was not pressed for time, and he was not burdened with much luggage. A small black travelling-bag contained all the articles of toilet and wearing apparel he had thought necessary to carry with him.

He had been very successful in the mission from which he was returning, and felt in high spirits. He had discovered that he was some fifty thousand dollars richer than he thought he was when he started upon his journey.

He had been a close student in his youth, and studied hard, for life opened sternly before him, and laborious toil appeared to be his heritage. His mother's little means had been expended on his education, and when he was admitted to the bar to practise law, upon his efforts depended both their supports.

The elegant little villa on Staten Island, purchased when the husband and father was alive, was still in their possession, but it was heavily mortgaged. His mother's best affections were centred in that spot; he knew it would break her heart to part with it.

During his long journey, for he had been below Helena, on the Mississippi, he had been constantly cogitating upon the strange events which had led to that journey. He had never known his father; to his knowledge he had never looked upon his face. From infancy his mother had been strangely reticent in speaking of him. He only knew that he had lost his father at a very early age. Some rumours of a disagreement between his parents had floated to his ears from the gossip of old friends and neighbours of the family. When he grew older, and became a little curious to know who and what his father was, he found great difficulty in eliciting any information upon the subject.

His mother's pale face seemed to speak of some deep sorrow and unforgotten legacy of the past. She loved him tenderly, he knew, and he reciprocated that affection with the whole force of his being. He naturally applied to her to solve these doubts that perplexed him.

"Mother," he said, "is my father alive?"

Never had he forgotten the look of ineffable anguish that convulsed her features as he put the question. He repented it as soon as done.

"I do not know," she answered plaintively.

His surprise at this answer led him to echo it.

"You do not know?" he cried. "That is strange."

Her lips trembled, and the sad, violet eyes became dewy with tears.

"Yes, it is strange," she murmured, in broken accents. "I mourn him as one dead; and yet I daily pray for his return, that I may justify myself in his eyes. Your father did me a cruel wrong, Gisbet, in the years gone by—a wrong which was the result of a cruel mistake, and I would not have him die in his error. It has been my consolation, in all these lonely years, that he would return, not alone, but with another dear to us both, Gisbet; but the hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick, has been my bitter portion, until that heart has almost yielded to despair. I am afraid that my eyes will never behold his face again on earth; if not, I trust that we shall meet in heaven."

"Why did he leave his home, and why has he remained away all these years?" asked Gisbet, curiously.

"Hush, my boy!" she cried. "The story is a painful one to tell. I am not strong enough for the effort now. But you shall know it, all in good time; be content with that."

So the subject was dropped between them, and it was not until Gisbet has been admitted to the bar, and they were discussing their worldly prospects, which were by no means encouraging, that it was resumed between them.

Mrs. Fetherstone received a letter which filled her with surprise and grief. She imparted the information it contained to Gisbet.

"My son," she began, tearfully, "do you remember once asking me if your father was alive? I can answer that question definitely now. Your father, Josselyn Fetherstone, is dead."

"Dead!" cried Gisbet, in great surprise

"Yes, my son, dead. This letter affords me the information. He has been dead for nearly six months—all that time has been lost in tracing me. He died at Helena, on the Mississippi, where it seems he has acquired considerable property under the name of Josselyn, he having dropped his last name when he took up his residence in the South."

"But why should he do that?" inquired Gisbet.

Mrs. Fetherstone coloured and looked embarrassed, yet she deemed it proper to reveal the truth to her son. Perhaps she thought too much had been kept from him already.

"He did stranger things than that," she answered. "It appears from this letter, written by a lawyer who had charge of his affairs, that he married a wealthy girl in the South, under the name of Josselyn, which every-

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body there believed to be his surname instead of a given name."

"But how could he do this?" demanded Gisbet, in indignant astonishment; "how could he marry another woman when you were still alive?"

"He could not, of course, legally," answered Mrs. Fetherstone, sadly; "the marriage was not lawful. It was a greater wrong, though, to the poor girl he deceived than it was to me. Fortunately, she never discovered the cruel wrong that had been inflicted upon her. She died, after ten happy years, enriching the man who had deceived her; and now, by one of those curious dispensations of Providence, that wealth reverts to the wife and child he abandoned and deserted so pitilessly."

Again they approached the forbidden subject. Gisbet was anxious to ascertain the cause of estrangement between his parents, though he came to the conclusion that whatever the cause, she was blameless, and he alone had been the guilty party.

"He was a strange father!" he cried, uttering the thought paramount in his mind. "In all these years had he no desire to look upon his son's face?"

"He never knew he had such a son," answered Mrs. Fetherstone, sadly. "You were born, Gisbet, after he deserted me."

Gisbet Fetherstone gazed upon his mother in a bewildered manner.

"Mother, would you teach me to believe my father was a villain?" he cried, impulsively.

"God forbid I should do anything of the kind!" she responded, fervently. "Have I not sought to conceal and cover up the past as much as I possibly could, in order that you might respect and revere your father's memory? But there are stubborn facts which I cannot conceal from you. It is best that you should hear them first from my lips than from the lips of strangers. You are a man now, and events call upon you to fill that father's place as his natural successor. You may one day be called upon to judge between your father and your mother; but let us put off the evil day to its uttermost limit. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Let us have all the sunshine we can through life: the clouds come thick and fast enough, heaven knows! I would have you judge as leniently of your father as you possibly can. Look upon him as the victim of one great error, which carried others, still more serious, in its train. There may have been some good excuse for this sad mistake of his—let us hope he had it. The hour of explanation to which I so fondly and patiently looked forward during the lonely hours of my enforced widowhood will never now arrive. Death has put an end to all. Let its black mantle cover alike the man and his errors. Let us leave the past, and all its bitter memories, for a more fitting moment, and attend to the exigencies of the present. Here is a mission for you to perform."

"I am ready," answered Gisbet, promptly; "only tell me what I have to do."

Mrs. Fetherstone referred to the bulky letter in her hand.

"In order to do that," she said, "I must briefly review your father's career in the South. Though some of his actions may call a blush of shame to your cheek, there are others which will make your heart throb in sympathy, for it cannot but be that you, who are your father's living image, should be a true Fetherstone. It appears, from the information afforded me here, that your father held a colonel's commission in the Confederate army, and greatly distinguished himself in the war. At its close he returned to his plantation at Helena, which he had inherited from the Southern girl whom he had so illegally married. Happily for her, she never knew the deception which had been practised upon her. No children blessed this unholy union, and her early death may have been a judgment upon Josselyn Fetherstone for the crime he had committed. He did not long survive her. At the approach of death he summoned his lawyer to his bedside, and revealed to him the story of his first marriage. How deeply he went into details, it is impossible for me to say. If he gave any excuse for his strange desertion, the lawyer makes no mention of it. Nor did he mention the fate of the poor innocent—that is still shrouded in mystery. Alas! I fear that Josselyn Fetherstone went to meet his Maker with an untold crime to answer for!"

"What crime?" demanded Gisbet, much interested by these strange revelations.

"It cannot be told now," she answered, mournfully. "No voice has yet been raised to accuse him, and mine shall not be the first. Something whispers in my heart that he may have been guiltless—that the deed was not committed, after all. Let us hope so—the future may confirm our hopes, and clear away the doubts and perplexities of that fearful night. But enough of this—I am trespassing upon forbidden ground. Let us return to the matter in hand, and leave the future to vindicate the past."

Gladly would Gisbet have lifted this curtain of mystery which his mother threw over his father's history; but the respect and reverential love which he had ever entertained for her tied his tongue. He bowed his acquiescence of the suggestion, and she proceeded:

"By his marriage in the South, as I have said, your father came into the possession of quite a large property. That property he willed to me. The lawyer writes me word that a neighbour has offered a fair price for it, and advises me to sell, if I prefer to reside in the North. You know, my dear Gisbet, nothing could ever persuade me to remove from our dear Clovernook. It is here I have spent the happiest, the saddest, days of my life, and it is here I hope to die. The ready money, and the proceeds of the sale of this Southern plantation,

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though much deteriorated by the destruction of levees during the war, will clear away the mortgage upon our home here, and render us independent for the future. Now you must proceed to Helena, as my representative, and dispose of this property to the best advantage. The journey will be a pleasant one at this season of the year, and you need some recreation after your protracted studies."

This was the cause of Gisbet Fetherstone's journey. The usual delay incidental to all law processes beset him in Helena, and the spring was far advanced before the business was entirely settled up, and he free to return home again; but he was in no hurry. He felt the natural reaction that the rebound from comparative poverty to assured wealth is ever apt to produce. Without the incentive, he lost the desire to labour. An easy indolence took possession of him for the nonce. In his laborious student life he had seen little of the world. To use a homely expression, he had been "tied to his mother's apron string" more than was good for him.

This sudden putting out from the quiet haven of home into the broad ocean of life, dazed and bewildered his brain. He felt a feverish desire to mingle in the gay scenes around him. He was, as it were, intoxicated by the actual contact with the scenes and realities of that life, which he had but seen before in the distance, like a man looking at the sun through a smoked glass. Its bright effulgence bursting in its full radiance upon his unprotected vision, destroyed the equilibrium of his brain, and made him reckless of consequences.

He determined to see what the world was like on his way home, as he had pursued his journey there direct. For this purpose he resolved to stop a day or two in all the large cities on his way. He began more prudently than he continued. He converted the money he had received into drafts, and sent them to his mother, merely retaining enough to meet contingent expenses on his return trip. He thus relieved his mind of much anxiety, and left himself free to see life as it is.

He spent a day and a night in St. Louis, then crossed the country to Cincinnati, going thence to Marretta and Parkersburg, and so along the line of the great South-western railroad to Baltimore. Here, without any fixed purpose, he left the cars, and took a carriage to Barnum's Hotel, with the indefinite idea of looking around the city, just to see what it was like.

It was here our narrative found him, and here it takes him up again.

CHAPTER II.

After eating a hearty supper at the hotel, Gisbet Fetherstone walked out to take a view of the Monumental City. He was in a very pleasant frame of mind. He strolled along, gazing at the different objects with interest, so much absorbed in the contemplation of the strange localities as to be unconscious that he was himself an object of interest to many bright eyes that passed him on his way, the female owners of these eyes turning their heads for another look at the tall and handsome stranger.

Gisbet Fetherstone was not a common-looking man. He had that in his appearance which distinguished him from the common mass of humanity. He was tall in stature, nearly six feet, with a lithe and graceful form; a little too slender, perhaps, but time would modify that fault. His complexion was pale, the result of study, and his features were of a highly intellectual cast; the forehead was broad and high. His eyes were large, somewhat melancholy, not to say dreamy, in expression, and were of a dark hazel colour. His mouth was quite small, almost too much so for a man, and, when he smiled, displayed teeth of transparent whiteness. His nose was long and straight. The general tendency of his face to effeminacy was relieved by a double chin, denoting either firmness or obstinacy of character.

Gazing upon his boyish features, his mother had said:

"He is all father—I have little share in his composition. The Fetherstone blood speaks in every line. He is like his father, unstable, changeful, generous, with a heart full of the noblest impulses, but easily turned to evil; revengeful, yet forgiving; obstinate, but not insensible to the truth. A dangerous man to himself and those who love him. Heaven grant him a brighter destiny."

The gentle woman sighed over the memory of that inexorable past; but she determined to save Gisbet from the pitfall of error into which his father had fallen. But Gisbet Fetherstone, rambling through the streets of Baltimore, without aim or object, was beyond that mother's gentle, guarding care. He did not dream of danger as he strolled carelessly along. Why should he? What was there to fear?

Night came on, and the gaslights began to glitter on every side. He came to a bridge, and paused upon it to gaze at this stream of water, an insignificant one, winding its way through the heart of a great city. He could see other bridges above and below him. The water sounded pleasantly, gurgling on its way beneath him. He stood quite a time in contemplation there, the night-breeze coming up from the bay, and fanning his cheeks soothingly.

"What is this stream of water called?" he asked of a passer-by.

"Jones's Falls," was the answer, and the man hurried on his way, as if his supper was waiting for him.

"Bah!" ejaculated Gisbet, "how unromantic! How the commonplace jostles against the picturesque at every step we take in this world! I wonder what the Indians called this little river? Perhaps the name has perished with the aboriginal inhabitants who dwelt here before Lord Baltimore gave a name to the place."

A new object now attracted his attention. The sounds

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of music came from a building on the other side of the bridge, and looking in that direction, he saw a large transparency, brilliantly illuminated and inscribed, in large letters, with this word, "Melodeon."

Gisbet had often heard and read of concert saloons, and had experienced the desire to visit one. Here was his opportunity. He determined to improve it. Here was a chance to observe a new phase in life without any one being the wiser, as he was an entire stranger in the city, and consequently unknown.

He went in with the throng, paid the admission fee, and took a seat. The performance had not yet commenced, and he had time to look about him. The prospect was not particularly inviting. The audience was by no means a select one; the air was impregnated with the odour of bad tobacco, and the "pretty waiter girls" were wretched creatures, despite the finery that bedizened them, and the paint that daubed their cheeks. The young man turned from them in disgust, wondering what could be the attraction of such a place that it should be nightly thronged.

(To be continued.)

AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre having been adapted to operatic purposes, has been recently opened under very auspicious circumstances. Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Mongini, Mr. Santley, and Herr Foli, are among the principal performers. Madame Monbelli made her début as "Rosina" in "Il Barbière." The lady is no stranger to London amateurs, she having filled a large place in the concert-rooms of last season. Hence, it was anticipated that her success on the stage, so far as success comes of good singing, would be great; nor was the feeling disappointed. Madame Monbelli's delivery of "Una voce" satisfied everybody by its precision, delicacy, and appropriate expression.

LYCEUM.—After a good run, "Chilpéric" has given place to an opera bouffe, entitled "Little Faust," adapted from "Le Petit Faust," of M. Hervé. "Little Faust" has been adapted to the English stage with considerable freedom by Mr. Henry Farnie. The adaptor has omitted some portions, added others, introduced new characters, and generally exercised all the powers belonging to his office.

OLYMPIC.—After a prolonged run of success, "Little Em'ly" and "The Princess" have been succeeded by the "authorised" version of Frou-Frou. The piece is well mounted, the scenery being quite continental, and the dresses of the ladies, especially those of Madame Frou-Frou, being characteristically ruinous.

GAIETY.—A piece entitled "The Princess of Trebizonde," written by M. Offenbach, has been produced at this theatre, under Mr. Hollingshead's management. Its success was complete, and it may be safely predicted that the Gaiety will be crowded for months to come. "The Princess of Trebizonde" was preceded by the operetta of "The Happy Village" and by "A Lucky Friday," in the latter of which pieces Mr. Alfred Wigan appeared and had a warm reception.

NEW ROYALTY.—Miss Oliver's management of the pleasant little house she has long conducted seems likely to end as pleasantly and successfully as it begun and has continued. "Little Mother," a three act comedietta, adapted from the French by Mr. J. M. Morton, though little better than a farce, is thoroughly diverting, and being well acted throughout, tells admirably with the audience.

PRINCESS'S.—In presence of a crowded and brilliant assemblage, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, several members of the royal family of France, the Russian ambassador, and many other notabilities, the season of French plays has been inaugurated at the above theatre. The opening performance was such as one sees at the Français on a classical night, and consisted of Molière's comedy of "Tartuffe" and Alfred de Musset's "proverbe," "Il Faut Qu'une Porté Soit Ouverté ou Fermée." Molière's great work was well acted. Scarcely one of the parts but was adequately sustained, and in one or two characters the acting was excellent.

VAUDEVILLE.—This new theatre has just been opened with a piece by Mr. Halliday, entitled "For Love or Money?" An amusing burlesque follows. The entire entertainment is likely to be popular, and the theatrical season at the youngest of London houses commences under the most favourable auspices. The house presents a brilliant appearance, and a favourable verdict has been passed on the pieces produced.

SURREY.—A new play, with the odd-looking title of "Clam," has been produced at the Surrey. It is written by Mr. Charles Ross, who is well-known to the public as a novelist. This, however, is his first production for the stage. An intricate plot is skilfully developed, and the interest it secures from the audience is maintained until the end. It has proved a marked success.

MR. WOODIN'S Popular Carpet Bag Entertainment reached its 124th representation a few evenings since, when it was given before a crowded and delighted audience, who enjoyed and heartily relished and applauded the versatility of this popular humorist.

MR. HENRY LORAINE has appeared at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, as Hamlet. He is said to be as nearly a perfect representation of Hamlet as is to be found on the stage.

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PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevards des Italiens, *April* 23rd, 1870.

Chere Amie,—

Among the varieties of new bonnets which the recent change in the temperature has brought out, the Du Barry shape which I mentioned in my last has obtained great favour. It is chiefly ornamented with large flowers, roses, poppies, &c.

Very fine Belgian and brown straw are the materials mostly preferred, in all cases bordered with velvet. Some very pretty shapes are also made in rice straw, trimmed with deep lace forming a fringe, and surmounted by velvet, which is repeated around the shape; a large tuft of flowers attached to the side.

Another shape, called toquet de Chinois, with a very high diadem, is much worn. These bonnets are covered with a profusion of flowers of various kinds, and often have bridles of black velvet, which are held back by elastic, fastening behind by a button, and revealing the ears.

Round hats worn by young ladies are encircled with cordons of flowers with leaves. Hats in rice straw, bound in black velvet and trimmed in this way with Bengal roses, will be very effective. A large bow of black velvet forms the fastening of the flowers.

A new material for costumes, named "armure favorite," has been brought out by one of the large Parisian houses, and has met with great success. It is a sort of foulard, crossed, bright like satin, but of a softer nature, and is particularly adapted to the large tunics now worn. It forms a good substitute for India crape.

Pékiné velvet and gros-grain are still much used, notwithstanding their thickness, and will probably be in favour for some time yet. Costumes are rarely made entirely of pékiné. The jupon, in some cases, is made of this material, with a redingote or a second skirt in faille. In others, the redingote is in pékiné and the jupon in gros-grain.

Faille will probably be less used, and will give way to softer materials. It is unfavourable to dusty weather, and satined tissues and China crape are preferred. The latter material may be seen everywhere. It is chiefly used for tunics and paysanne fichus, the latter made square and bordered with lace, to be thrown negligently over the shoulders.

Costumes in cachemire continue in great favour, mostly worn with a profusion of ornaments. They are generally made in deep shades, iron-grey, brown, amethyst, &c. Black is also worn, especially in the robe russe—a dress without sleeves. This season it is made straight in front, with two puffed paniers behind, but these are larger, and have more pleats.

A small casaque, or a small mantelet of the same material, is worn in these costumes, revealing the sleeves, which are always of the same colour as the jupon. Costumes in black cachemire are principally ornamented with a rather heavy passementerie in silk, mixed with gold, which is placed in the centre in front, the whole length, and bordering the paniers. A fringe, with Chinese tassels, having heads in gold thread, is placed all round. The bodice is closed, and the sleeves, if any, are made very large, revealing the under-sleeves. These will probably be dispensed with altogether in the summer, except when the costume is made in white wool. The mantelet, when added, is made with pointed ends, which may be tied like a fichu à la paysanne, and is straight in the back. The neck is free, and a small flat capuchon may be added at will, generally ornamented similarly to the robe.

Mixtures of materials are everywhere worn. Fabrics, colours, thick as well as thin stuffs, are all allied in the composition of new costumes.

I must not forget to mention a style which will probably be fashionable throughout the summer. This is the reappearance of very small flounces, arranged in quillings, and a train worn separately from the skirt. A somewhat similar form was worn last year, it is true, but then the train was fastened on one side only. In the present style a much better effect may be produced by so arranging the train as to give it the appearance of two or even three draperies. These trains are mostly ornamented with velvet and satin bows, and are generally bordered with cross folds of velvet. They are worn with skirts en tablier, on which are arranged a number of small flat crossway folds.

Flounces are very much worn, and toilettes may be seen with the skirt thus trimmed from the hem to the waist. The tablier

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form is always preferred for the front of the skirt, and the flounces finish off at the sides. There are many methods of ornamenting this style. One of the best is to place a series of folds of equal depth, rising to about the second row of the tablier. These folds will be of a different colour to the material, and in the choice of these the taste of the toilette will be apparent. In walking dress two shades are best, the deepest of which should be the trimming. For instance, a light green, the flounces edged with grass green, and the folds similar to the edging of the flounces. Sapphire blue, edged with prune blue; mauve with violet, &c.

Gold mixed with black is also fashionable, but it should not be largely used, and always with silk fringe.

Bodices made open in front only, or décolleté, square, are daily growing in favour. At dinners, and even in evening dress, ladies appear in half-high dresses, altogether Louis XV. style. Short sleeves are abandoned in this shape, and sleeves à sabot are worn, descending to the elbow only. To be in the actual fashion, the shoulders must be entirely covered, and the back made very high.

The Marie Antoinette fichu is now replaced by a small shawl of China crape, made square and double, and which will probably be worn with all summer bodices this year. It is generally bordered with a fringe or a deep lace, and may be worn in several ways, either over the shoulders, fastened with a gold pin, or à la paysanne, with the two ends crossed in front or else a little higher, simply tied in front and fastened with a bow or flower.

The following are examples of the present styles of costumes. Robe of black China crape, over a skirt of black faille; this skirt covered with small flounces in festoons, half in white and half in black China crape, the white being festooned with black and the black with white. Tunic trimmed with three flounces, very low.

Robe of straw-coloured faille, trimmed at the bottom with seven small pleated flounces in white tulle. Bow of black gros-grain, with bunch of panseys. Train of black gros-grain, forming large festoons, which are bordered with a flounce of black lace and a double fold of straw-coloured faille. Bodice châtelaine in straw-coloured faille, having a round basque in front, and another, rather pointed, behind, trimmed with a fold of faille and black lace. Bertha composed of large panseys and black lace. Head-dress of yellow leaves mixed with panseys.

Robe of pink taffetas, trimmed in tablier form in front, with folds of pink tarlatane, separated by intermediate flounces of white lace. Train ornamented at the sides with bunch of narcissus bordered with black lace. Small tunic of pink China crape, ornamented with pink silk fringe, and looped in three places with white narcissus bordered with black lace. Train of sky-blue faille, opening in two revers doubled with pink taffetas. Sky-blue bodice bordered with white narcissus, mixed with black lace. A bunch of pink heather and sky-blue velvet for the hair.

A wedding costume lately sent to a princess at Florence was in white faille, with embroidery of round silk in garlands, broken by very small flounces of point à l'aiguille, fastened by another of white tulle de soie. The train was entirely bouillonné in white tulle, with a light garland of orange flowers placed between the bouillonnés, and bordered with very small white ruches, fringed at the edges. Bodice bordered with lace and a ruche.

The tulle veil, so long in use, is now abandoned, and in rich families is substituted by lace.

In another wedding costume the robe was made of white gros-grain, ornamented with a "drapery" flounce in China crape, trimmed with another of white point à l'aiguille lace, on which fell a deep fringe of white silk. The tunic, in China crape, was covered with small trains of orange flowers, and ornamented with point à l'aiguille. Bodice open in front, with revers of white gros-grain, and inside a sort of gilet of the same material, entirely covered with point à l'aiguille. The sleeves, half-large, were trimmed with three small flounces at the bottom, half-covered with a similar number of small flounces in lace. The toilette was completed by a veil of point à l'aiguille.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Little girl's dress of orange-coloured brilliant, trimmed with bands of black velvet. Under bodice and sleeves of white cambric.

Fig. 2.—Robe of mauve-coloured taffetas, with trimmings of satin and black lace. Coiffure ornamented with mauve ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of green poult de soie, trimmed with white silk bands and tasselled fringe. Habit-shirt and sleeves of muslin and lace. Bonnet composed of green silk and white tulle, ornamented with roses.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of mais-coloured poplin, trimmed with frills of the same, and brown satin facings. Hat of white chip, trimmed with a feather and veil.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of emerald silk, trimmed with black lace. Mantelet of black satin, trimmed with narrow velvet and deep Maltese lace. Bonnet of lace and silk, with clusters of green leaves across the front.

Fig. 3.—Costume of white pique, trimmed with bands of violet satin. Sash of ribbon to match. Bonnet of violet crape, trimmed with lace and a white rose.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Robe of amber satin, with puffing of the same. Opéra cape of white cashmere, bordered with a band of golden embroidery. Coiffure, ornamented with pearls and flowers.

Fig. 2.—Dress of gross grain, with trimmings of black blonde lace. Under bodice of white muslin. Coiffure adorned with flowers and blonde.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of bright blue poult de soie, with flounces of the same, and white lace. Head-dress of white lace and a blue tinted feather.

PLATE IV.—*Fig* 1.—Costume dress of stone-coloured alpaca, with trimmings of black and green velvet, and sash of green ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of rose-coloured corded silk, trimmed with puffs and frills of the same. Mantle of white

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cashmere, trimmed with black velvet and lace. Bonnet of white lace and summer flowers.

Fig. 3.—Robe of lavender taffetas, trimmed with ribbon and white lace. Under-sleeves of white net.

PLATE V.—*No.* 1.—Hat of English straw, having a diadem lined with green taffetas; garland of oak leaves and acorns, strings of green ribbon tied under the chin.

No. 2.—Chapeau-Jockey, in black straw, with pink poppies; black velvet strings, square veil of black tulle.

No. 3.—Round hat (Tyrolese) in Leghorn straw; black velvet ribbon, and a large red poppy.

No. 4.—Round hat in white straw, with borders of black velvet, large pink poppy surrounded with black lace and black velvet ribbons, double lappet in black tulle and black lace.

No. 5.—Round hat of black tulle bouillonné; rolls and front in black taffetas; black taffetas ribbons, green foliage.

No. 6.—Yellow straw hat with blue rolls; diadem with same trimming, blue feather; scarf of blue Canton crape, ornamented with fringe and tied under the chin.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give this month a Corsage for a Robe, with a Tunic of satin, and Bertha. The corsage and bertha in satin, with a biasis of rose satin.

POETRY.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates on the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed—
And so thy thought, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

SHELLEY.

BEAUTY NOT TO BE DESTROYED BY AGE.

In aged'st face where beauty once did dwell,
And nature (in the least) but seem'd to excel,
Time cannot make such waste but something will appear
To show some little tract of delicacy there.

DRAYTON.

A FAITHFUL FANCY.

I GAVE her a cluster of blossoms;
She wore them all day on her breast;
I saw them, and thrilled with wild rapture,
And—you can imagine the rest!

We lived in a world as delightful
As any that ever was known,
And Love was the king that we worshippod—
We gave him our hearts for a throne.

I remember I kissed her at parting,
And promised to always be true;
And she whispered, through tears, as she left me,
"I'll never love any but you!"

Last night, at a party, I met her—
No longer the delicate girl
That she was, years ago, when I loved her,
Ere life filled our hearts with its whirl.

And I could not help smiling to see her,
With figure so heavy and round,
For she used to be slender and airy,
And dance like a sylph o'er the ground.

And her face was as red as wild roses,
And shone like the silk that she wore;
And it used to be fair as a lily,
Just tinted with pink, and no more.

They gave us a grave introduction;
I think she'd forgotten me quite—
But presented to me her first daughter,
A pretty young lady in white.

THE RACES.—The approach of these festivities will naturally call forth considerable display, and our lovely countrywomen will hasten to the course, on the principle of the Roman poet, "Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ"—in plain English—"To see and to be seen." On these festive occasions, however, the exposure to the air, dust, and sun, are likely to produce prejudicial consequences to the claims of beauty, and more than usual care will be required for their protection. We feel warranted in asserting that, among the aids to female loveliness which will then be called in requisition, the unparalleled preparations of Messrs. Rowland will be in universal requisition. To preserve the tresses of beauty from the injurious effects of damp or the defilement of dust, no invention yet achieved can even be named in comparison with their unrivalled Macassar Oil; as a like protection and ornament of the skin their Kalydor is similarly renowned, protecting it from the baneful effects of the scorching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust, and imparting a delightful and refreshing coolness; while their Odonto is no less famed as a preserver and beautifier of those important objects of our frame—the teeth and gums.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

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RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE SUCKING PIG" was a favourite place of resort among the rustics, as, not being situated in the immediate vicinity of their homes, they could enjoy their evening potations beneath its roof with greater immunity from the visits of their better halves than if they frequented the ale-houses of the town or village. In addition to which strong recommendation, it had the reputation of brewing the best ale to be had for miles round. Although it was a wet night, the Vicomte de Rouquelaine found a goodly company assembled in the common room. The evening was very sultry, yet there was a fire blazing, for culinary purposes, and as the Frenchman advanced toward it to dry his saturated clothes, loud, many, and gruff were the exclamations of welcome which greeted him, for he was by that time well known, at least by sight.

"Stand out of the way, Bill; make room for the foreigneering gent," said a tall, powerful, and ferocious-looking ruffian, who was none other than Stephen Duic, the poacher.

The vicomte saluted his rustic admirers with his usual affability, and took possession of the chair of state which the landlord himself vacated.

"How's the storm now, sir, if I might make so bold?" said one of the group, anxious to earn for himself the undying distinction of being spoken to by a nobleman and a Frenchman.

"Worse than ever, I think," answered the vicomte. "Hark!" as the thunder broke over the house.

"It's comin' it uncommon strong," observed Duic.

"Ah! there never was a storm, though, like that when Firsdale Church was struck," said the landlord; and then arose a long discussion about thunderbolts and electrical phenomena, during which the vicomte sat sipping his brandy and water, and smiling serenely upon the company at intervals, as though he had never enjoyed himself so thoroughly in his life.

"Can't any of you sing?" said he, at length.

Immediately arose a murmur of "Ned Horner; Horner's the man." Mr. Horner, however, was bashful, and protested that he could not recollect the words of any song, until the vicomte promised to sing a French one if "Monsieur Honare would oblige the company with an English one first;" when he could no longer resist the pressure put upon him, and sang "The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree," in a manner, we are bound to say, which would have greatly astonished the composer of that air could he have heard it. The vicomte then sang a French song, while the others listened open-mouthed and wondering, and after that Duic burst forth with a lyric in which the delights "of a starry night in the wintry time of the year" formed a prominent feature; so that there was no lack of harmony, while every now and then the thunder came in with a deep bass accompaniment. The whole of this time the vicomte, though seemingly so gay and thoughtless, was turning over in his mind his recent conversation with Mr. Hamilton, and seeking in vain for anything which seemed to afford him a ray of hope that he might yet frustrate the old lawyer and marry Alice. Once a sudden thought seemed to strike him, as he was gazing at the fierce lineaments of Duic by the dim and uncertain light of the two candles placed on the table, and during the remainder of the evening he behaved toward that worthy in such a manner as to provoke the jealousy of his comrades. At length, when the rain ceased, and they rose to go, Rouquelaine said:

"Can you show me a short road to Redbistone, Monsieur Duic? I don't want to go round by the Hermitage to-night."

And after he had called for the score, and paid for all the liquor that had been consumed, in a manner which raised him higher still in the estimation of the company, he departed with the poacher.

"There goes a out-an-out gentleman," said Ned Horner, looking after them.

"Ah!" said the landlord; "give me the regular hairystocrasy. They ain't proud, not a bit on it; it's only your upstarts as is too proud to speak to a poor man."

And greater men than the landlord and Ned Horner had thought well of the Vicomte de Rouquelaine.

Meanwhile Duic and he paced along through the wet grass toward the cut over Hayfield's farm.

"Have a cigar, Duic?" said the vicomte.

"Thank you, sir, I sticks to my Cavendish," replied the poacher.

"I say, Duic, my infant," said Rouquelaine, between the puffs as he lighted his own Havana. "Let me put you on your guard. I have a great respect—puff—for men of your profession, and from circumstances which have—puff—come to my knowledge, I am led to infer that you are—puff, puff—in danger."

"In danger of what?" asked Duic, roughly.

"In danger, my child, of imprisonment."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that your last little frolic is known."

This random shot of the vicomte's told, and he could see that it did.

"Who knows of it?" was the next question.

"One who is not likely to let the knowledge lie idle," replied Rouquelaine.

"Who's that, sir?"

"Mr. Hamilton."

"The deuce!" said Duic.

"I believe he is," said Rouquelaine.

"What?"

"The deuce. He certainly is where poachers are concerned. I left him to-night in a passion, stamping up

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and down his office, and swearing that he would ride over to Redbistone to-morrow, and that he would see if he couldn't put a stop to you."

"Hang him!" said Duic; "he'd better not come across me; it would be the worse for him if he did. I'd shoot him to-morrow if I thought I could get clear off."

"Shoot him to-morrow, my good friend," said Rouquelaine, stopping and leaning easily against a tree in a small plantation they were going through—"shoot him to-morrow, and I will engage that you shall get clear off, and give you fifty pounds into the bargain."

The poacher was rather startled by the proposition. It was easy to talk of shooting a man when he was in a rage, but the cool business manner of the vicomte was quite another thing. He surveyed the vicomte in silence for some minutes, and then said:

"Wot's your game?"

"My game is to rid myself of this Hamilton, who is an obstacle in my path."

"You talk pretty free to a poor man," said Duic. "I might tell tales."

"I know you won't," said Rouquelaine.

"How's that, guv'nor?"

"Because, my friend, you have just now threatened Mr. Hamilton within my hearing, and whose word would weigh most—the nobleman's or the poacher's, eh?"

"You wouldn't go for to peach upon a poor fellow, guv'nor?" said Duic, more humbly.

"That depends," said the vicomte, still leaning in the same attitude against the tree.

"If I thought you would, I'd——"

"Steady, Duic, steady. Don't exert yourself. I carry pistols, and know how to use them. Besides, why quarrel? I wish to do you good; to rid you of an inveterate enemy; to put fifty pounds in your pocket, and make a man of you."

"And do yourself good at the same time," said Duic.

"Precisely! I am not likely to forget that."

The poacher sat down on the stump of an old tree, and, placing his chin in his hands, meditated gloomily, while the vicomte puffed away at his cigar with undisturbed coolness.

"Look at the prospect," continued Rouquelaine; "fifty pounds will set you down in France or Germany, and you will have money in your pocket to start with; or, if you prefer America, where they speak your own language, I will pay your passage over in addition to the fifty. Once there, a man of your abilities and temper is sure to prosper. You will settle down, and no one will recognise in the thriving farmer, Duic, the Brakenhill poacher."

"It's very well to look at, guv'nor, but——"

"But you prefer to remain at home. Very well; look at that picture. To-morrow night, or the next morning, you are arrested, or forced to fly, and never show your face near home again. We will suppose you are taken. Says the officer to the magistrate, 'This is Duic, your worship, the notorious poacher.' Mr. Hamilton steps in and tells what a bad character you are. Then says the magistrate, 'So this is Mr. Duic, is it? The utmost rigour of the law,' and you, my friend, are walked off to prison. You are not the man I take you for if you let your enemy triumph over you like that. It was only this evening that he said to me with a laugh, that he had got you in his clutches now, and that you should have as much as he could get for you."

"Hang him!" said Duic, looking up fiercely; "make it a hundred, and I'm your man."

"Well," said the vicomte, "I am not particular if the work is well done. Let it be a hundred; but you must do it to-morrow night, as he returns from the Hermitage house; he's sure to be there. Here's twenty now, and you shall have the rest to-morrow night if you will meet me here as soon as you have transacted the little business. But mind! let us have no quailing, or you shall find that I can be an enemy as well as that dog of a lawyer."

So saying, the vicomte drew out a large pocket-book, and, searching through it, handed some notes over to Duic.

"You'd better lend me a pistol, hadn't you?" said Duic.

"No, no! you'll be a surer shot with your own gun," said the vicomte, turning upon him with a quick glance of suspicion. "And now listen to what I am going to tell you, as I shall have no time to talk to you about it to-morrow night. When you leave me, after getting the remainder of the money, don't go to Redbistone or Firsdale, but cut across the country to Leighford, and there take train for London. Keep quiet there; don't show that you have too much money, and secure a passage in the first ship sailing for America. And above all, don't turn coward to-morrow."

"I shan't funk it now I've made up my mind," said the poacher in a sullen tone. "That old rascal shall see which gets the best of it, Stev Duic or him."

"That's right, my friend, and now good-by! We must not be seen together to-morrow, but I will be here at night. The moon won't rise till late, but you will have light enough."

"Plenty to settle his hash for him," replied Duic, and so they parted.

During the whole of the next day the vicomte, though smoking constantly at the hotel at Redbistone, where he was staying, with his usual outward calmness, was secretly very uneasy. It was not about the nature of the crime he contemplated, for that was a small matter to the vicomte, but at the possibility of Duic failing him. Had he known the poacher better he would have been more at rest upon that point, for from the moment when Duic made up his mind to wipe out the long score of vengeance he had against Mr. Hamilton, he never

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once swerved from his cruel purpose. The fancied wrongs the lawyer had done him had been too many and great to allow of his relenting toward his victim, and Duic was not the man to fear much for himself at any time.

Mr. Hamilton walked to Redbistone in the morning. That Duic noted, and also the fact that he took the "cut" over Hayfield's farm. Although this path brought him out into the highway at a very short distance from the Hermitage, he did not call there, but deferred his visit until he returned about nine o'clock at night, when as he entered the gate he descried Alice and Mrs. Raynham in the garden, and advanced toward them.

"Have you seen the vicomte, Mr. Hamilton?" cried Mrs. Raynham. "He has absented himself from us all day."

Mr. Hamilton said that he had seen the vicomte, but, remembering his promise not to disclose what he knew to his discredit until the following day, added that he had no doubt the Frenchman had gone to London on business.

In reality, the vicomte was at that moment lurking behind the hedge on the opposite side of the road, watching for the departure of the lawyer homeward. He waited there through the deepening shadows until eleven o'clock, when the gate of the Hermitage swung on its hinges, and the lawyer emerging, took the high road for Firsdale. Then Rouquelaine rose from his crouching posture, and hastened toward the cut across Hayfield's farm. It was a very clear and still night, and Rouquelaine, as he walked across the fields, could hear at intervals the sound of Hamilton's footsteps upon the road. He had fancied to himself the exact spot where Duic would fire, a small clump of trees close to a deep pool of water into which the poacher could throw his gun, and when the footsteps were nearing this place, Rouquelaine paused on the top of a ridge of land to listen for the report.

"Saint Bleu! he must be passing the place now," muttered the Frenchman. "Will the shot never come?"

At that moment the report of a gun rang through the still air, and Gustave Vicomte de Rouquelaine fell a lifeless corpse upon the grass.

There remains now little to be told. Duic had seen the lawyer take the path across Hayfields farm in the morning, and concluded that he would return that way at night. He had watched until he heard the gate of the Hermitage open and shut, and immediately afterward had seen a form coming along the path toward him. He retreated before it until he came to a spot favourable for his purpose, and when he saw his fancied enemy pause on the top of a ridge and appear in bold relief against the sky, he fired the fatal shot. Hastening afterward to his rendezvous with the Frenchman, he waited in vain for some time, and at last, bitterly cursing his accomplice for deceiving him, he struck across country, and was never heard of more.

The moon came up in all her splendour, and there lay the dead man through the night, with his handsome face turned up toward the sky.

It was a long time before the excitement caused in Brakenhill by the event subsided. Beasby, who in the course of revolving years married the cook, looked upon the narrative of the occurrence as his own especial property, and used to retail it upon the slightest encouragement on winter evenings in the bar of "The Sucking Pig," where he is as well known as the landlord, from which we infer that his married life is not blissful.

Mr. Hamilton lived to a good old age, respected and beloved, in Firsdale, and the last time we were at Brakenhill, the Hermitage was inhabited by a grey-haired lady and Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, the latter of whom bore a striking resemblance to some one we knew formerly as Alice Carford.

THE END.

MUSIC AS A BRANCH OF FEMALE EDUCATION.—Music—that is, instrumental music, for singing, though more really useful, gets less attention—is usually allowed to occupy an enormous proportion of a girl's time, without the slightest reference to her tastes or abilities. That to those whose talents lie in a certain direction, music is the best form of refined amusement is quite true; but so much as this is attainable without the painful sacrifice of time necessary to be a brilliant performer. Brilliance is in fact rarely attained by any but those who possess special musical talent. Of course, it is desirable to give all a trial, till it may be seen whether they should prosecute the matter further; but a year or two at most is sufficient to ascertain this point. It seems probable that not more than one-third of the young ladies in question should learn more than the outlines of music, and that they should devote much less time to its pursuit than is usually done. The likelihood is that, with less practice but more mental power, the results achieved by these will not fall short of those arrived at now. A lady, in answer to one of the queries of the school commissioners, seems to have suggested the right solution: "that music ought to be learned by all as a 'study,' by the exceptional few as an 'accomplishment.'" For any who have not marked musical talent, the pleasure is too small to be bought at so high a price: for it is the time swallowed up by "practising" that is the great obstacle to the introduction of subjects which have a direct influence upon the character. Fashion is the idol which insists on this sacrifice.—*Leisure Hour.*

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MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

He experienced a feeling of relief when the performance began; but that feeling was but momentary. After witnessing several acts of the dreariest attempts of singing and negro minstrelsy, he arose with the conviction that he had quite enough, and that he had better seek some other place of amusement, when the orchestra struck up a weird kind of air, and a female form bounded upon the stage and commenced to dance. He resumed his seat, irresistibly attracted by this new appearance.

The dance was one called *La Tarantula*, and the girl that danced it was as peculiar as the steps she so gracefully executed. To Gisbet, all unaccustomed to such exhibitions as he was, she seemed the very embodiment of beauty and agility. His breast heaved and his eyes glistened as he gazed upon her. She cast a glamour of fascination over him that thralled his entire being.

In truth the girl was singularly beautiful, and the plaudits of approbation that greeted her appearance, and the different movements she so skilfully executed, denoted that she was an universal favourite among the frequenters of the place. Beauty and skill find their ready acknowledgments in all situations of life.

This dancing girl was small in stature, but most exquisitely moulded in every limb. Her complexion was very dark, almost of a yellowish tint, and the blood showed ruddily on either cheek—no cosmetic was required to heighten its bloom. Her eyes were intensely black, with the glitter of the diamond in the iris, and her luxuriant hair curled in innumerable ringlets all over her head. The whites of her eyes had a bluish tint; this, added to the yellowish hue of her complexion, gave a faint suspicion of African blood. Gisbet, fresh from the South, thought she resembled the quadroon girls of that vicinity, but he had seen none who could compare with her in beauty. Indeed he thought she was the loveliest girl he had ever beheld. The mind of youth is easily impressed, and Gisbet was too fresh from his books to resist the fascination he felt stealing over him.

By referring to the programme he held in his hand he discovered that she was called *Miss Lamia*, and he also noted that she was to dance again in the course of the evening. He waited impatiently for the second dance. When she next appeared, it was in a picturesque gipsy costume, and she looked the wild gipsy girl to the very life. She held a tambourine in her hand, on which she beat time to the music of her dance.

Gisbet had made his way as near the stage as possible in anticipation of this dance, and when she appeared, applauded her rapturously. To his great surprise, her eyes suddenly encountered his, and she paused in her dance, as if bewildered; but the hesitation was only momentary; she smiled a glad look of recognition upon him, and then proceeded with her dance.

In the repetition of the dance, for she received an uproarious *encore*, her eyes scarcely left his face, and it appeared as if she danced the entire dance joyously to him. He was rather bewildered by this circumstance, but that bewilderment was mingled with a pleasurable emotion.

When she disappeared for the second time, he arose, strangely reluctant, to go. There was no longer any attraction in the place for him. She was not to dance again. At the door one of the waiter girls intercepted him.

"Lamia wishes you to wait for her," she said, with a significant smile.

Gisbet was astonished at the message, but the girl was gone before he could question her. He had not been mistaken then, the girl had noticed him and wished to make his acquaintance. His vanity, for he was not devoid of that common human weakness, was flattered, and he determined to gratify her. He had made an impression upon her, that was evident. He smiled pleasantly to himself. He was not ignorant of his good looks.

At the door he met with another surprise. A young man was lounging there, lazily smoking a cigar, a freckled-faced fellow, with a heavy, light mustache, short, reddish hair, a fat, unmeaning face, and small, sinister eyes. He was rather flashily attired, and wore a profusion of cheap jewellery. He belonged to a class for which Baltimore has been somewhat celebrated, and which were inelegantly denominated "Plug Uglies." But, of course, Gisbet was not aware of this fact. He did not know who the man was, and cared less. This individual, however, was not so indifferent about Gisbet. He scowled at him in a very ferocious manner, so much so, that Gisbet's attention was attracted by it.

It was an attribute of the Fetherstones that none of the race had ever been devoid of courage. They had derived that virtue from the stout old Norman who had founded their line, and the long lapse of years had never impaired it. A dauntless bearing, and a sufficiently good opinion of themselves, were Fetherstone attributes, and, as his mother had said, Gisbet was a true Fetherstone.

Noticing the undisguised look of hatred this stranger cast upon him, Gisbet remarked:

"What is the matter, my friend?—you do not look pleased."

This observation seemed to increase the man's wrath. He threw away his cigar spitefully, and advanced upon Gisbet in a threatening manner.

"I've a great mind to mash you!" he cried.

"Why don't you?" asked Gisbet, turning his dark eyes quietly upon the belligerent stranger.

The pugnacious individual, after taking a survey of the

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tall figure before him, seemed to think better of it. It almost appeared as if the resolute hazel eyes had cowed him.

"You've come after Lamia," he muttered. "You took her away from me, and you'll be sorry for it. Just you mark, you'll be sorry for it."

With these words he slunk away into the gloom of the street, as if a little apprehensive that he might get "mashed" himself for his temerity.

Gisbet's perplexity was increased by these words. He had, evidently, been mistaken for somebody else; but who could he possibly resemble? While he cogitated over this enigma, without being able to arrive at any probable solution, a woman came to his side and touched his arm. Though looking altogether different in her street attire, he recognised her by the glittering eyes. It was Lamia.

"Here I am," she said.

"I see you are," he answered, pleasantly.

"Did you get tired waiting?"

"Oh, no."

"Will you go home with me?"

Gisbet thought the invitation was somewat abrupt; but, with the romance of youth, he was not adverse to an adventure. Besides, he was anxious to become better acquainted with this dancing girl, who had taken such a hold upon his fancy.

"Certainly," he responded.

She took his arm, quite lovingly, and they turned into the street.

"You have succeeded, then, in your undertaking?" she asked, as they walked along.

Gisbet was very much surprised at this question. She was addressing him as if he was an old acquaintance. Could she know who he was? It was simply impossible.

"I have," he answered, "beyond my hopes. But how could you know that?"

"I did not know it, of course," she replied. "I merely judged so by your altered appearance."

Here was fresh food for reflection. Who could he be taken for? He had never been in Baltimore before; and yet, it was evident, he was being confounded with some one else. The adventure began to grow interesting, and he determined to follow it to the end.

"Ah! you noticed that—did you?" he responded, laughingly.

"How could I help it? I am glad you have succeeded. You will be in better humour now, won't you? No one feels more interested in you than I do. I was afraid I should never see you more, and the thought made me very unhappy. Oh! if you only knew how much I love you! There is not a thing I would not do for your sake. I would beg, steal, murder, to make you happy. My life, my soul, are yours! I am the slave of your lightest wish!"

Gisbet shivered a little at this passionate outburst. This fierce love grated harshly on his delicate organization—it was something he had read of, but never before encountered. He was too fresh in the world to know to what limitless extents a woman's passion will go.

"Oh! don't be afraid," she laughed; "you never understood my love, and never will. Ah! if you had my quick brain and daring soul, what a man you might become! But you shall be somebody yet. I have resolved on that; and when you are great and prosperous you will let me share your fortunes—will you not? Or will you be like all the rest of the world, cast down the ladder by which you rose? Oh, if you should—if you should!"

"What then?" asked Gisbet, humouring her conceit. "You would kill me, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, passionately. "I could never do that! I might kill myself; but not you—not you!"

They both relapsed into silence. She absorbed in a train of thought to which her own words had led—he in a maze of perplexity, wondering what the next development would be.

In this mood they paused before a gloomy-looking house. She opened the door with a key she took from her pocket.

"Come in," she said, briefly.

He followed her unhesitatingly. She locked the door after them. Then she lit a lamp, which appeared to have been placed conveniently in the entry. This done, she opened the door of a room and led the way. He followed her through one apartment to another which was at the back of the house. He noticed that these rooms were scantily furnished. The window of the back room being open, he glanced out, as she placed the lamp upon the table, and saw water shimmering beneath in the uncertain starlight.

"Oh! here is Jones's Falls again," he cried.

"Yes," she responded.

CHAPTER III.

She hastily threw off her shawl and hat, bounded to his side, cast her arms around his neck, and kissed him with passionate eagerness. A strict regard for the truth obliges us to confess that he returned her caresses in a manner that satisfied even her exacting heart.

He sat down on the sofa beneath the window, and she, instead of sitting down beside him, crouched on the floor at his feet, resting her head upon his knees and gazing up lovingly into his face. He thought he could never grow weary of looking at those bright eyes, scintillating with an ever restless motion. There was something in their brightness and the undulating grace of her willowy form strongly suggestive of the animal nature which seemed to animate her. But what animal was it that she most resembled—an antelope? No. A panther? No. A leopard? No. What then? It was

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not an animal—it was a *serpent!* The comparison forced itself upon his mind in every glitter of the bead-like eyes, every poise of the graceful head, every motion of the lithe and supple form.

His old book lore told him that among the ancients "Lamia" meant a serpent. It was very singular, to say the least. Who could have christened her with so appropriate a name? There seemed nothing very dangerous about this human serpent, however; he was not afraid of her.

"I am very thirsty," he said. "Could one get a bottle of wine in this neighbourhood?"

He took out his pocket-book, a large affair, calculated to contain papers as well as money, and with a diary also. It was of handsome green morocco, and had his initials in gilt letters upon the outside. It had been a present from his mother upon his twenty-first birthday.

"Put up your money," she cried, springing gaily to her feet. "I know your infirmity of old, and prepared against it. I have here a bottle of golden sherry which I got expressly for you. I knew you would come back to me, and all the more quickly if you were successful. My heart was a true prophet, was it not?"

While she was speaking she moved a little table into the centre of the apartment, placed the bottle and a couple of long, slender glasses on it, and a plate containing crackers. Then she placed a chair for him, and one for herself.

"Come," she said, "let us drink to your improved fortunes."

"With all my heart!" he responded, gaily, as he took a seat opposite her at the table.

The generous wine soon mounted to his brain and loosened his tongue.

"Lamia, my beautiful serpent," he cried, "who gave you that name."

She looked surprised at this question.

"Why, you know as well as I do," she returned. "It was my master, Mr. Juke."

"Oh! then you are a quadroon, after all—you have been a slave? I thought so."

She looked still more surprised at this.

"You thought so?" she echoed. "Why, you know so, you who first taught me what it is to be free—who saved me from the lust of a human monster. Ah! Owen, do you wonder that I love you, that I would lay down my life at any minute for your sake!"

He laughed at this, quite loudly; for the wine had muddled his brain, and made him loose sight of his discretion.

"Why, who the deuce do you take me to be?" he exclaimed.

Her eyes widened at this question.

"What ails you, Owen?" she demanded, sharply. "You have been acting strangely, unlike yourself, all the night. What has come over you?"

He laughed again gleefully.

"Nothing has come over me," he answered, "but I have come it over you!"

"Come it over me! What do you mean?"

"I am not the man you take me for at all."

Her eyes distended in wonder.

"Are you not Owen Halbert?" she asked.

"No; my name is Gisbet Fetherstone."

She reached across the table, peered curiously in his face, shook her head, and sank back in her chair.

"You cannot play that jest on me, Owen," she said, positively; "I know you too well; you could deceive your own mother more easily than you could me. You forget your birthmark—the red mark over the left eyebrow."

Gisbet was utterly amazed. He had this mark, an almost indistinguishable dot of red; but how should she know it? She laughed merrily as his perplexity showed itself in his face.

"Ha, ha, ha! You thought you could bother me with your altered looks, and your fine clothes, didn't you? But I know you too well; ha, ha, ha! I know you too well."

The wine had made him obstinate, and he was determined to prove his identity.

"See here," he cried, "I'll soon convince you." He drew forth his pocket-book and placed it on the table. "Do you see those initials—G. F.?—well, those stand for my name, Gisbet Fetherstone. If you doubt them, see here." He took a package of letters from the pocket-book. "Here are half-a-dozen letters written to me by my mother, when I was in Helena. See, they are addressed to Gisbet Fetherstone, and are signed Albertine Fetherstone. What should I be doing with them if they were not mine? Here is more evidence still; look at these duplicates of drafts, all in favour of Gisbet Fetherstone, for the nice little sum of fifty thousand dollars, and which will be paid to no one but Gisbet Fetherstone. If you doubt them, look here!" He took out the elegant gold watch he wore, and sprung open the case—it was a hunter—and held the inscription upon the inside under her eyes. "Do you see that?—'Gisbet Fetherstone, from his Mother.' Now what have you to say to all these?" he concluded triumphantly.

She could say nothing—she sat gazing at him with distended eyeballs in speechless wonder. But it was not his denying his identity that surprised her so much as the wealth, almost fabulous in her eyes, that he exhibited before her. It was that which took away her breath and tied her tongue.

"But where did you get it all?" she contrived to stammer, at last.

"Why, my father left it to my mother. I went South to collect it, and am now just returning home."

"You told me you never saw your mother," she cried, her belief in his identity unshaken.

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"I tell you I am not the man you take me for," he insisted, and to substantiate his words he commenced the story of his life.

Thus Lamia was put in possession of every fact relating to Gisbet Fetherstone's journey to Helena.

"Owen," she said, when he had finished, "you have possessed yourself of the papers of this Gisbet Fetherstone, and are trying to pass under his name. Perhaps you have robbed and murdered him—is it so?"

"Bah!" he cried impatiently; "you are crazy, and I—I believe I'm drunk."

"Ah! now you talk like yourself again," responded Lamia pleasantly.

He laughed outright at this.

"There is no persuading you, I see," he said; "so, as my head has begun to ache consumedly, I will make myself at home, and take a nap here on the sofa, where the cool night-breeze can blow on my forehead. If my double comes while I'm asleep, be kind enough to make my excuses to him, will you?"

He stretched himself lazily on the sofa, She knelt beside him, kissed him, and ere long he was sound asleep. She watched his slumber in pensive contemplation.

"How handsome he is!" she murmured; "and he cares for no one but me—he loves me—he loves me! Will it always be so? I hope so. Woe to the woman who comes between us!"

At that instant a sound fell upon her ear that blanched her cheeks, and made her body as rigid as stone. Yet there was nothing very alarming about this sound. It was merely a peculiar knock given at the street door. Yet the sound of it seemed to bewilder her in utter amazement.

"How can he be there and here?" she murmured. "He is sleeping here before my eyes, and yet that was his signal at the street door. I do not understand it."

The knock was repeated, impatiently.

She sprang to her feet, took the lamp, passed from the chamber, carefully closing the door after her, and entered the front apartment. She placed the lamp upon the table there.

For the third time the peculiar knock sounded.

She stole gently into the entry-way, and whispered through the keyhole,

"Who is there?"

"Owen!" was the cautious reply.

She put her hand dreamily to her forehead—she could not comprehend it at all. Mechanically she opened the door, admitted a man, and secured the door again. The man walked unceremoniously into the front apartment, and she followed him. The lamp-light fell strongly on his face, revealing every feature. The very counterpart of Gisbet Fetherstone stood before her.

Apparently he was the same age and height of Gisbet, and his features, though paler and thinner, were precisely the same. He was wretchedly clothed—that was the only difference between them.

"Well Lamia," he exclaimed, "I must say this is rather a cool reception. But I don't wonder at it, for I have come back to you like a bad penny."

She sank breathlessly into a chair.

"My God!" she cried "the man was right—he was a stranger after all!"

The new-comer regarded her with surprise.

"Are you drunk, or what's come over you?" he asked.

There was a wide difference in the manner and bearing of these two young men who so closely resembled each other in form and feature. One was pale from thought and study, the other from care and dissipation.

"It is wonderful!" murmured Lamia, still bewildered by this astonishing resemblance. "In figure, face, the very image of each other. It deceived me—me, who knew him so well—it would surely deceive others."

A strange wild idea was germinating in the girl's brain. She shivered, and put it away from her, but it came back again persistently.

"It would make him rich for evermore," she murmured, communing with her thoughts; "and he would love me, must love me, for the deed that made him great and wealthy." That thought seemed to impress her mind very strongly. "I'll do it—I'll do it!"

Owen Halbert cast himself listlessly into a chair, and watched her in surprise.

"In one of your tantrums, as usual," he cried, carelessly. "Can't you give me something to eat and drink? I am dead beat, and nearly famished."

She arose mechanically, as if to obey his wishes was a second nature to her. He would have followed her into the back room, but she stopped him.

"Remain here," she said; "you must not go in there—at least not now—not yet."

He laughed, and resumed his seat.

"Perhaps you have got a lover there!" he exclaimed.

She turned and confronted him with flashing eyes.

"Owen!" she cried, "do you think for one moment that I could ever prove false to you? Do you believe the man lives who could ever make me forget my love for you?"

"No, Lamia," he answered, shaking his head sadly; "the only fault I can find with you is, that you love me too well—better than I deserve."

She went to him and twined her shapely arms around his neck, while the bright eyes grew dewy in their look. She kissed him with a passionate, eager, yearning affection; and yet, earnest and sincere as her love really was, she did not look unlike a beautiful serpent trying to constrict a victim in her folds. Unlike Gisbet, he returned her embrace coldly. It appeared as if he tolerated rather than reciprocated her love.

(To be continued.)

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THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE farewell appearance of Madame Adelina Patti produced more than twenty-five thousand francs, the largest known receipt at the Italian Theatre.

MR. GEORGE WOOD is said to have lost £750 over the litigation in the matter of "Frou Frou."

THE Emperor of the French graciously presented a magnificent set of pearls and diamonds to Madlle. Nilsson on her leaving Paris for London.

SOME compositions of great merit by Claude Merulo, an Italian organist of celebrity who flourished in the sixteenth century, and died early in the seventeenth, are on the point of publication by M. Lebat, formerly organist of Montauban Cathedral.

THE "Musical Standard" says that Liszt has arrived in Wiemar, where he will assist in the model performances of Wagner's operas to take place in June.

THE hundredth birthday of Beethoven is to be celebrated by a grand festival at Vienna, on the 23rd of October. The festival will last four days, during which there will be concerts and operatic performances of Beethoven's works, in which the principal musical celebrities of Germany will take part.

AN American journalist tastefully remarks that Thalberg, who has been assaulting the piano for the last quarter of a century, having accumulated a fortune of half a million, has ceased further thumping in public.

MR. JAMES E. KITTS, late basso of Lyster's Royal Italian and English Opera Company in Australia for a period of eight years, has arrived in London, *vid* San Francisco and New York.

PREPARATIONS are already being made at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris, for a revival of "Orphée aux Enfers," which is to be produced next September with great splendour.

IT is understood that Mr. Dion Boucicault has arranged with Mr. Charles Dickens to dramatise "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." He is also engaged on a new Irish drama of the day, entitled "The Raparee." His dramas are being performed with some success in the northern counties.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL has accepted a lengthy engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, commencing in August, and will soon arrive from America, with her husband.

THE four-hundredth representation of "Don Giovanni" took place at the Berlin Opera recently; and at the end of the performance a statue of Mozart was placed upon the stage and saluted by unanimous acclamations, the band playing a movement from the Symphony in D.

THE announcement of Miss Bateman's return from America, and her present engagement at the Olympic Theatre, give great delight to her legion of admirers. Miss Bateman's tour in the United States has occupied nearly eight months, and her reappearance, after so long an absence, in the character of Mary Warner, in which she created so profound an impression last season at the Haymarket Theatre, is an event of marked importance in the annals of the present dramatic season.

MR. BROOKE, of Kenwood Tower, Highgate, has purchased Mr. E. M. Ward's fine picture, "Judge Jefferys and Richard Baxter," now in the Academy exhibition, and Mr. Frith's charming portrait of "Mrs. Rousby as Princess Elizabeth in 'Twixt Axe and Crown."

THE paintings of Mr. John Everett Millais, R.A., exhibited this year at the Royal Academy, have fetched over £11,000, so eager was the competition for their possession. It is stated that £2,000 was paid him for one of the two portraits he exhibits this year.

A NOVEL musical instrument, called the "German Chime Bells," has lately been exported from Germany. The instrument is made of brass, is about two feet long by one and a half broad, and resembles a lyre in form. The foot of it rests in a socket attached to a belt passing around the waist of the musician, and held at the proper angle by a cord extending from the top to the neck. The upper projections of the instrument are ornamented with plumes, and the whole makes a very novel appearance. To the upright representations of lyre strings are horizontally attached quite a number of steel bars, tuned to the various notes. By striking the several keys with a hammer the sweetest music is produced, which can be heard clearly in connection with the other pieces in the band.

A VERSION of the "Old Curiosity Shop," dramatised under the title of "Little Nell," will shortly be produced at the Olympic Theatre. The part of Quilp will be played by Mr. George Belmore.

IT is asserted by a French paper, not probably on good authority, that M. Gustave Doré has lately signed a contract for five years with an English publisher, by which he undertakes to come to London for two or three months every year, to make 250 designs on each occasion.

THE kingdom of Greece has hitherto had to get on as well as it could without a national air. At last the great Hellenic nation could stand it no longer. A German composer, August von Adelberg, was sent for; a national hymn was ordered from him, and a few weeks ago it was executed in presence of the Sovereign and all the Royal Family. The air is said to be original. Surely an adapted melody from "Fra Diavolo," or from Offenbach's opera of "Les Brigands," would have met all the exigencies of the case.

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LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for July 1870.

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Pl. II

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Pl IV

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PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevards des Italiens, *June 22nd*, 1870.

Chere Amie,—

During the very hot weather we have lately experienced, little else has been seen in Paris than clear piqués, muslins, batistes écrues, toiles écrues, China crapes, &c. Many of the Parisians are already leaving for the sea-side and the watering-places on the Rhine.

Costumes in jaconas, percale, and piqué are made up for the country, mostly according to taste, and nearly similar to those of last year. They are generally made with tunics, looped up, and puffings, and always with flounces. The tunics are often cut in points, forming large wings at the sides, and very ample puffings not quite as low. The addition of white lace and embroidery of different kinds is becoming much more general.

Unbleached materials of all kinds are extensively worn, and are employed in various ways, mostly arranged according to fancy. Very elegant toilettes are made in toile or batiste écrue and cachemire. The first robe is made in toile écrue, very fine, trimmed with small gathered flounces, set off with valenciennes, or more often with small flat flowers forming undulations, and trimmed with a white edging or a festoon. A waistband, made with a long and wide basque postillon, also trimmed with valenciennes, which forms a large bell fold, and may be worn or not at will. The bodice is open, square, or half-open en châle, and similarly trimmed. The sleeves may be pagoda or half-fitting. A tunic in cachemire is added, generally in a sable or brown shade, forming a half-train behind, and looped on one side by a large dahlia bow. This may be trimmed in several ways, either with similar flounces, with silk fringes, or even with a fold of toile écrue. The tunic is open in front, with a flounce bordering the tablier, and may fall straight to form a framing en tablier to the robe écrue.

Many toilettes in écrues are worn in black, and a very elegant when mixed with folds of tarlatane, which are generally half-covered with Chantilly lace of half-depth. A nice effect may be produced by allowing a mixed black and white fringe to fall over the tarlatane.

For walking and plain toilettes, it may be well to wear this costume entirely in black, and for fuller dress large bows of gros-grain ribbon in bright colours may be added.

Pale blue and lemon-colour are very effective. In this case, the bodice should be made open, square, and an antique lace or binche flamande may be placed in revers round the shoulders.

Beneath all these square robes, especially in écrues, small fichus à la paysanne may be worn in plain tarlatane or very clear muslin.

Toile mexicaine, a thick silk, rather stiff and craped, is in favour.

Dresses in this material have a large flounce headed with fan-tail folds of pale blue taffetas, and with several basques. The bodice, open en châle, with revers doubled with pale blue silk. Sleeves half-long, with garde française revers of the same. These toilettes are made effective by covering all the revers with a very fine white binche flamande, surrounding them like a bordering.

Robes in China crape form very becoming toilettes when used with tarlatane. For instance, a robe covered with small tapering flounces in pale blue China crape, alternating with folds of white tarlatane. Valenciennes may be substituted for tarlatane if desired.

Striped materials are very much used, always, however, of very fine patterns, and intermixed with plain. The newest patterns are made with white or very clear grounds, and deep-shaded stripes, principally brown or deep blue on white.

Revers are still worn with most bodices, and in summer dresses are made in lace, with coloured transparents.

Tunics, forming double shawls, pointed before and behind, and finishing at the side in two pointed paniers tied on one side only, are fashionable. These are festooned, or for country wear merely cut out and bordered with white. A deep lace may be added, stitched flat.

Fichus of China crape are made in tender shades—pale blue, tea rose, white, &c.—and are composed of a very straight band of this material, which forms two folds, hollow throughout The centre of the fichu behind is trimmed with a quilling o

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lace and bow of ribbon. They are entirely bordered with gathered lace, either Malines, valenciennes, or Flemish.

A fichu similar to these is worn with the China crape robes described above, and a tunic in the shape of a mantelet, which should be sloped at the shoulders, having very deep paniers. This is arranged in tablier style in front, and fastens behind the panier, forming a scarf.

Small châle-paysannes are made for the country, rounded at the corners, one of which is worn on the head, another at the back, the others coming round the neck and ears. They are made in very fine white tricot de laine and in China crape, with a flounce of lace in embroidered muslin.

Half-long sleeves are preferred to short ones, and with robes of China crape they are, as well as the tunics, bordered with two or three rows of small flounces of tarlatane or China crape. If preferred, the flounces alone may be of China crape, and the robe of taffetas.

Should the necessary exposure of the arms with sleeves à sabot not be desirable, large mousquetaire cuffs of pleated tarlatane may be worn, fitting tight at the wrists, and reaching to the elbow.

I append a few models of the present styles. Robe in mauve grenadine, ornamented with flowers headed by folds of the same. Bodice moderately open, rather square in the back, and bordered with a flounce surmounted by a fold. Short balloon sleeves partly covered by the flounce of the bodice. Coiffure composed of curls falling negligently very low behind, and narrow mauve ribbons.

Robe of pearl-grey China crape embroidered with black. Bodice Louis XV., décolleté square in front. Beneath a fichu of tarlatane, folded à la paysanne. Half-long sleeves, à sabot. A small ornament, formed of cocottes, around the bodice, and in epaulets, fastened by a crossway fold. In the centre of the bodice a bouquet of carnations, and small bunches of the same intermixed in the coiffure. Black bows at the sleeves, slightly looping the sabot.

Very short skirt in white serge, with fine crossway folds of orange cachemire. Tunic of white China crape; small skirt, looped at the sides, and forming a bell fold on each side. Boots of white kid, with orange buttons, rising above the top of the foot. Veste of orange cachemire, open in front, revealing a gilet of white faille or white piqué, buttoned with orange silk. The veste has five square basques with revers, and is doubled with white faille, forming a fold all round, and has a revers of white faille on the chest and another at the bottom of the sleeves, gently widened and revealing the under sleeve in batiste and valenciennes. Toquet in grey felt, ornamented with a large orange feather, fastened by a small black clasp. Sunshade of foulard écru. Chamois gloves.

Robe and tunic of tarlatane. At the bottom of the half-long skirt a very deep pleated flounce, fastened in the centre by small garlands of roses, with equidistant clasps. A puffed bordering around the tunic, headed by a plain fold. The tunic forms a round tablier in front, looped at the sides by cascade folds from the waist. A large bow with shells of tarlatane falling upon the tunic mixed with trains of roses. The bodice simply bordered with a pleating. Short sleeve with small tufts of roses marking the epaulets. Coiffure Louis XVI., composed of tresses and a small wreath of roses placed at the top of the head.

Robe of grey taffetas, trimmed with small similar flounces as high as the waist. High flat fitting bodice, trimmed in front with two rows of indentations. Flat sleeves, with two small flounces at the bottom forming double cuff. Tunic of black grenadine, décolleté en châle, with sleeves open to the shoulder and very wide. The tunic is entirely bordered with a fold of grenadine, showing the robe to the waist, and is rounded in the shape of pointed wings at the sides, with similar ones similarly trimmed behind. Bows of black gros-grain between the wings of the tunic, at the opening of the sleeves, and in front near the waist. Waistband of the same, fastened in front by a bow. Collarette in valenciennes, with double row, and similar under-sleeves. Small coiffure, composed of a butterfly bow of black lace, fastened by a black velvet bow falling very low on the chignon. Boots in black Saxony cloth. Gants de Saxe.

The following are the principal bonnets now worn. The Stella, in white rice straw, with large field daisies forming stars at the sides, and long branches. Diadem and bridle of black velvet.

Zerline bonnet, in black China crape, with diadem turned back, trimmed with pink and black gros-grain ribbon. Fastening of roses. Barbs in black China crape.

Parisian bonnet in natural straw with crown of field flowers, tied at the side by bow of straw gros-grain falling back on the hair.

Andalouse bonnet in black lace, forming mantilla, with diadem of white and coloured lilac intermixed.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Promenade dress of pale blue faye, trimmed with silk fringe to correspond. Casque of black satin with trimmings of black guipure. Hat of white silk with blue feather and veil.

Fig. 2.—Costume dress of light brown lustrine, trimmed with ribbon and white Cluny lace. Bonnet of lace and ribbon ornamented in front with summer flowers.

Fig. 3.—Morning robe of emerald taffetas with feather trimming of the same colour. Under-dress of Indian muslin, made in puffs on the bodice and sleeves and lower half of the skirt.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Dress of mauve silk, with trimmings of black velvet. Habit-shirt of white muslin.

Fig. 2.—Costume dress of green-flowered muslin, ornamented with narrow satin ribbon of the same shade. Straw hat with trimmings of green leaves and velvet.

Fig. 3.—Robe of lavender-grey silk poplin, trimmed with pink fringe and ribbon. Jacket of black poult de soie, with velvet trimmings. Hat with lavender veil, fastened with crimson roses.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress. Bodice and upper skirt of black satin, trimmed with velvet bands. The under skirt is of taffetas, striped in black and white. Coiffure ornamented with bow of scarlet ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Evening toilette of pink tulle, arranged in puffings over pink gros-grain divided by satin bands. The bodice and back of skirt adorned with bouquets of white roses and black ce. Coiffure with roses only.

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Fig. 3.—Robe of grey and green shot silk, trimmed with frills of the same, headed by narrow black velvet forming a Greek pattern over bands of green silk. Under bodice and sleeves of white lace.

PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Skirt of rose and white striped Cambray gauze, trimmed with a ruching of rose-coloured ribbon Jacket of silk of the same shade, edged with narrow frills. Under bodice of embroidered net.

Fig. 2.—Costume dress of lavender satin. The lining of the pannier is of white silk, and the vandykes on the lower flounce are of the same, as also the bands above the narrow flounces. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with lavender ribbon and white feather.

Fig. 3.—Little girl's costume dress, for the country or sea-side, of white holland, trimmed with black braiding. Tuscan hat, ornamented with wild flowers and wide ribbon velvet.

PLATE V.—*No.* 1.—Round hat in white tulle de soie. Scarf in similar tulle, trimmed with white blonde, the long end of the scarf worn round the neck. Branch of sweetbriar and white feathers.

No. 2.—Hair raised up above the forehead, in parts rather loose and carried back at side en torsade. Large chignon surrounded by a torsade with a long ringlet at the right side. Orange blossoms arranged in small clusters, which are interspersed in the coiffure; white tulle veil, covering the whole head-dress, but not the face.

No. 3.—Round hat in mauve crape. The ornaments are composed of crape plaits, ribbon, black velvet, feathers, and mauve flowers.

No. 4.—Round hat in English straw. The trimming consists of a scarf in black tulle, ornamented with deep black lace, placed round the front and falling behind. Black feathers and pink flowers.

No. 5.—Undulated bandeaux covered by the hair from the temples, which is carried backwards; undulated chignon; two long ringlets falling down at the right side. Tulle veil fastened under the tuft of orange blossoms, which is set as a diadem above the forehead; near the ear, a sprig of orange blossoms intermingle with the ringlets.

No. 6.—Bonnet in black tulle and lace. Rolls and bows in black satin. Branch of roses.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give this month a model of an open sleeve for walking dress. It may be trimmed with deep black or coloured lace. The habit-shirt and inner sleeve to be of white net.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

LADIES travelling, or during the promenade or the aquatic excursion, and otherwise exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, will find Rowlands' Kalydor a most refreshing preparation for the complexion, dispelling the cloud of languor and relaxation, allaying all heat and irritability, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity of the skin. Composed of choice exotics of balsamic nature, utterly free from all mineral admixture, and pleasing and delightful in its effects, Rowlands' Kalydor tends to neutralise the action of the atmosphere upon the skin, and to promote that healthy action of the microscopic vessels, by which its general well-being and the beauty of its appearance are so essentially promoted. Freckles, sun-burn, tan, spots, pimples, flushes, and discolourations, fly before its application, and give place to delicate smoothness, and the glow of beauty and of bloom. Its purifying and refreshing properties have obtained its exclusive selection by her Majesty the Queen, the Court, and the Royal Family of Great Britain, and the several Courts of Europe; together with the *élite* of the Aristocracy, from the sultry climes of India to the frozen realms of the Czar. The heat of the summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair, and a tendency to fal off, which may be completely obviated by the use of Rowlands' Macassar Oil—a delightful, fragrant, and transparent preparation, and, as an invigorator, beyond all precedent. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, is a white powder, compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics. It bestows on the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, frees them from tartar, and imparts to the gums a healthy firmness, and to the breath a pleasing fragrance.

GOLD ornaments still continue to be worn. A very pretty necklace, with one or three pendants, either richly enamelled or engraved, is much in vogue. It is extremely stylish for afternoon or evening wear. There are some very elegant brooches worn—some with, some without jewels, richly chased, in oval or round shapes. Long earrings are much worn. They are either jewelled, or are of plain and chased gold patterns, with embossed work. Three rings graduated in an oval shape, looped up with a plain band, looks very pretty, and is much admired as an earring. For all persons who admire jewellery simply for its appearance, the Abyssinian Gold answers every purpose. In colour it is so identical with the real gold, that, when worn by a well-dressed person, it is never suspected to be anything else; being of the same colour throughout, it always appears the same. The prices of these productions are extremely low, the designs are elegant and of the last fashion, the finish of the workmanship is excellent. While the fashions are continually changing, it is not out of place to consider the cost of this jewellery. The price of a necklace varies from 7s. 6d. to 15s.; brooches from 5s. to 12s.; earrings from 5s. to 12s. At such prices as these, should a lady have the misfortune to lose an article of jewellery, the loss is not attended with any great misfortune or regret, since it can easily be replaced at comparatively so low a price. These articles are manufactured and sold by Messrs. L. & A. Pyke, 32, Ely Place, Holborn Viaduct, London.

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THE FATAL TOAST;

OR, A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"By Jove! that's too bad; here's a letter from my wealthy, but somewhat antiquated, *fiancée*, telling me—yes, by Jove! not asking me, but telling me—to be at her uncle's house in Madison Square next Tuesday, for she has arranged a nice little picnic, and intends to take that opportunity of introducing me to her friends and family as her intended husband! Sam, that's what I call cool; isn't it?"

The individual to whom this was addressed was a dark, handsome-looking man of about thirty, dressed in the height of fashion, while the speaker was a still younger man, equally well-dressed, but of a very fair complexion—his large blue eyes beaming from beneath the lightest of bright chesnut hair, parted in the middle, like a girl's. It was very evident that both belonged to the upper class of society, and that both were distinctly tinged with that semi-dandyism which, up to a certain point, is rather a grace than an emasculation of a manly character. Let us introduce these two friends to our readers a trifle more closely.

Charles Herbert was the son of a respectable, but somewhat faded family; which, although still living in the odour of fashion, had to pinch themselves very hard to keep up appearances. His family influence had managed to get him a position in the Treasurer's office; but finding that his salary of fifteen hundred dollars a-year was only a genteel starvation, and there being every probability that at the next Cabinet he would even lose that, he resolved to make the tremendous sacrifice of marrying a woman old enough to be his mother, but who had the counterbalancing charms of one hundred thousand dollars in the Seven-thirties, besides owning the brown-stone mansion in Madison Square, where she had organised her picnic to start from, and where she had also arranged to introduce her youthful bridegroom to her friends and family.

Miss Julia Norman had been very handsome some twenty years before the opening of our story, and universally acknowledged to be one of the reigning belles of Japonicadom. Unfortunately, she had then a stern parent, who would not hear of her marrying without his consent, and as he threatened to disinherit her if she did, and as her father was a very difficult man to please, she had remained in a state of single blessedness till his death, when she found herself a virgin verging upon forty, but the possessor of the property already named.

Her early disappointments had somewhat soured her temper, and her sudden accession to wealth had made her arbitrary and capricious; but she still retained the manners of her youth, and what she lacked in nature and bloom she more than supplied with affectation and paint.

When Charles Herbert had met her at Saratoga in the summer, she had been pointed out to him by one of his fashionable friends as a "hundred thousand dollarite," and consequently a decidedly desirable match. This suggestive idea was given at a time when old Fittem, our hero's tailor, had positively declared he could give him no more credit till his *small* and long-standing account was settled. This had naturally called his attention to the benefits of a wealthy bride, and he therefore listened with avidity to a proposition which insured a comfortable future.

He therefore paid particular attention to Miss Norman, and had the satisfaction of seeing his delicate attentions flatteringly received. As Charles Herbert was too well-bred and politic to let any of his acquaintances know the exact length of his purse, and as he dressed in the highest style of fashion, and was always well supplied with what is termed "small change," he had impressed upon the public a much higher valuation of his wealth than he was entitled to, and the natural result was, that the somewhat faded belle of a past age could not help feeling flattered that so handsome and popular a man as Mr. Herbert should be captured by her.

A month afterward, when he had returned to his official duties, he began to feel his courtship somewhat of a bore, for the *semi-antique* Julia was very exacting as a *fiancée*—so much so, that Herbert resolved to hurry up the marriage, when he would be a little more his own master as her husband, than he was as her lover. The marriage day, consequently, had been agreed upon, and in two short weeks our hero would have a carriage and house of his own, with an ample supply of change, both large and small. It is at this particular minute that our story opens.

A wealthy uncle and aunt of Mrs. Norman's had arrived on a visit to their niece, and, as they were persons of considerable importance, Julia had improvised a sweet little picnic in a sweet little spot on the Hudson, made on purpose for romantic lovers between the ages of sixteen and sixty. She therefore wrote the note to her "Charles," already alluded to, in which she summoned him, "on his allegiance as a true and faithful knight, to repair to her castle on Tuesday morning, armed and equipped *cap-à-pie* for the picnic, and then and there maintain her beauty over all the princesses of the earth."

We are obliged to confess that such were the exact words in which the fair Julia had couched her playful summons to her betrothed.

Now, it unfortunately happened that on the very day named, her faithless knight, Charles Herbert, had made an engagement with his friend, Sam Lindley, the junior partner in a large dry-goods house, to assist him in a similar pleasant expedition—which possessed the attraction, in addition to oysters and green-seal, of Sam's only sister, Irene—the belle of Jersey—having promised to be one of the party.

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After a short discussion it was arranged, as it only wanted one day to the time in question, that Charles should write to his *fiancée* that he had been ordered to Washington to take charge of important despatches, and that he dared not disobey the order, under pain of a court-martial, as in the present state of things he would most probably be tried and shot as a deserter. He added, however, that if she required such a sacrifice, he was ready, like a true knight, to die in her cause.

As Charles Herbert sealed the letter, he said to Sam Lindley: "I flatter myself this will do the business!" He therefore despatched a messenger with the missive, and strolled up Broadway with his *fidus Achates*.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL," said Charles Herbert, as he was helping Sam Lindley and a set of laughing girls lay a snow white cloth on the grass for the good things they had brought from New York for their picnic, "I never felt so jolly since Uncle Aminadab died and left me that magnificent annuity of five hundred dollars a-year. Why, Sam, that's ten years ago, and I thought myself a millionaire when I heard of it, but, by Jove! now it only just pays for my cigars and kid gloves." And here he gave a sigh worthy of Romeo's Juliet.

Let us take a glance at the merry party as they sat down to their bounteous and really elegant repast. The greater part was borne by Charles, who, however, expressly gave the caterer to understand that he could not pay his bill till after his marriage with the wealthy heiress, Miss Julia Norman, which interesting ceremony was fixed for that day fortnight. Charles was dressed to kill—Sam Lindley was equally dangerous to the fair creatures around him. The third animal of the masculine gender was Adolphus White, an Irish gentleman of fine musical taste, and who had been asked, to please one of the young ladies, but chiefly to enliven the festive party with a song. There was nothing special about the ladies; they were all equally well-bred, well-dressed, and all equally given to silks, operas and diamonds, and, like the majority of American girls, were infinitely wiser than their grandmothers.

The queen of the occasion was a very charming girl of nineteen, Irene, the sister of Sam Lindley; and to her it was that the real affections of our hero trembled as the needle does to the pole; but, alas! his financial necessities compelled him to give his jewelled hand to the well-preserved virgin of forty—the golden Julia.

The place chosen for the picnic was a retired spot in Staten Island, close to the water, which never looked so fresh, wet, and placid.

The whole entertainment had gone off with the greatest *éclat*. Charles was full of his fun, Sam was full of his sentiment, while Adolphus overflowed with song. It was a verse here and a verse there—snatches of melody which enlivened the scene like the wild warblings of the birds among the boughs.

"And now, Mr. Herbert," said the mischievous Carrie Copps, "let me propose a toast. It is to the health of your future bride, the fair and youthful Miss Norman!"

She laid peculiar stress upon the concluding words, which drew a merry laugh from all, more especially the feminine part. Carrie cast a sly glance at the fair Irene, to whom the fickle Charles had been paying particular court all the morning.

Charles saw the glance, and guessed the motive; for did there ever live the girl who did not take a delight in wounding the feelings of a prettier one than herself?

To counteract the remark, our hero cried out: "No, by Jove! I am not going to drink a toast to a lady old enough to be my grandmother; when she's my wife there will be time enough for that. I propose an amendment: Ladies and gentlemen, for that golden antiquity who has the proud distinction of being my *fiancée*, I beg to substitute in her stead Miss Irene Lindley, the most charming girl living, with the slight exception of the present company, which we all know is always excepted."

As he said this, his attention was aroused by a lady's bonnet pushing its way through the foliage. In that elegant bonnet was a head, and that head belonged to Miss Julia Norman, whom he had thought was at that very moment safely ensconced in Madison Square.

"Oh, you wicked, treacherous, abusive creature! How thankful I ought to be to a kind Providence that I have discovered your horrible perfidy in time. Oh, my dear Augusta"—here she turned to a fat old woman of fifty—"only that but for this fortunate discovery, I might have been the victim of this man, and, when it was too late, found that I had married a monster."

Here she shook her fist at Charles Herbert, and made a dash at him, putting her foot into a damson pie, and smashing the crockery generally.

Let us drop a veil over the appalling scene, and explain how it happened.

When Julia Norman received her intended husband's note, announcing his forced journey to Washington, she postponed the picnic for a week, and accepted an invitation from her sister, Mrs. Augusta de Smythe—the fat old lady already mentioned—to pay a visit to a friend of hers on Staten Island, and whose grounds unfortunately joined the beautiful and retired spot which, most unluckily for our hero, had been chosen by them for their repast. As they were walking in them, Miss Norman was attracted by a voice which seemed familiar to her, and putting her head through the boughs, heard and beheld what our readers know.

It only remains to be said that Charles Herbert never saw his ancient and venerable *fiancée* again, and that last week he married the beautiful Irene. Like a sensible man, he thinks he stands a better chance of happiness on two thousand dollars a year with a woman he loves, than he does on ten times that amount with a fair creature old enough to be his aunt.

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MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

(Continued from our last.)

"Dear Owen," she murmured, "to-night I will give you a proof of my love beyond any you have yet experienced."

"What do you mean?" he asked, in that listless manner that seemed so characteristic of the man.

"Wait, and you will see," she replied, evasively.

She dared not tell him of the deed she meditated, for fear he would forbid her to do it. When it was done he could but avail himself of the results.

She passed into the back room, returning soon with some food, the remnants of her supper, and a pitcher of water, which she placed before him. He began to eat ravenously, like one who had fasted long. She watched him curiously at his meal.

"Have you returned as poor as you went?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, moodily.

"Would you be rich?" she continued, with intention.

"Bah! What a foolish question! There's no such luck in store for me."

"I am not so sure of that. What would you give any one who made you so?"

He laughed bitterly.

"Half the fortune they bestowed upon me. There's a chance for you, Lamie."

"I accept the condition," she replied, strangely, and quickly disappeared through the door into the back room.

"Why, what the deuce ails the girl?" he cried. "She certainly is crazy."

A sound came from the adjoining room that made him spring from his chair, his blood circulate icily, and his hair bristle up on his pale forehead—a sound he knew but too well, for he had heard it on many a battle-field, the groan of a man in mortal agony. The door reopened, and Lamia appeared, with a ghastly look upon her face, her eyes gleaming wildly, and holding a blood-stained dagger in her hand.

CHAPTER IV.

"In heaven's name, what have you done?" he cried, in surprise and astonishment.

"Made you rich," she answered, in tones that sounded unnaturally calm. "No more poverty for us, Owen—you are now Gisbet Fetherstone, and heir to fifty thousand dollars!"

"What do you mean?"

"Come and see."

She took the lamp from the table with her left hand, still holding the keen little dagger, with its ensanguined blade, in her right, and led the way into the back apartment. Owen Halbert followed her with a strange awe, which was foreign to his nature, for he had been a soldier, and proclaimed his courage in many a battle-field.

He shrank back aghast at the sight she pointed out to him. Prone on his back lay Gisbet Fetherstone upon the sofa, the life-blood oozing from a wound in his breast and dabbling his white shirt-front. He neither stirred nor breathed.

"You have killed this man?" he cried in horror.

"I have killed him," she answered, promptly, as if she had performed a meritorious action instead of a black and heinous crime.

"But why have you done this?" he demanded, in utter astonishment, greatly at a loss to divine any motive for such an act.

"Look in his face," she returned, triumphantly. "Do you see? You do. Line for line, feature for feature, even to the birthmark over the left eye, you are precisely the same. His own mother could not tell you apart. So strong is this resemblance that I, even I, whom nothing escapes, was deceived by it. What follows then? This young man who lies here was named Gisbet Fetherstone, the only son of a fond mother, and the heir to a handsome property—the proof of which is in yonder green pocket-book, on the table there, where he left it—forgotten when the wine mounted to his brain. You have but to change clothes with him, we will cast the body through the window into the stream beneath, the current will sweep it away to the ocean, and you will then be Gisbet Fetherstone! Even if the body should be found—what then? It will be the poor and friendless Owen Halbert who will have died, whilst the rich and prosperous Gisbet Fetherstone still lives. Who could gainsay it—who could prove otherwise?"

He gazed at her in bewildered amazement.

"The devil surely prompted you to this!" he murmured. "In audacity, it transcends all I ever heard of."

She smiled complacently, as if he had paid her a compliment.

"It was fate that threw him in my way," she answered, "and enabled me to make our fortunes by one blow of this good steel. I never thought I should put it to so good a purpose."

He shuddered. He could not look as lightly on the deed as she did.

"The fortune baptized in blood must needs be an evil one," he said, moodily. "Lamia, this was a useless crime; I cannot join with you in this hellish plot."

"Why not?" she asked, astonished that he should make the least objection when the way lay so clear before him.

"I have not the nerve to carry out the imposture. Good heaven! could I go into the presence of the mother of that dead boy and cheat her of her embraces in his

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semblance? Do you think she would not at once discover the fraud? Her maternal heart, with nature's unerring instinct, would cry out against the cheat!"

"Talk not to me of a mother's instinct!" cried Lamia, impatiently, "What is keener than the eye of a woman who loves as I love you, Owen Halbert? And yet I was deceived! I was held in his arms—I felt his heart pulsate against my own—his kisses answered mine, and yet I thought it was you; and had he left this house before you entered it, had I not seen you both at once, as I see you now, no power on earth could ever have persuaded me that it was not you. Talk not to me of a mother's penetration after that! She will be deceived as thoroughly as I was."

The man was vacillating, and of an infirm purpose, and the stronger intellect of this singular girl swayed him. Their acquaintance had been a strange one, and, though at first he had been her protector and dependence, they had gradually reversed their positions, until he was in a measure dependent upon her.

Had she taken him into her confidence, and revealed her scheme before the deed was committed, no argument or persuasion upon her side would ever have prevailed upon him to be an accomplice in the act; but now that the crime was committed, he was strongly tempted to avail himself of its results. He would have been something more or less than human to have resisted such a temptation. All men would be rich; it is only fools who deride the power of gold.

"Let us try your scheme then, Lamia," he said. "Our fortunes are well-nigh desperate, and if we fail we shall be no worse off than we are now. But, first, the body must be disposed of, and all evidence of the crime destroyed."

They stripped his outer garments from the motionless form of Gisbet Fetherstone, raised it upon the window-sill, and pushed it out. A sullen plunge below told that the stream had received the body. Lamia cast the bloody dagger after it, and breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"It was my first crime," she murmured, "heaven grant it may be the last. Thus perishes every record of it. The body, if it is ever found, which is very doubtful, will never be identified. You are now Gisbet Fetherstone! No one can dispute it. Oh, Owen! for the last time I call you by that dear name. Forget not, in the years to come, that I have become a murderess for you!"

He shivered; the idea was not a pleasant one to contemplate.

"Let us forget it—forget all our past life," he cried, quickly. "A new existence now opens before us; let us enjoy it as best we may, without any idle and useless reflections upon the price we paid for it."

"Right," she answered. "When we were campaigning together, you as first-lieutenant and I as vivandiere of one of Mosby's squadrons, we saw Death often enough to grow familiar with his grim face. The peace turned us adrift upon the world, vagrants and wanderers—everybody against us, and only ourselves to help ourselves. Fate sent this young simpleton here to make our fortunes, and we would have been fools indeed if we had not availed ourselves of such an opportunity. See how simple the whole thing is. Here is his pocket-book, marked with his initials, and containing his mother's letters, and the drafts in his name. Here is the brass check for the carpet-bag he left at his hotel; you must go and redeem it in the morning. Never was a scheme so well devised—so certain of success."

"It does indeed seem perfect," he answered; "but such a leap from poverty to unexpected wealth makes my brain dizzy. Would I could have you ever at my elbow, with your clear wit, to keep me from committing errors in the new and dangerous path I am about to tread."

She smiled serenely as she leaned upon his shoulder, clinging to him as the graceful ivy clings to the stately pine.

"I shall be with you," she answered.

"How can that be?" he demanded, much surprised.

"Easily. You can take me with you. Ah, dearest, do you think I could live separated from you? You cannot imagine how desolate I have been even in the short time that you have been away. Hereafter our destinies are one and the same—cemented by the blood which I have shed to make them prosperous."

He shuddered—the pale face of Gisbet Fetherstone, so like a reflection of himself, rose up vividly before him, and the involuntary thought that this grim phantom would thrust its shadowy presence into every scene of his after life, forced itself irresistibly upon his mind. He put it away resolutely, and returned to the subject that perplexed him.

"How can I take you with me, Lamia?" he asked.

"Nothing can be more simple," she responded. "You have only to introduce me to your new mother as a daughter of some old friend of your father, ruined by the war, and thrown upon your charity. It is but to change my own story a little, for my father was a planter, as you know, although my mother was a slave. Few can detect in my features the taint of African blood. In the North they would never think of it—much less suspect it. Deeming me a poor and friendless orphan—and trust me to play well the part—Mrs. Fetherstone would receive me with open arms."

"But you might be recognised. You have been before the public now as a performer nearly a year."

"Thanks to my early love of dancing, which stood us in good stead when our fortunes were at the lowest. That makes no difference. In the quiet home of Mrs. Fetherstone I am not likely to meet with any one who ever saw me before."

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"Yet this young man was there—do not forget that? Yours is a face and figure not easily forgotten, though seen but once. And then your name—Lamia Juke. Its oddness makes it easy to be remembered."

"Oh! I can change my name; though I cannot change my face and figure, I can my name, and I shall do so. I will take a good name too while I am about it—one that has a fame in Virginia. Let me see—what shall it be? I have it—Randolph—Lamia Randolph! Nothing could be better! And I will pretend to be a descendant of the great John Randolph of Roanoke—oh! you shall not be ashamed of me. I shall cheat them all, for I can ape the manners of a Southern belle to the life. I have seen enough of them in my times, as you know."

"I do not doubt you," he responded, gazing upon her with an admiring look. "It is only myself I am afraid of. But all shall be as you say. We have commenced this 'Living Lie'—it would be folly to turn back now—now that it is impossible to restore *him* to life again."

"A new idea has struck me," she cried, suddenly. "Dress yourself in these clothes that were *his*"—she avoided the name with the same care that he did—"and go at once to Barnum's Hotel, and sleep there to-night in *his* name. It will make the game sure, if by any chance the body should be found to-morrow."

He obeyed her suggestion, clothing himself in the garments which had been stripped from the body; she made his clothes up in a bundle, fastened the empty sherry bottle to them, and cast them into the water.

"So perishes the past," she cried, triumphantly. "You are now Gisbet Fetherstone for evermore! Hold up your head erect, and salute the fortune that comes to greet you. Oh, my own! it makes me nearly wild with joy to think you owe it all to me. I could die now most happy, for I have proved my love—have made my heart's idol a man among his fellow-men. You are worthy of the place—the stamp of greatness is on your brow. Kiss me, good night, and come to me in the morning early."

They separated. He went at once to Barnum's Hotel, and asked for a room.

"What name, sir?" asked the clerk.

He pointed to the name, which his quick eye had discovered upon the register.

"Ah! you have already registered?" asked the clerk.

"Yes. That is it."

The clerk read the name on the register.

"Gisbet Fetherstone, room No. 57." He called to one of the office boys. "Here, John, show Mr. Fetherstone to No. 57."

The personator of this "living lie" followed the boy up-stairs. The fraud was inaugurated. Who could tell what strange complications would arise from it? Who could possibly unmask this singular falsehood and reveal the truth? These questions will be answered.

CHAPTER V.

The reader may desire to become more fully acquainted with the antecedents of this guilty pair who had engaged in this stupendous fraud.

Owen Halbert knew little of himself. His history was a very commonplace one. His father had been an oysterman dwelling upon the Virginia banks of the Chesapeake, and in that same occupation his youth had been spent. His mother he had never known. As the boy did not at all resemble the father, the supposition was that he took his good looks from the mother. Indeed, some of the neighbours asserted that Own Halbert, senior (for the boy and man both bore the same name), had been imposed upon in the matter of his reputed son, and could lay no claim to his paternity. This assertion was strengthened by the fact that Owen Halbert had never brought his wife home with him. He had married in Norfolk, where he made periodical visits during the year, and there his wife continued to reside. The neighbours thought this a suspicious circumstance, and Mrs. Owen Halbert's good name suffered in consequence. The general opinion was he was ashamed to bring her home with him.

Owen Halbert kept his own counsel, and heeded little what men said or thought of him. He baffled all inquiries by a taciturnity that his most intimate friends found it impossible to break through, and the matter remained in doubt, a subject of gossip when fresher events failed.

The young Owen grew up very unlike his father, both in face and figure, as has been said, but the old fisherman was very fond of him notwithstanding, and, when he grew old enough, made him his companion in all his voyages. In this way the youth acquired a hardihood and fearlessness of danger which was of great service to him in the eventful years which followed.

About the time that young Owen was between three and four years of age his mother died. Her death was as great a mystery as her life had been. None of Owen Halbert's friends could ever exactly find out when the event happened, and, but for the indisputable evidence of the boy, which proved that there must have been a woman somewhere, they would have been strongly inclined to the belief that Mrs. Halbert was a myth and never had any existence. The opinion of her character gained strength from the mysterious manner in which she passed away, and the striking dissimilarity between Owen Halbert and his reputed son, which every succeeding day strengthened and confirmed.

The old man smiled grimly when his comrades hinted, in their rough way, at this delicate matter, but he drank his toddy and smoked his pipe composedly, without a word by way of explanation of their doubts. He would shake his head gravely, and mutter sententiously:

"Ay—ay—very like—very like!"

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Which might be considered a reply of a highly non-commital nature. But he astonished young Owen one day, when he was about seventeen, by saying:

"See here, Owen!" which was his usual way of commencing a conversation.

"Well, father?" responded the youth.

"I'm goin' on a v'yage to-morrow," continued the ancient fisherman.

"All right—I shall be ready."

"Jest so—you're allus ready. Ah! you are a smart chap—'mighty smart!—and you're old Halbert's son, beant you?"

"Of course I am," answered the boy, promptly; "everybody knows that."

"Does they?" returned the old man, dryly; and he rolled his tobacco-quid from one cheek to the other. "Jest so—jest so. What everybody says true is quite correct. See here—I'm goin' to give you something, for a keepsake like, to remember me by, as it were."

The boy rather opened his eyes at this, as Owen Halbert was never remarkable for the liberality of his disposition. He had generally devoted the major part of his earnings to whisky and tobacco, leaving a scanty supply of necessaries for young Owen and the old crone who took charge of the hovel he called his home.

"A keepsake, father!" exclaimed the youth, in surprise.

"Jest so."

The old man fumbled in his pockets, drew forth an old pocket-book, very much the worse for wear, searched diligently through its recesses, and finally fished out some small article wrapped in dirty tissue-paper. Young Owen watched these proceedings curiously. The old man carefully unwrapped the article from its covering, and displayed a gold ring with a ruby stone. He extended the bauble toward the boy in a kind of jubilant manner, saying:

"There it is, take it. I've kept it for you now goin' on nigh seventeen years, and it's about time you had it. Nothin' h'ain't come of it yet, and perhaps it never will; but you had better have it, as your chance of livin' is two to one agin' me now."

The boy took the ring and slipped it on the second finger of his left hand, gazing at the stone and admiring the clear, red tint it shed so brilliantly forth.

"It is very handsome," he murmured.

"Jest so," returned the old man. "Now, when we come back from our v'yage to-morrow, I'll tell you where I found that ring, and somethin' about yourself that will surprise you."

"Why not tell me now?" asked the youth, evidently impressed with the idea that procrastination was unnecessary.

This reasonable question had no effect in changing the old man's plan. His ideas moved in certain grooves, the result of long habit, and he could not be easily wrenched out of them. He had fixed upon the morrow for his story, explanation, or whatever it was; and nothing short of a miracle could have unclosed his lips sooner.

"To-morrow will be soon enough, my boy," he answered, and he resumed his pipe in his old taciturn manner.

The youth knew his ways too well to attempt to press the matter. The morrow was not very far off—he could wait.

The morrow came, and they embarked for the oyster-beds. They had succeeded in loading their boat and were returning, when a sudden squall came up, and they were blown far down the bay.

With that dogged determination which was so characteristic of him, Owen Halbert attempted to put the boat about in the face of the gale, and capsized her in the effort. Young Owen contrived to clamber on the boat's keel, and thus saved himself from a watery grave. The old man was not so fortunate, for he was never seen again; he had probably received some injury in the capsizing of the boat, which prevented him from swimming, and sent him to the bottom. The story of the ruby ring would never be told by his lips.

Young Owen was picked up by a passing vessel, and carried into Norfolk. The war was just commencing, and the Confederates were in possession of the town. He was instantly mustered in, and thus he commenced his career as a soldier—a career commencing in the ranks, and continuing through all the bitter strife that followed, until at its close he bore the commission of a first-lieutenant. At twenty-two he found himself penniless and without a friend, with many bad habits acquired during the wild life of the camp, watch-fire, and the battle-field.

We have said, without a friend; we must qualify that remark. He had *one* friend—Lamia Juke. He had made her acquaintance during the last year of the war. He had saved her from the brutal violence of a master, into whose possession she had come by very questionable means. Colonel Juke had been serving with Kirby Smith in the Department of Louisiana, but contrived to get himself transferred to the army of Virginia, in and about Richmond. He had a plantation near that city, and on his return he brought with him a quadroon slave named Lamia, whom he placed there. He said he had purchased her in Louisiana; she had declared that she was a free girl, whom he had kidnapped; but in those lawless times there was no redress for her.

Colonel Juke rode out to his plantation as often as duty would permit, to visit his beautiful slave; but these opportunities were very few and far between. For a year Lamia had been in his power, and yet escaped the fate he had designed for her from the first.

(*To be continued.*)

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THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

MISS ELISE HOLT, the burlesque actress, has returned to London from America.

MR. TOM TAYLOR is said to be engaged on a new play for Mrs. Rousby, in which the actress is to personate "Joan of Arc."

HERR ANTONY NEWMAN has been appointed Director of the National Conservatory of Music by the Government of Ecuador.

THE "Good-Natured Man" was presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on May 24th. It is stated that this is the first time this comedy of Oliver Goldsmith's has been presented in New York in fifty-two years.

MR. DILLEY, the author of "Illusions," the new comedy now being played at the Charing Cross Theatre, and also the joint author of one of the T. P. Cooke prize dramas, is a member of Her Majesty's Civil Service.

A MADRAS journal states that Mr. Charles Mathews is going to India after the termination of his engagements in Australia.

MR. J. WALLACE, of the Charing Cross, has been engaged at the Strand.

THE Olympic management have in preparation a grand spectacular romance, adapted from Fouque's legend of "Undine," written in verse by Mr. Reece. The music will be selected from Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Benedict, Donizetti, &c. There will also be some new compositions by Messrs. Winterbottom, Reece, F. Taylor, and George Martin.

IT is stated that the "Observer" is about to come out daily under the editorship of Mr. Dicey.

A NEW magazine is to appear with the singular title of the "Rectangular Review." It is to be the organ of the Freemasons.

IN St. Petersburg, a Russian lady, Madame Susloff, practises as a physician with great success, and has obtained a large number of female patients.

AT length there is a ladies' newspaper in India, the "Bungo Mohila," or "Women of Bengal," published at Calcutta in Bengali, and edited by a Hindoo lady.

THE fifth programme of the Società Lirica comprises "Aurealiano" and "Donna del Lago," by Rossini; "Mathilde de Guise," by Hummel; "Romance," by Herold; quartet from Weber's "Euryanthe," and the grand scene of "Benediction des Poignards" from Meyerbeer's "Hugenots."

THE libraries of the late Charles Waterton, the naturalist, and of the ex-Bishop of St. Asaph, are to be sold.

THE stained glass window, purchased from the prior of Furness Abbey at the dissolution of the monasteries, and removed to the parish church, Windermere, 335 years ago, was removed a few days ago to London. This gem is to be wholly restored from the drawings of similar windows in the Bodleian Library, provided that funds can be raised for the purpose.

THE "Albert" gold medal has this year been awarded by the Society of Arts to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, "for services rendered to arts, manufactures, and commerce, by the realization of the Suez Canal."

MR. WOOLNER and Mr. Millais are making arrangements for reproducing a worthy likeness of Mr. Charles Dickens.

"SHYLOCK in the Nineteenth Century," a Dramatic Reverie, by R. H. Horne, author of "Orion," has been published in English and French.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL is about to deliver a course of six lectures, with the main object of giving instruction in the art of reading and speaking. The lectures will be illustrated by readings from the works of Rosetti, Tennyson, Browning, Miss Proctor, Ruskin, and other popular authors.

THE German Handel Society have issued the oratorio "Deborah," the Twelve Grand Concertos, and the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," composed for the peace of Utrecht, as their subscription works for the present year.

ENGLISH tourists in doubt where to go this summer should get Mr. Walter Thornbury's charming two volumes just published, "A Tour Round England." It contains a large amount of topographical, historical, and social gossip about the towns of England.

THE "Musical Standard" says that the tenor Genevois has engaged with M. Bagier for five years, at an annual salary varying from 32,000 to 55,000 francs. Mr. Vernon Rigby has been engaged as principal tenor at the forthcoming Hereford and Birmingham Musical Festivals.

MDLLE. MARIMON, the cantatrice of the Athénée Theatre, Paris, had been engaged to sing for M. Maurice Richard at the last reception at the Ministry of Fine Arts, but mistook the house and went to the Ministry of Agriculture. She remained there some time, and was spoken to by several high persons about the dry weather, the races, and other topics of the day, but without any mention being made of the "Toreador," in which she was to sing part of the music assigned to Coraline, and it was only after being there an hour she discovered her error, and hurried away to the other hotel, where all hope of seeing her had almost died away.

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PLATE IV.



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FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevards des Italiens, *July 22nd*, 1870.

Chere Amie,—

Country seats and seaside watering places are now thronged with visitors, and the season has been very favourable for the light costumes I described last month, which still continue to be worn. It is necessary, however, to be provided with a variety of toilettes—light costumes for the warmer part of the day, and thicker ones for morning and evening wear.

Foulard Tussor is extensively used for travelling costumes. The most desirable quality in this material is its resistance to dust. Woollen materials mixed with silk, in grey shades, are also used.

The entire absence of trains in country toilettes is noticeable, and dancing takes place in short dresses. Evening toilettes are principally composed of white muslin, worn over skirts of pink, sky-blue, straw, or lilac taffetas, and are generally made with a large flounce at the bottom of the skirt, surmounted by ruches.

Tunics in white muslin are often worn with these toilettes, sometimes made in fine Swiss muslin bordered with a pleating, which is surmounted with velvet of the same shade as the skirt. They have double panniers behind, underneath which velvet is arranged so as to give them the appearance of being connected. I saw a pretty costume of this kind, with a skirt of sky-blue taffetas. The velvet trimming of the tunic was also sky-blue, and from each side fell a pannier scarf in taffetas of the same colour, trimmed with muslin pleats. A number of small bows in blue velvet were worn in front. With the tunic a sky-blue bodice, décolleté, was worn, and one in white muslin, pleated, with bows of blue velvet in front. This bodice had a rounded basque behind, edged with a pleating. Pagoda sleeves with a bow of blue velvet at the bottom. The costume may be rendered more imposing by substituting valenciennes or Brussels lace for the pleatings.

White muslins are worn with pleats, flounces, and valenciennes, over coloured transparencies, on which a number of small velvet bows are often placed. These are in dark shades. Sleeves are worn very large ; they may be made to any size. Very elegant costumes are made in striped muslin, with small flounces ornamented with valenciennes, which are placed as high as the waist.

Striped percales and écru are very extensively used. Costumes in these materials are made plain, with flounces, vestes and poufs. More elegant costumes are made in grey, and rather in batiste than toile. These always have an underskirt of silk. The tunic in écru should be long, but should not quite cover the silk skirt. The following will give you an idea of these costumes. Round skirt in brown silk, trimmed with ruches of the same. Between these guipure écrue, placed flat. Casaque in batiste écrue, very ample, ornamented with guipure, and looped with bows at the sides. Bodice, a small gilet with sleeves, in brown silk, which may be made high or open, and over this a square vest with five basques, which may be ornamented with guipure with alternate cross folds in brown, if desired. A silk waistband, forming a bow, may be added at pleasure. Costumes in toile écrue, ornamented with English embroidery, are very pretty. Costumes in batiste, fringed with deep grey guipure écrue on sky-blue, mauve, or brown taffetas, will be very effective.

Chemises russes are worn this year in écru, and the collar and sleeves, with revers, may be embroidered in white or black. Toile mexicaine, foulard, and armure favorite are used for these, the latter material having the preference.

Fichus are made of a scarf of tarlatane or muslin. They are cut in crossway folds forming flat and regular pleats, with a bordering of small flowerets or stars in embroidery, detached, and rather deep valenciennes or Flemish lace. The shape is pointed behind, and they are made more or less long, as they may be worn either with the ends crossed or descending to the waist. Fichus Montespan, made in China crape, with a deep Malines lace around, and Manon, in white plain muslin, ornamented with Bruges lace, and fastened at the chest à la paysanne, are also very fashionable.

An old fashion has been revived by some of our large houses in the use of mantelets, which are added to costumes in batiste écrue, replacing the small vest which has been in vogue. At the present moment they are cut square behind, with short

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pans square in front, almost like the basques of a gilet à la française, and are décolleté in the back. Some are made in black grenadine, with pleats all round, and a flounce of white point de Bruges lace, but these are only used with a toilette of the same. The white mantelet in muslin, or tarlatane, may be used with any clear toilettes. The jardinière is the favourite shape, made in black cachemire, bordered with coloured silks. Arabesques or garlands of flowers entwine very gracefully with this material. It is made in different styles, sometimes as a Louis XIII. paletot, with large basques and pagoda sleeves, or a raglan, with double collar, and again as a rounded paletot, with Polish sleeves.

Bonnets in China crape are still worn, trimmed with a little lace and bunches of flowers.

A new shape in bonnets has been lately adopted, and is much used for travelling and country wear. It is called chapeau vendéen, and is made in straw of all shades—grey, brown, black, or natural colour. The crown is raised and the sides are rather large. One side only is turned up, which is fastened by a bunch of velvet. It is ornamented with a single feather, generally assorted to the toilette; black or grey-pearl will suit any colour.

Flowers are not now generally worn in hats, except by very young ladies. They are then arranged in garlands, with small trails behind. Hats for children, on the contrary, have small bunches at the sides.

Very small oval toquets have been much in favour here, somewhat resembling the toquet Valois. The shape is high, the sides turned up very much. They are mostly ornamented with plaits of velvet and a bunch of feathers, fastened by a bow of velvet. A gauze doña Maria veil may be used in place of the velvet.

With the present short costumes much attention is devoted to boots and shoes. Preference is given to toile écrue, embroidered with white, in some of the most fashionable circles. The heels of shoes are not quite so high and rather flatter, with a high instep, and with large Louis XIII. bows and steel or pearl buckles.

The following are amongst the latest styles adopted. Straight mantelet, with pagoda sleeves, trimmed with a double fold of darker material, fastened straight in front with five buttons. Fringe of passementerie. Robe of spotted foulard, with a deep flounce.

Robe of brown toile mexicaine. Mantelet scarf-shaped, forming pelerine behind, and square pans in front. Oval sleeves, beetle shaped. Tunic forming tablier in front, with looped pouf behind, trimmed with a flounce. Short round skirt, with false flounce, headed by a smaller one, separated by a small trimming.

Robe in toile mexicaine. Flat bodice, décolleté square. Waistband with very large bow. Tunic forming a large tablier in front with Russian ruches. Short skirt, forming a puff, with a deep Russian flounce at the bottom, and a smaller similar one just above it.

Skirt of blue taffetas with small flounces. Tunic of white and blue striped taffetas, ornamented with a long white and blue fringe. Striped bodice, with revers of blue silk, the basques being also made with similar revers. Pagoda sleeves, trimmed with fringes; sleeves of white muslin. White muslin guimpe beneath the bodice. Blue bow for the hair. Lamballe shoes in blue gros-grain.

Robe in white tarlatane over an underskirt in white taffetas. This robe has a train, with a deep flounce ornamented with black velvet, and surmounted by two pleats similarly trimmed. Open tunic in tarlatane, rounded in front, looped at the sides and behind, and bordered with a pleat trimmed with black velvet. Square bodice, décolleté, with basques similarly ornamented. Velvet bows on the front of the bodice. Bouquet of cherries in the hair, with train of foliage.

Robe of foulard Tussor. Round skirt, with very deep Russian flounce, the head of which is made of and fastened by black velvet, and describes five large undulations, marked by black velvet bows. Tunic of the same, with round pans of the same dimensions as the undulations of the flounce, and bordered by a small flounce like that on the robe. Tunic, open behind, with revers. Closely fitting casaque, with long basque-postillon and very deep folds, sloped at the sides and round in front. Pagoda sleeves, trimmed at the bottom with a small pleated flounce and velvet, and another at the top, with bows as epaulets. The robe is somewhat open en châle, with a muslin guimp and valenciennes beneath, and under-sleeves to match. Bonnet of Belgian straw, bordered with black velvet, with a diadem of flowers and bunch of convolvulus with foliage at the top, and bow of velvet falling upon the chignon, and fastened in front by lace barbs. Gants de Saxe. Boots in silk, piqué in white.

Robe of armure favorite foulard. Round skirt, trimmed at the bottom with five very small flounces, and four similar ones a little higher, three others being placed above these again. Tunic open in front, with two rounded wings, looped high at the sides. Casaque entirely surrounded with three small flounces, the first headed with a piping, and forming two poufs behind, on which the basques of the corsage fall. Corsage with five square basques, made with revers faced with white taffetas, forming a gilet in front. Fitting sleeves, with epaulets in small flounces and garde-française revers, very deep, similarly bordered. Bonnet in Belgian straw, with double diadem of blue velvet and bunch of white convolvulus and foliage, a small trail falling at the side. Lace barbs fall behind, fastened in front by a mauve velvet bow. Under-sleeves in muslin and valenciennes. Boots black drap de soie. Sunshade in batiste écrue, lined with mauve silk, and edged with a very small flounce.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of white piqué, trimmed with narrow flounces of the same, and pipings of rose-coloured satin. White hat ornamented with ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 2.—Indoor costume of emerald poult de soie, with trimmings of white lace. Emerald bow in coiffure.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of lavender brilliant, with satin trimmings. Jacket of mauve velvet, trimmed with black lace. Hat ornamented with feather to match.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of pink taffetas, with trimmings of black velvet and pink ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of striped satteen, of maize colour,

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with over-dress of the same material in whole colour, trimmed with white frillings, and braid. Hat of straw, trimmed with autumn flowers.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of blue satin, the skirt covered in flounces. Casaque of black satin, trimmed with ruches of the same and black ribbon. Bonnet of black lace trimmed with white asters.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Little girl's costume of buff holland, trimmed with darker braid. White hat with blue ribbons.

Fig. 2.—Seaside dress of lilac alpaca soie, trimmed with silk braid and fringe. Straw hat with bunch of black feathers.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress. Underskirt of green lama, with three flounces of the same. Over-skirt of striped wool grenadine, trimmed with frills of the same and green ribbon. Straw hat ornamented with ribbon and a long veil.

PLATE IV.—*No.* 1.—Hat in Belgian straw for a little girl, trimmed with a scarf of black tulle, edged with black lace; a bow of black velvet, and bunches of grapes. The shape surrounded with narrow black lace.

No. 2.—Promenade bonnet in plain white muslin. The front in blue batiste d'Ecosse, edged with a band of muslin, surmounted by bouillonnés of white muslin, and a narrow ruche, also in muslin. White muslin scarf around the front, tying at the side, and passed around the neck.

No. 3.—Hat for little boy of five or seven years of age, in Italian straw. Bow in blue velvet, and large white feather.

No. 4.—Hat in grey English straw for a little girl of ten or twelve years of age. Scarf in black tulle and lace around the crown; bow in black velvet. Wreath of foliage.

No. 5.—Capeline in white figured muslin, lined with plain pink foulard, and trimmed with a frilled bordering in plain white muslin.

No. 6.—Hat in Belgian straw for a little girl, twelve or fourteen years of age. Plait of pink crape in front. Pink convolvulus.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this issue a Model of a corsage for a muslin robe for seaside wear. Worn open and flowing, with smart trimmings, it will be quite an attraction.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANOFORTE.

Oh, friend, whom grave or glad we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope' thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket full of bliss
Out-values thee;
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear,
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh, since few joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice-bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat
In thee we find;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,
Thine answer kind.

LEIGH HUNT.

LADIES travelling, or during the promenade or the aquatic excursion, and otherwise exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, will find Rowlands' Kalydor a most refreshing preparation for the complexion, dispelling the cloud of languor and relaxation, allaying all heat and irritability, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity of the skin. Composed of choice exotics of balsamic nature, utterly free from all mineral admixture, and pleasing and delightful in its effects, Rowlands' Kalydor tends to neutralise the action of the atmosphere upon the skin, and to promote that healthy action of the microscopic vessels, by which its general well-being and the beauty of its appearance are so essentially promoted. Freckles, sun-burn, tan, spots, pimples, flushes, and discolourations, fly before its application, and give place to delicate smoothness, and the glow of beauty and of bloom. Its purifying and refreshing properties have obtained its exclusive selection by her Majesty the Queen, the Court, and the Royal Family of Great Britain, and the several Courts of Europe; together with the *élite* of the Aristocracy, from the sultry climes of India to the frozen realms of the Czar. The heat of the summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of Rowlands' Macassar Oil—a delightful, fragrant, and transparent preparation, and, as an invigorator, beyond all precedent. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, is a white powder, compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics. It bestows on the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, frees them from tartar, and imparts to the gums a healthy firmness, and to the breath a pleasing fragrance.

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TOM BELDEN'S WORD.

CHAPTER I.

RIGHT before you a long grey line of seacoast, heaps of fog drifting about among chill, rasping winds; a sullen swash of incoming tides on the sands; the tall sails looming here and there through the chill and mist, like phantoms of risen giants; a wide, grey, melancholy scene enough—soon to be laid away in darkness.

On a heap of low jutting rocks, torn and bruised in their long fight with the sea, with masses of slimy weed making huge dark blotches on the face of the pile, a solitary figure sits in the late day, and looks out on the mist and melancholy of the scene—a young, heavy, square-shouldered figure, in a sailor's dark-blue woollen shirt, worn and shabby, the large fingers clasped clumsily about his knee, and working together with a kind of nervous restlessness. Above the shirt-collar, which is fastened with a bow of rusty black ribbon—an attempt at smartness—the head rises with a mass of thick, light-yellowish hair; the sun, and wind, and salt spray of the high seas have all taken their turns at bleaching it. Beneath the yellowish hair, and the narrow rim of the glazed cap, the face—it has not rounded the circle of its teens yet—has a look of dull gloom and hardness on it just now; but one sitting there, solitary on the rocks, listening to the low groan of the rasping winds coming in from the east, would hardly wear any bright or contented look. The chill and the gloom must get into one's soul, as well as into the veins. The face is tanned and freckled. Broiling suns and blinding storms have had their way with that also; but the blue eyes under the light yellow lashes have a keen look as their gaze dives out restlessly to the grey distant horizon.

Tom Belden has had a long jaunt to-day—tramped at least twenty miles; for that stout, swarthy figure of his has wrested a young strength out of the elements that does not easily yield to fatigue. But he fancies that he has dropped down on the rocks now, because he is tired, and because there lies a stretch of five miles still to drag his heavy limbs over before he reaches the town, the little pleasant, bustling seaport, with its warm lights, and its ruddy fires, and its nice little restaurants, with all their savoury smells of hot relishing suppers, which made the young sailor's mouth water to think of.

This Tom Belden, sitting there on the low rocks, working his clumsy fingers nervously together, and the gloom and darkness settling slowly upon his face, as the darkness settles slowly upon land and sea, has had no easy part for his eighteen years' share in the drama of human life.

Common as it is, it has been real and fresh to this boy, as though no other soul but his had ever tramped such low muddy ruts of the years. Yet to do him justice, he has tried to make the best of it, from the time when, left orphaned of father and mother, and friendless in the world, he faced his tenth birthday.

Tom's father had been a sailor, and the boy's little brain had been fired with the wonderful stories the man used to tell around the little stove in the kitchen, on his occasional visits home—stories which the boy would drink in, while he sucked the oranges and munched the cocoanuts which always supplemented the sailor's getting back to port.

So Tom Belden faced together his tenth birthday and the world, which held out no kindly hand to the little fellow, made no standing-room for him in it.

There was native pluck in him, though, and shrewdness, and the old days in the kitchen corner shone out of the years, and the stories of the great wonderful lands beyond the sea—of the orange orchards, and the tall cocoanut-trees, and the thickets of lemon-blossoms, were still burning and shining in his ten-year-old brain.

Tom Belden made up his mind to go to sea; tried to get a place as cabin-boy, but his youth was against him; and at last, in disappointment and desperation, he hid himself in the hold of a schooner, bound to Nova Scotia for a cargo of lumber, and only showed himself when she was many miles at sea; and the boy came out with limbs cramped by long confinement, hungry with fasting, and the native pluck for the time pretty thoroughly scared out of him.

They did not throw him overboard, but the next six months would have finished the boy in another way, if tough muscles had not gone to the making-up of the squat little figure.

As it was, that winter on the schooner and among the lumbermen seasoned him for a sailor's life.

Since then Tom Belden had made voyages half around the world, in whaling vessels and merchantmen, and all sorts of sailing craft.

He had had a hard life of it, and the days by the kitchen fire did not "carry in them the faces of the later years."

He had come to find that out, long ago with his hard grinding and rubbing through the world.

He had seen, too, a great deal of the coarse, hard side of human nature. His associations had lain a good deal among the vile and the brutal. He had had his own list of bitter experiences, harsh usage, and cruel masters; and you may be sure all this had not made Tom Belden any better.

Still, the wonder rather was, considering what his life had been, that the sailor had absorbed so little of the evil; that in all these years, the native kindliness, the honesty, and fresh, wholesome heartiness, had not all oozed out of him.

Sitting there on the low rocks, and shifting his heavy cowhide boots one before the other, while the fog thickens and the tide comes up and licks the feet of the rocks below with its cold white tongues, Tom Belden thrusts his hand into his pocket and draws out an old brown, stained, leather wallet. He holds it up in the

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light, and looks at it wistfully, and then he glances around him furtively, and a dull red colour comes into his face between all the tan and freckles; and when it fades, the gloom and the hardness has settled about the mouth and in the eyes again.

He lays the wallet down on his knee now with a strange, half-defiant look, as though the thing had some life in it.

"What's the use?—what's the use?" he questions of it or of his own soul.

And it seems to him as though the waves down below took up the words like a chorus and slipped and shrieked them along far out to sea.

For three months, by night and by day, Tom Belden has carried that wallet around with him; slept with it at sea under the rolled-up blanket which formed his pillow at night; and during the two weeks which have tempted him far more sharply since he has been ashore, the young sailor has not once slipped back the old rusty rings of that wallet, although there is gold—a hard, bright shining heap of it inside; he knows that. Gold that would get him a soft bed, and a savoury dinner, and a new suit of clothes; gold that wisely spent, might, in the end, settle him down in comfort and independence for the rest of his days; for the old boyish dreams of the wide blue ocean, and the rollicking sailor's life, and the shining lands far away, with the golden oranges and the thickets of lemon-blossoms, have all faded away before the hard, grim facts, and Tom Belden's strongest hankering of late had been to find some foothold on shore, and give up a seafaring life for ever.

I suppose that the devil comes to us all a good many times in the course of our lives, and in a great many guises, but I think that he came to the solitary, homeless youth sitting on the dark, lonely rocks, among the creeping fogs and the angry mutter of the waves beneath. I think he came in the guise of rest and home, of clean, savoury food, of warmth, coziness, and comfort, and all those things lay in the soiled, stained, skin wallet, with its rusty, black rings, resting on Tom Belden's knee.

The young sailor looked off to his past. What a hard, dreary background—the years made of toils, and knocks, and wretched fare; of long, slow voyages in heats that blistered the decks, or cold that laced the rigging with ice, or black, swooping storms, with clamouring waves thundering for their prey, and the few weeks in port, that lay between the voyages, were hardly better to Tom Belden, with the lading and unlading, or the idle lounging on shore, with the miserable lodging-houses, and the wretched fare, which so soon devoured his scanty wages.

The outlook to the future only reflected the faces of the days that had passed. He knew what awaited him in a little while—the stiffened limbs, the sharp, rheumatic aches, and the old age creeping upon him before his time.

And rest, and comfort, and food, and warmth, and a home on land were in the soiled leather wallet, with its heap of gold, which lay on his knees.

"I'd be a fool not to take my chance, now I've got it. It's the only one I ever had," murmured the young man, and the swash of the waves below came up into his voice, and they seemed to sound in his ear just like the swash of those other waves, mingling with the faint, slow voice which, three months ago, had said its "Good-by" to Tom Belden, and placed the wallet in his hands—placed it there with a last smile, carrying out into the great, dark unknown a promise. "Is he watching still—does he know and remember?" mutters the youth, stirring his big limbs uneasily, and shifting the heavy cowhide boots.

"Ghosts and goblins! They'll do nicely to scare some little children, and old grandma'ams, with pipes and snuff-boxes, but you can't come that dodge on Tom Belden any more than you can the handsome mermaids on the rocks which the sailors weave into their forecastle yarns."

But he sees the sharp, livid young face for all that, and the scene of three months ago starts before him, and he does not see how the lights are going up one by one to the yardarms, and glimmering with a faint yellow lustre through the fogs out at sea.

They were on a whaler, at the time, returning home from a two years' cruise, and had encountered one of the severest gales of the tropics; and at one time the whole crew had well-nigh abandoned all hope of ever riding out the storm; but the stout-ribbed little vessel, though she stumbled and quivered at every joint, wore out the gale. When it was over, and they were driving northward before a brisk wind, the man on the watch sighted far out toward the line of the horizon something that looked like a signal of distress—a white flag fluttering against the still, deep blue of the sky.

They came upon her at last—the old leaky raft which had been hastily flung together out of the spars and timber of the vessel that had gone to wreck in the storm.

There were five men on the raft, looking more like spirits risen from the sea than human beings. Half-dead with long exposure of day and night, maddened with hunger, and parched with thirst, the men were taken on board the whaling-ship—great, raw-boned, brawny-limbed sailors—all but one, a youth who had been to California, working in the mines for two or three years, and had taken passage in a ship bound for New York, which had doubled Cape Horn, and gone to wreck at last in the gale off the coast of South America.

The men soon rallied with food and rest; but the youngest of the rescued group, the youth with the stout figure and square shoulders, and the clustering curls of bronze hair, and the face tanned to a leathery hue with his long toil in the mines, had drained the sources of his

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life. He turned away with loathing from the sight of the food for which he had famished for days on the raft; and, though he asked each hour, with a kind of frenzied eagerness, what speed the vessel was making, they all knew well enough that, when she rode at anchor in her home port, the young miner, Robert Hewitt, would not be on board of her.

Tom Belden had a soft place in his heart, with all his rough knocking about the world. He watched over the young miner by night and by day—gave to him every moment he could spare from his work; and as the latter grew weaker, he clung to the young seaman with a kind of pathetic helplessness which touched even the rough hearts of the crew.

One evening he woke up out of a day of long, feverish, broken sleep, during which his face had grown thinner and sharper, and looked in Tom's eyes with a look that made the other's heart stand still.

A light breeze had sprung up at nightfall, and the stars were flicking a sky whose blue was stained here and there with spots of white cloud.

"Tom!"—his voice weak but clear—"I shall never see port in this world again."

And the waves plashed softly about the sides of the boat.

"Keep up a stout heart, my boy!" said Tom Belden; but, looking in the other's face, he could go no further. One cannot defy death close at hand.

"It's all over with me, Tom. Bend down and hear what I have to say."

They were not many words, for the breath came cold and thick, and the voice rattled in the throat.

With his dying hands, Robert Hewitt struggled at a big leather wallet under his pillow. There was gold there—a pile of it—which he had slowly accumulated during his three years' work out in the mines. He was returning home with it to the widowed mother and sister whose hearts had well-nigh broken when he went out West to seek a fortune, less for his own sake than theirs.

The world had gone hard with him, but he had clung bravely to his purpose through years of peril and privation; and he was returning with his hoard of savings, all in bright, fresh coin, when the storm swooped upon them, and the shipwreck followed.

Robert Hewitt named the small New England town where the two lived, and he made the young sailor place his big hands in his own cold ones, and promise, taking God for witness, that he would deliver that wallet, with its contents untouched, into the hands of the mother and sister.

And Tom Belden promised, his voice hoarse, and choking in his throat. A smile of marvellous sweetness came into the miner's dying face.

"Good-by, Tom, dear old boy! I can trust you."

The last words slipped out very faintly, Robert Hewitt's last words slipping out on them, too.

(To be continued.)

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

(Continued from our last.)

ONE day a party of Mosby's men stopped at the plantation, and were hospitably entertained by Lamia and the servants. This party was commanded by Owen Halbert. The girl's fancy was at once attracted by the tall form and frank, fair face of the stripling lieutenant, for he had gained that grade by the mere force of his dauntless intrepidity. She was not one to conceal her feelings—she had never been tutored, but had grown up like a wild flower, all the more beautiful for the very lack of cultivation.

Owen Halbert became a frequent visitor to the plantation after that, and so it chanced, one night, that he was in the house when Colonel Juke rode up to the door.

As Lamia suggested, he concealed himself in an adjoining room, and Colonel Juke came into the house to put his long-delayed scheme into execution.

Thus was Owen fortunately at hand to save Lamia from outrage. He confronted the colonel at the critical moment, filling him with rage and consternation. His revolver was out in an instant, but before he could fire, Owen thrust his sabre through the colonel's right arm, and that member fell powerless to his side. With muttered curses of rage and pain the colonel strode from the house, with the determination to return with a file of his men and immolate the offender.

He sprang into his saddle, put spurs to his horse, and dashed down the road.

His passion proved fatal to him. He urged his horse with such headlong speed that the animal stumbled, and the colonel, being disabled in his bridle-arm, could not check him, lost his seat, and was thrown over his head, his left foot remaining fastened in the stirrup. In this condition he was dragged along the road some distance, until the horse stopped of his own accord.

A troop of cavalry coming along found the horse and his hapless rider; but Colonel Juke could not explain how the accident had happened, for Colonel Juke was dead. Thus was Lamia released from her persecutor.

She remained during the rest of the war undisputed mistress of the place, and then she was dispossessed by the heirs of Colonel Juke. As she was now free by the President's proclamation, if she had not been so before, they could not claim and were not disposed to keep her.

She and Owen joined fortunes and went to Baltimore, as a more likely field to prosper in than Richmond, which had been well-nigh ruined by the war. An acquaintance of Owen's had suggested that Lamia's beauty and skill in dancing might be made available in the concert-saloon business, which was then becoming very popular among the masses. Lamia embraced the idea at once, and, though Owen expressed a great re-

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pugnance to the measure, obtained a situation, and entered heart and soul into her new career. She achieved a great success, and the money she thus earned was their only means of support.

Owen, high-spirited and chivalric, chafed at the idea of being thus dependent upon a woman's bounty. He determined to return to the village where his youth had been passed, and see if his father had any property there that might be made available under the circumstances. This was the mission upon which he had departed, when Gisbet Fetherstone's evil destiny brought him in his track.

Owen Halbert did not find matters at all flourishing at his old home. He discovered that both himself and father were supposed to have been drowned, as their boat had been found floating, keel uppermost, in the bay. What little property his father had possessed, had long since disappeared, and was utterly beyond all hope of recovery, if it had been worth the trouble, which it was not.

One circumstance that had occurred during his absence surprised and perplexed him. A stranger had been in the village making eager inquiries concerning Owen Halbert and his son, and seemed very much disappointed and grieved when told that they had both been drowned. He had departed as quickly as he had come, without revealing his name, or explaining why he had made those inquiries.

One thing the fishermen had not failed to notice: this stranger bore a wonderful resemblance to young Owen. This fact revived the old scandal about Mrs. Halbert, and they were all of the opinion that this tall, handsome stranger was Owen's true father.

Be he who he might, his reported death had lost the clue to Owen Halbert, and he turned the ruby ring (which he had worn all these years) thoughtfully upon his finger, with the reflection that its mystery, if it had one, would never be revealed to him. In this unsatisfied frame of mind he had returned to Lamia. The current of crime had caught him up, a mere waif, and borne him far out upon the broad ocean of deceit and guilt. Heaven help him, with such a pilot as Lamia was likely to prove!

On the morning after the murder he called upon her, and they had a long discussion over the dangerous game they had determined to play. He told her all that had befallen him during his absence, and then drew the ruby ring from his finger and placed it upon hers.

"Take it," he said, "and wear it for my sake. You are more likely to preserve it than I am, any way. I know you will treasure it as a gift from me. It may be, at some uncertain time in the future, that it will be the means of clearing away some hidden mystery of the past, though what that mystery should be, is entirely beyond my comprehension to divine."

Lamia accepted the ring eagerly, but she did not wear it upon her finger: it was too precious for that. She suspended it to a narrow black ribbon around her neck, and wore it over her heart.

"Let it rest there," she cried, "over that heart, every pulsation of which beats true to you, and will continue so to beat until its throbs are stilled in death."

He sighed. There had been a time when he had thought her love the most priceless jewel the world contained, but now the stain of blood had dimmed its lustre; and when he would move to take her in his arms as he had been wont to do, a shadowy form seemed to rise up between them and wave him back with its ghostly hand. She was yet to learn that the very act which had proved the devotedness of her love for him, had destroyed his love for her. He shivered involuntarily whenever that blood-stained hand met his with a fervent clasp.

With woman's quick intuition, she had discovered the irresolution of his character, and laughed at these quiverings of remorse, for such she deemed them. She was the master-spirit, and he obeyed her sway. Already she revelled in the contemplation of the bright destiny in store for them. She had no compunctions of conscience, no hesitancy, no fear.

And thus we launch them upon the new and adventurous career before them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE residence of Mrs. Josselyn Fetherstone was most delightfully situated, and it was no wonder that the widowed heart clung to it as a memento of its former happiness.

In his prosperous days Josselyn Fetherstone, then a lawyer in good practice, had purchased an acre of ground upon the shore of Staten Island, facing the Narrows. He had caused a quaint Gothic cottage to be erected upon it, and the grounds tastefully laid out, a boat and bathing-house built upon the beach, and there he brought his young wife and made his home.

For a short time it was an earthly paradise to them. But as the serpent crept into the Garden of Eden, so the spirit of discord came to them. Of that more hereafter: the time has not yet arrived to lift the veil from that mystery of the past.

Mrs. Fetherstone's cottage was situated on rising ground, sloping upward from the beach, and fronting on the road. A veranda was constructed on the rear of the house, affording a good view of the bay, the Narrows, and Forts Hamilton and Lafayette.

Upon this veranda, one bright, sunny morning in early May, two girls were seated, enjoying the prospect, and gaily chatting together.

If you had searched the world through for a more complete contrast in female beauty, you could scarcely have found one. Both were lovely, and yet greatly dissimilar. They were about the same height, but one was

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quite slender; the other stout and plump. One had a fair complexion, light-brown hair, and blue eyes, tinted with grey; the other's complexion was also fair, but more waxy and transparent, whilst her hair was a vivid red, and her eyes jetty black.

They were often mistaken for sisters, though why, it would be hard to say, for there was not the slightest family resemblance in their features; but they were only cousins, the daughters of a brother and sister, and consequently, bearing different names. The red-haired one was named Celynda Gilfoyle; the brown-haired one, Ella Lavelle.

Their mothers and Albertine Fetherstone (then Albertine Delmar), had been educated at the same seminary, and had retained the friendship then formed in their maturer years.

The reason we find these girls here may be briefly explained: Mrs. Fetherstone had the usual belief of mothers. She thought the best safeguard a young man can have, when he commences his career in the world, is a young and loving wife. Something on the principle of ballasting a ship to make it steady.

In casting about among the marriageable daughters of her acquaintance, in order to secure this inestimable blessing for Gisbet as speedily as possible, she thought of Ella Lavelle and Celynda Gilfoyle at once. Both were pretty, well-educated, and tolerably well off. Both were favourites of hers. The only trouble was to decide between them, as both were equally eligible for the honour she designed for them. She found it impossible to do this, and so determined to leave the choice to Gisbet himself. He should have the opportunity of seeing them both together, and be left free to make his own election.

This decision was not without wisdom, as he, unsuspicious of this match-making design, was pretty sure to lose his heart to one of them. So she extended a kind invitation to them both to visit her and pass the summer with her at her villa by the sea, as she playfully denominated it, an invitation which they both accepted. Celynda Gilfoyle came from Philadelphia, Ella Lavelle, from Boston.

They had not seen each other since they were children, but they soon renewed the friendship of earlier years.

Mrs. Fetherstone had displayed great judgment in thus selecting a bride-elect for her son. Without confiding her matrimonial scheme to them, she had artfully extracted the knowledge from them that their hearts were free and they were ready to be loved. They were just at the right age (one eighteen, the other nineteen) to be impressionable. She foresaw a quick realisation of her wishes, and impatiently awaited the return of Gisbet. His last letter, dated at Helena, informed her that he had started on his journey home.

The cousins, naturally, shared in this impatience, and Gisbet formed the topic of many a conversation between them. Neither had ever seen the young man, and were anxious, not to say curious, to make his acquaintance—which was a very characteristic feeling for young ladies of their age.

This morning they had returned to the old subject, for Mrs. Fetherstone had informed them at breakfast that she thought Gisbet would certainly arrive that day.

"I wonder what he is like?" said Celynda, musingly; she was of a pensive and quiet disposition, unlike Ella, who was always gay and volatile.

"Like his father," answered Ella; "so I have heard his mother often say. And Josselyn Fetherstone was considered one of the handsomest men of his day."

"Then Gisbet must be very handsome!" exclaimed Celynda, involuntarily; and then she blushed and cast down her eyes as if she had said something she ought not.

Ella laughed immoderately.

"Of course," she rejoined. "Everybody knows that. He comes honestly by his good looks. I don't know what his father was like, only from description, as I never had the pleasure of seeing him; he disappeared before I was born, you know."

"Yes; I have heard my parents speak of some circumstance that led him to desert his wife, but it happened before they were married, and they knew little about it. What was it—do you know?"

"No; it caused a dreadful scandal at the time; but, I have often heard, Mrs. Fetherstone always refused to explain. I have heard my father say that she was altogether too chary of her husband's faults, and loved him too well to cast a shadow of wrong upon his memory. On the other hand, some people have maintained that the cause of Mrs. Fetherstone's reticence was, that she was herself to blame."

"I do not believe it," cried Celynda, warmly; "her blameless life of widowhood gives the lie to such an assertion."

"That is precisely my opinion. But some people are mean enough to speak ill of a saint. As a general thing, the best people are the worst talked about. Envy delights in shooting its envenomed shafts at the great and good. As we are good-looking, Lynda," continued the volatile girl, tossing her sunny curls archly, "we can afford to be generous. When we get old and ugly, I dare say we shall be fond of malicious gossip as the most disappointed spinster, whose milk of human kindness has acidulated from neglect, or strong-minded advocates of woman's rights—because all her matrimonial chances have gone *wrong* amongst the lot."

Celynda held up her hand deprecatingly.

"How you do talk!" she exclaimed.

"Of course I do, my dear," returned Ella, merrily; "that is a woman's privilege. Nature gifted me with a fluent tongue, and I must not slight the gift. But let us return to the hero of our romance. If he turns out

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half as handsome as I expect, do you know I shall be strongly inclined to set my cap for him?"

Celynda started and looked shyly at her friend.

"You!" she stammered, and a singular expression clouded her smooth, white forehead.

Ella's quick eye detected this expression, and she was not slow in deciphering it.

"Ho, ho!" she exclaimed, "are you there, my demure Lynda, also? Here's a conquest for the hope of the Fetherstones! We have both struck our colours before the conquering hero has made his appearance. This is a victory greater than Cæsar's. The foe is beaten before he *comes*—the hearts are won before he *sees!* Ha, ha, ha!"

Celynda coloured painfully; the exuberant mirth of her companion appeared to annoy her. Perhaps her words hit too near the truth to be pleasant.

"How you do talk!" she repeated again; a stereotyped phrase for young ladies when driven into a corner.

Ella laughed more boisterously at her friend's evident confusion.

"Oh, come, own up!" she cried gleefully; "you might as well. Tell truth and shame the—ahem! The eloquent descriptions which Mrs. Fetherstone, with all a mother's fondness, has given us of her boy, have made a vivid impression upon your susceptible fancy. We all cherish an ideal of the 'coming man' to whom we are ready to sacrifice ourselves, and you think you have found him in Gisbet Fetherstone. Don't try to hide your blushes, Lynda, they become you charmingly. That is the only deficiency of your face—it lacks colour in repose. Now, it strikes me this admirable Gisbet might prove to be my ideal also. In that case, what is to become of us?"

Celynda laughed in spite of herself at Ella's mock seriousness.

"Oh, Ella!" was her deprecating answer.

"We can't both marry him, you know," continued the incorrigible girl; "unless, indeed, we persuaded him to emigrate to Salt Lake City, and turn Mormon—it might be arranged in that way."

"Oh! I would never do that," answered Celynda ingenuously.

The solemn honesty of this reply destroyed Ella's mock gravity, and she laughed long and gleefully.

"I didn't think you would, my dear," she replied, as soon as she could contain herself; "the happiness of possessing two such treasures as we are at the same time is too great to be allotted to any single mortal. What shall we do? Adopt the plan of the boys, and toss up for him?"

"Do be serious for a moment," returned Celynda, whose romance was jarred by her friend's raillery. "Would it not be better to wait until Mr. Fetherstone professes himself our admirer before we decide to 'toss up' for him?"

"Wait!" rejoined Ella. "Bless you! the man is doomed. Do you think he can resist us? I don't. One he might, but the combined artillery of two pair of bright eyes, seconded by the usual auxiliaries of smiles and glances, would penetrate his heart, even if it was iron-clad. I feel confident of success; but I will make a fair bargain with you. Let us each exert our fascinations upon him, and let her who wins wear him, and the defeated one retire gracefully from the field."

"It is a jest—a flirtation you are proposing to me," answered Celynda, with heightened colour.

"Call it what you will. Do you consent?"

"Yes," replied the gentle Celynda, desperately.

They shook hands upon it, something after the style of men when they lay a wager.

"Aha! Gisbet Fetherstone," cried Ella, gayly. "You little dream what awaits you beneath your mother's roof. Poor young man! His mother ought not to have exposed him so rashly to the fascinations of two such charming creatures as we are!"

And the light-hearted girl laughed merrily at her own conceit. Her mirth was interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Fetherstone upon the veranda. Her usually pale face was flushed, and she appeared greatly excited.

"He is coming, girls!" she cried breathlessly; "he is coming! A carriage is coming up the road, and my heart tells me it contains my son—my Gisbet!"

They all hurried to the front of the house just as the carriage drove up, and stopped before the gate. Mrs. Fetherstone hastened to the gate, in her impatience to receive and embrace her son. Ella and Celynda remained in the porch.

A tall and elegant-looking young man leaped lightly from the carriage, and was instantly pressed in a mother's fond embrace. The girls saw his face distinctly. What their thoughts were we are not permitted to know. What they said was this:

"Splendid! isn't he?" cried Ella.

"Yes," answered Celynda, pensively.

The jest they had resolved upon might prove a sad reality to one—perhaps to both.

Gisbet Fetherstone released himself from his mother's arms, and, to the great astonishment of them all, assisted a lady to alight from the carriage. A trunk and black carpet-bag were handed down by the driver, and the carriage was driven away. The lady had evidently come to stop.

As Celynda and Ella gazed upon her with wondering eyes, the breeze blew aside the thick veil she wore, disclosing a dark face, gleaming eyes, and raven tresses—the face of a handsome girl.

"Who can it be?" cried Ella, impulsively.

"His *wife*, perhaps," faltered Celynda.

Ella put on a comic look of despair.

"Then our cake is all dough!" she answered. "What a pity! I should like to have had a try at him, he is

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such a handsome man—far handsomer than I expected. I don't wonder his mother loves him so tenderly. Who could help it?"

Celynda sighed gently to herself. Was that sigh the requiem to her departed dream?

They retreated into the house as they saw Mrs. Fetherstone, Gisbet, and the lady approaching, and awaited their coming in the front parlour.

There they were introduced to Gisbet, who had evidently been apprised of their presence, and greeted them very cordially, and the lady was presented to them as Miss Lamia Randolph.

When her hat and veil and her travelling-cloak were removed, her beauty impressed itself upon them unpleasantly. She was handsomer than they were—they were obliged to confess it; and though it was a relief to know she was not Gisbet's wife, they could but regard her in the light of a dangerous rival.

Despite her joy at her son's return, Mrs. Fetherstone's face wore a troubled look whenever her eyes rested upon Lamia's, as they did very frequently.

Thus Lamia had no sooner crossed the threshold of Clovernook than she found three persons beneath its roof inimical to her.

(To be continued.)

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

ALL the theatres in Vienna have been closed in consequence of the heat of the weather. A great number at Paris have also been closed.

MR. GYE has signed a contract with M. Hervé, the composer of "Chilperic" and "Little Faust," for the production of an opera to be given at Covent Garden.

MDME. PAREPA ROSA and Mr. Carl Rosa have arrived in London. Mdme. Rosa will not sing for the present.

IT is stated that Mdlle. Nilsson has accepted an engagement for a six months' tour in the New World, commencing in October. It is further reported that upon the signing of the agreement her *entrepreneur* presented her with a cheque for £5,000. The terms for which she has signed are, *on dit*, £25,000 altogether for the six months.

MISS ROSE HERSEE has arrived in London after an absence of ten months. During that period she has travelled over 15,000 miles, and has sung one hundred and forty-eight times in opera, besides occasional concerts, and the recent Beethoven Festival in New York. At the beginning of September she will return to America for a season of eight months, for which she is to receive over £2,500, besides benefit, travelling expenses, &c.

LORD LYTTON is writing a new novel for "Blackwood's Magazine," for which it is said he will receive £3,000.

THE demand for the Tauchnitz "Lothair" has so far exceeded expectation, that the Baron has, *more suo*, doubled his tribute money. In America, the Messrs. Appleton have printed 50,000 copies, and it is stated on the best authority, that the present demand is 1,000 copies a-day.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has just published a comedy, entitled *Divorce*. It is to be produced at the Paris Gymnasé.

THE Queen has, according to the *North German Correspondent*, promised to lend eight pictures from the galleries of Windsor and Hampton Court, as well as a number of drawings from the Windsor library, to the Holbein Exhibition at Dresden.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has returned to Jerusalem after an excursion of three weeks to Nazareth, a journey performed in order to advance the important picture on which he has been engaged since his return to the Holy Land, and which now occupies his attention and energies. He is making good progress with this work, and is much improved in health.

IT is stated that an additional storey is to be built on to Marlborough House, which is at present far too small for the Prince and Princess of Wales.

THE late Mr. Stephen Blair has left £20,000 for the erection of a hospital in Bolton, to be called "The Blair Hospital." A sum of £10,000 has also been left for its endowment.

MACLISE'S cartoon for the picture representing "The Interview of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo," a cartoon which, as our readers are aware, was lately purchased by the Royal Academy, is to be placed in the present lecture-room of the Academy, where a space of wall exists which is perfectly suitable for its display.

THE KING OF BAVARIA has purchased all the rights connected with Richard Wagner's famous trilogy of operas, "Walkyre," "Rheingold," and "Siegfried," the last not being as yet completed. For the copyright Wagner is to receive an annual sum of 16,000f. (£640).

MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," has announced for publication, in a few days, by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., a poem of 400 lines, entitled "A Creed, &c."

THE new opera-house on the Ring at Vienna has lately received a curious addition in the shape of an iron fire-proof drop-scene, which, it is believed, will effectually separate the stage from the rest of the house in case of fire. The curtain is constructed on the same principle as our iron revolving shutters; partly to insure efficiency in case of need, partly also to assure the public mind, it is ordered that the curtain be lowered once a month at the close of the performance, and in presence of the audience. This is usually announced on the play-bill of the day in question.—*Architect.*

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LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for September 1870.

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PL. IV.

LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for September 1870.

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Pl IV

LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for September 1870

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PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

Boulevards des Italiens, *August 22nd*, 1870.

Chere Amie,—

The influence of the war is felt in some degree upon the fashions, and accounts for the tri-coloured mixtures which prevail in many costumes at the present moment. The example, set by a young duchess who appeared at the opera dressed in white, with a wreath of blue cornflowers and a bunch of poppies in the corsage, was quickly followed, and white toilettes with red waistbands and cornflowers in the hair have been very much worn.

On the other hand, the number of families which have been thrown into mourning is very great, and black toilettes, which were preferred by some for town wear, are now seen in great numbers. For deep mourning, cloth, cachemire, merinos, and alpacas are used.

Perhaps the most convenient material for the season is grenadine, worn over black foulard. This material is preferable to taffetas, which is too glossy for mourning. Grenadine robes are ornamented with a number of small flounces, the heads of which are very deep in proportion, and fastened by a loop passing nearly through the centre of the flounce. The corsage may be either fitting or half-fitting. It is preferable not to make the robe décolleté, and to have long sleeves. Passementeries, ribbon, and other ornaments should always be excluded from mourning costumes.

Mixtures of white and black, there being but very little of the former, are worn in half-mourning. The sewing-machine has brought various kinds of ornament for these costumes into notice.

Robes of white serge, or even of percale, muslin, or tarlatane, with a large waistband of black gros-grain, and jet ornaments, are considered mourning. Velvet, when it is used, is only half-mourning.

Mourning bonnets are made rather larger than others, and are only trimmed with ruches. Jet may only be worn after a certain period. After jet, white tarlatane roses, with black foliage, will lighten a black toilette very much. Feathers are not mourning.

Small double shawls, very short, à la paysanne, trimmed with Flemish lace, will be the fichu mostly preferred for the early days of the autumn. Those in silk have been entirely replaced by cachemire. The plainest, and at the same time the most elegant, are trimmed with a deep fringe of pearled black chenille.

With the intense heat we naturally see little but muslin and tarlatane. The majority of robes are high, but worn over an under robe in silk or colour, décolleté.

Robes in white tarlatane, with under-robes of black velvet are often worn with three flounces of black velvet at the bottom, the corsage décolleté, and short sleeves. Tunic in tarlatane, forming three bouffants, and bordered by Flemish lace, or even with plain folds and flounces bordered by narrow lace. Strange as this style may appear, it is nevertheless much worn.

Costumes are made in small-striped percale, on a white ground, trimmed with a number of small flounces of the same, with valenciennes, or even a small band of festooned muslin at the edge of the flounce. An ample tunic with double bouffant, very long behind, accompanies these. The tablier is round, and as short as possible; it is sometimes separate, and then forms two basques of a square gilet à la Française.

For the approaching month of September costumes are being prepared in black, brown, and iron-grey cachemire, embroidered in white. The Russian robe, and tunics square behind, will still be worn, although bouffants prevail. A small mantle without sleeves, and entirely embroidered or looped with yellow silk (if the costume is all black), is worn with these costumes. This style of mantle will be very much used in the coming winter.

Velvet is extensively used for edging mantles, vests, collars, &c. It should be fine, and the band should be very deep. As it has not lost favour during this extraordinary hot summer, it will probably prevail in autumn toilettes. Waistbands in black velvet with very wide pans are placed on most robes, and are often preferred by young ladies for robes in muslin, or blue, pink, or white jaconas. They are very graceful with white jardinière toilettes embroidered with varied bouquets.

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Very elegant summer jupons are worn in small-striped jaconas of clear shades—pink, blue, or "roville," a colour which is becoming fashionable. They are covered with small flounces cut on the cross, and set off with small valenciennes. Between the flounces of the material, another small flounce of white tarlatane or muslin, cut straight, and fluted. This opposition has a very pretty effect. The rest of the costume should not be of the same, but a figured or striped material of the same colour. The tunic and corsage may even be in soft silk, or in foulard.

Becoming costumes are also made in the following styles. Skirt in batiste, with a Russian flounce at the bottom, surmounted by three rows of velvet of a dark shade, as brown upon blue, amethyst on pale green. Above this, three small edged flounces. Flemish fitting casaque, forming a square gilet in front and very long and ample basques behind, but without bouffants, and bordered with two edged flounces. Sleeves à la religieuse, with revers, lined with velvet, and bordered in a similar manner. No waistband, but a large bow of velvet, with long pans, placed at the left side, in the opening of the basque. A similar bow is worn at the shoulder.

Bonnets continue to be worn with high shapes, and with a profusion of ornaments. Ribbon is scarcely ever used. Velvet bows, China crape, and large flowers placed at the top, or a bouquet of feathers on one side of the bonnet, are the materials mostly worn.

The following are some of the present styles:—Robe of light blue grenadine, with a very deep flounce in Russian folds, the head being velvet of the same shade. Tunic in black faille, with skirt rounded en tablier in front, very full behind, and looped at the side by a large bell fold. The tunic wholly bordered with three crossfolds of blue taffetas assorted to the robe. Small fitting casaque, open in front, showing the blue robe. Behind, a basque in a single piece, forming three folds, which open in fantail on the tunic. The casaque is trimmed in the same way as the tunic. Very wide sleeves, showing the blue under-sleeve of the robe, which is half-fitting, and trimmed at the wrist with a double fold. A small ruche in white tarlatane at the edge of the sleeve, and a similar one around the neck. Bonnet in white crape, with double diadem, the first ornamented with large field daisies, the other with blue velvet interspersed with daisies, and a train of flowers and blue velvet bow behind.

Robe in brown taffetas, with four flounces surmounted by flowers in guipure. Tunic in batiste écrue, long and round behind, with two flounces fastened by brown velvet, with bows of brown taffetas. The tunic is open in front, describing two round wings, and is ornamented by bows in brown, placed rather high on each side. Corsage of the same, with epaulette bows in brown velvet, bordered with guipure écrue at the shoulders. Half-wide sleeves, with a flounce at the bottom, trimmed in the same manner. Small pelerine round the neck, with a flounce forming a point in the back, waistband of brown velvet, plain bow and very long pans. Hat in Belgian straw, with bunch of mixed feathers, brown and écrue, and long bow of velvet behind.

Town costume in coloured faille. Casaque with waistband and bow in front; the pans rounded at the sides, and forming a pouf, Pagoda sleeves. Short skirt forming tablier in front, with two double flounces; the whole of the costume is bordered with this double flounce. The bottom is in faille similar to the robe, the other in white silk.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of lavender silk poplin, trimmed with Indian-patterned bordering and silk fringe. Bonnet of pink ribbon, ornamented with white flowers.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of maize-coloured lawn, with frillings of the same. Bonnet of chip, trimmed with scarlet flowers, and a gauze veil.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of pale green poult de soie, with velvet trimmings of a deeper shade. White hat, trimmed with green feathers.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Robe of golden brown lustrine, with flounces of the same, headed by narrow frillings. Habit-shirt and sleeves of white cambric. Scarlet bow in coiffure.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of green taffetas, mantle of black gauze trimmed with ribbon. Hat of straw, trimmed with sprays of flowers and a long veil.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of white piqué, with trimmings of mauve ribbon and fringe. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 4.—Little child's dress of blue lama, with under bodice and sleeves of nansook.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Robe of blue foulard tussor, ornamented with seven cross flounces. Tunic of toile de soie, mexicaine écrue, round and full behind; closed in front en redingote, forming very wide revers, revealing the blue skirt to the waist, and entirely bordered by a very deep fringe. The corsage of the tunic opens with revers upon a gilet of taffetas, buttoned to the neck. Pagoda sleeves, very much widened, with double bell folds fastened by a button. Scarf waistband of the same, forming large wide bow behind. Hat of Belgian straw, trimmed with black velvet, and feather of the same colour as the tunic. Very long brown gauze veil round the neck. Collarette and sleeves in festooned muslin. Natural kid boots. Gants de saxe.

Fig. 2.—Robe of black taffetas. Round skirt, with a high gathered flounce. Tunic of clear black sultane, rounded behind, and forming two bouffants en capuchon, and ornamented with ruches of black lace, fastened by a black silk rouleaux. Small veste, with five basques bordered with black lace. The veste is closed in front, and trimmed with the same ruche. Epaulettes of the same, straight sleeves, with outside ruches, from the shoulder to the wrist, which it surrounds. Large waistband in pink gros-grain, falling in scarf folds on the bouffants of the tunic. Black bonnet, with ruche of black lace placed in diadem. Collarette of valenciennes and boots of drap de soie. Gants glacés écrues.

PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Indoor dress of emerald poplinette, bordered in scollops of white silk, and trimmed with sash and ruchings of ribbon of a deeper shade than the dress.

Fig. 2.—Dress of lilac striped silk, with trimmings of white lace and vandyked ruches. Fichu to correspond. Coiffure ornamented with a bow of lilac ribbon and lace.

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Fig. 3.—Evening dress of white tulle over silk, trimmed with orange-coloured satin ribbon, and small bouquets of autumn field flowers. The coiffure is adorned with the latter only.

PLATE V.—*No.* 1.—Bonnet of figured tulle and blue satin. Bow of blue satin ribbon in front, and blue ribbons tying under the chignon.

No. 2.—Round hat of brown straw, the edge raised at side, and lined with velvet. Bows of velvet at the back and front of the hat, with a long feather fastened in at the right side, and falling over the top of the crown.

No. 3.—Fanchon in English lace.

No. 4 *and* 6.—Coiffure for a young lady.

No. 5.—"Tyrolien" hat of straw. The edge, which is turned up very tightly at the sides, is lined with velvet of a rich brown colour. A gros-grain ribbon the same colour forms bows in front, and is carried round the crown. A large feather, shaded green and brown, is put in under the bow in front, falling over the crown.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this issue a Model of a bertha with basque. It may be made in tulle de soie blanc, blue satin, or white blond, and trimmed with lace. A requisite for autumn evenings.

LADIES travelling, or during the promenade or the aquatic excursion, and otherwise exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, will find Rowlands' Kalydor a most refreshing preparation for the complexion, dispelling the cloud of languor and relaxation, allaying all heat and irritability, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity of the skin. Composed of choice exotics of balsamic nature, utterly free from all mineral admixture, and pleasing and delightful in its effects, Rowlands' Kalydor tends to neutralise the action of the atmosphere upon the skin, and to promote that healthy action of the microscopic vessels, by which its general well-being and the beauty of its appearance are so essentially promoted. Freckles, sun-burn, tan, spots, pimples, flushes, and discolourations, fly before its application, and give place to delicate smoothness, and the glow of beauty and of bloom. Its purifying and refreshing properties have obtained its exclusive selection by her Majesty the Queen, the Court, and the Royal Family of Great Britain, and the several Courts of Europe; together with the *élite* of the Aristocracy, from the sultry climes of India to the frozen realms of the Czar. The heat of the summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of Rowlands' Macassar Oil—a delightful, fragrant, and transparent preparation, and, as an invigorator, beyond all precedent. Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, is a white powder, compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics. It bestows on the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, frees them from tartar, and imparts to the gums a healthy firmness, and to the breath a pleasing fragrance.

WATER LILIES.

SNOWY bells upon the streamlet,
Softly ring your fragrant chimes,
On your broad leaves resting, quivering
To the rippling current's rhymes.

Chimes of lilies!—water lilies!
Zephyrs float your peals away,
While the purling river singing,
Rhymes its own sweet roundelay.

When the moonlight in her wanderings,
Leaves her footprints in a ray,
There the water-lilies cluster,
Darlings of a summer's day.

When the starlight drops her spangles,
Oft a coronet she lays
Gently on your snowy petals,
Shining through the evening haze.

Water-lilies! water-lilies!
Tell the burden of your dream,
Breathe your clarion, sing your message,
As ye float upon the stream.

Far beneath the ebbing current,
Deeper than the hand can reach,
Further than the eye can fathom,
Clasp ye firm the pebbles each.

Do ye teach us then a lesson,
We who float upon Time's sea,
Thus to grasp as firm foundation
For our faith and hope as ye?

While below the rippling surface
Of our daily lives unseen,
Faith guides—till the life of vision
Dawns for us in Heaven serene.

Bloom, then bloom, celestial lilies!
Grace our lives, to prove our faith
Is grafted on *one* stalk immortal,
Which knows no fading and no death.

S. M. E.

THE INDIAN SECRET.—An Indian Lady will send a sample bottle of the Secret Hair Dye, used by the native Indian princes for dyeing their hair black or brown. Inclose forty-two stamps to Indiana's London Agents, Baud et Lebarre, Museum Street, and 43, Hart Street, Oxford Street, W.C. (opposite Mudie's Library). The Secret is one liquid only. Colourless, harmless, and infallible. In bottles, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

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TOM BELDEN'S WORD.

(Concluded from our last).

Tom Belden had kept his promise faithfully all these weeks. By night and by day, on shipboard and in port, he kept the stained leather wallet, with its little glittering heap, under his pillow or around his person.

He had, however, been detained in New York; and when, at last, he started for the little town in New England, where young Hewitt's mother and sister resided, he had barely money to pay his passage and return.

Before he had accomplished his journey, he fell in with a set of old cronies, drank heavily, and the next morning found he had not money left to pay his fare for the last fifty miles, which would complete his journey.

So Tom Belden had tramped twenty miles to-day, and thirty lay yet before him, with only a little loose change in his pocket to get him a cheap lunch, and a mean, bare lodging on the way; and for the last three or four hours something had arisen in his soul and said to him: "You are a great fool, Tom. The man who owned the money can never tell any tales."

At last, fancying himself tired, Tom Belden sat down on the rocks and faced his God; a harder thing to do than he had ever met in awful perils on the deep. At the bottom of his soul there had lain always some stout, wholesome honesty; thus far his hands had never been soiled with taking anything that they had not fairly earned, and he felt an honest pride in that thought.

But now he tried to throw all that away from him: his eyes gloated hungrily upon the old leathern wallet, that held below those rusty black rings the rest and the food, the warmth and the comfort that Tom Belden's hungry stomach and chilled limbs craved.

His hands fumbled at the rocks with their cold, shining damp, while his thoughts crowded thick and fierce upon him. It would be so very easy slipping back those rusty rings, and taking out one piece after another from the bright, yellow heap there; nobody would ever know, nobody but he and God—starting suddenly and clutching hold of damp rocks again, and staring in a scared way at the wallet.

But Tom Belden reflected: as for this God, who knew anything about Him? not Tom Belden, surely; and in his rough tug and strain through life, he had come to learn pretty well that a fellow must look out for himself. Poor Robert Hewitt had tried to do it, and had toiled all those years for the money laid up there—what if he knew want? And then, stirring uneasily again, there came across him that last smile, flashed like a light across the sharp, sunken features, and the faint, clear words rang up and down his soul: "I can trust you, Tom."

The big, homely features trembled, and the tears strained themselves under the light yellow lashes with that thought, and then Tom remembered the lonely widowed mother and the orphan sister. Could he take what rightfully belonged to them, and go sneaking around the world a thief for the rest of his days?—growing hot at that word up to the roots of his stubby hair.

But that money—that word money—how something in him hungered and clamoured for it—said to him, "Tom, you're a thunderin' fool not to have found out by this time that honesty don't pay. It's your last chance for life now, and if you don't take the good that's dropped into your hands because you're squeamish as to the way you come by it, you deserve to go to sea for the rest of your days, and live on salt junk and twelve dollars a month."

And still the waves plashed and muttered around the base of the rocks, and the winds toiled, and the yellow light from the yardarms flecked dimly the fogs far out at sea.

All this time it was growing dark—dark; and the face of Tom Belden was growing harder and darker, too, as the thoughts crowded and clamoured within his soul: "Tom, Tom, the town 's only five miles away, and there's a grand dinner to be had there at the hotel, and a pleasant chamber, all warmed and lighted, and a brannew suit for that old, hard toggery of yours. You've got the money in that wallet to pay for all these things, and the dead man will never lift his hand out of that deep sea to gripe yours and claim his wages. Who had a better right to them? Get on your feet, man, and set out for what you want!"

Tom Belden lifted his big, cramped limbs slowly up from the damp rocks; he clutched the wallet in both hands, as though it were something endowed with life; he held it before his hungry, gloating eyes!

"I will!" shouted Tom Belden, fiercely.

And the waves below seemed to catch the words and carry them with a mournful cry far out at sea.

And Tom Belden started briskly for the town.

An hour later the sailor came in sight of it—the small town—the thickest part of it huddled down close to the shore. The little houses, with the pleasant lights shining through the mist—how warm, and cozy, and attractive to the tired, hungry tramper everything looked! And all this way the desperate hardness and darkness had not left his face.

He drew a long breath now, set his big jaws grimly, and glanced up at the sky overhead, where a few stars floated dim and watery between the clouds.

I cannot tell whether it was the sight of those stars—Tom Belden never could—but suddenly his face shook, and his heart shook, underneath that, and it almost seemed to him that the young miner had come up from his grave in the deep, distant sea, and said to him, with his wistful white face—his face as the young sailor had

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seen it last, catching the cold breath and the faint words across it:

"Tom! Tom! what have you done with the Thing I gave you?"

Tom Belden was no coward; he had, as we have seen, no superstition about ghosts and spectres to-day; but a cold sweat started all over him, and he actually fumbled at his pocket and drew out the wallet, and said, as though he were speaking to somebody at his side:

"It's all there!"

And the white face seemed to smile on him again, and across all the months, and the leagues of sea, the faint words of the dying youth floated:

"I can trust you, Tom!"

Tom Belden stood still.

"There's the town, and the warm room, and the grand dinner, and I'm cold, and tired, and hungry!" went his thoughts.

Then the tough, native honesty at the bottom of his soul stirred itself, and said:

"It's stealin', Tom. Don't you touch it. It belongs to the dead man. You can afford to go hungry, and cold, and tired, but you can't afford to be a *thief!* Be a man—not a coward and a sneak! Don't you burn your fingers with a dollar of that gold. The devil 's been after you, Tom Belden, down there on the rocks, and he 's come pretty near clutching you! Go into the town yonder, and munch your hard crust, and smoke your clay pipe, and tumble into some small hole close under the roof for your night's lodging. It's all you've got money to pay for; but you'll get that honestly—honestly, do you hear, my boy?"

"Yes; I do!" said Tom Belden, speaking out loud again to himself, out there in the still, muddy road, which ran through the marsh lands to the town.

The heavy jaws had dropped now; a new light and courage and softness shone out of the whole bronzed, freckled face.

Tom Belden clutched the wallet once more in his iron gripe, and held it before his eyes as though it were some sentient thing, and his voice rang out glad and clear as a clarion in the stillness:

"I'll get it honestly—honestly!" and started on once more.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, Dick! what should I have done without you, now they are all gone—mother and Robert?"

And she clung to the large, square-figured, stalwart man, with the grizzled whiskers and the thin hair on his crown, in a frightened, helpless way, that must have brought out whatever of true manliness and tenderness was at the bottom of him.

She was a delicate little blonde creature, making you think of snowdrops and all pure soft things.

Yet under all the sweetness of the large blue eyes there was lack of purpose and character.

Richard Alden had seen that when, nearly two months before, his young bride had received the dreadful tidings of the shipwreck and loss of her brother, who was returning from California, where he had been at work for the last five years, striving to wrest out of the mines a small competence for his widowed mother and orphan sister.

Six months before the mother's life had dropped out suddenly; care and anxiety had eaten its strands one by one. But the last days of poor Mrs. Hewitt's life were like a sudden flush and warmth of sunset, crowning days of long storm and darkness.

She did not leave that soft delicate girl of hers alone in the swirl and rush of life: she gave her into a strong man's love and keeping, and left her good-byes for the boy who was coming home with his brave, glad, triumphant heart, to find his mother, and to tell her the victory he had won.

Three months after Ruth Hewitt married the head proprietor of the large iron foundry. He was a man nearly twice her age, who had had his own tough struggle with the world, but the freshness and the youth had not died out of his soul. He had met Ruth Hewitt, with her graceful figure, and her pretty face—no matter where and how. It would make quite a little romance to tell all, and I am not writing one, and, as you see, he had married her.

Outside there were dull, gray clouds, and every now and then swift, passionate flurries of snow through the hard, chill air. Inside the pretty, tasteful room the pleasant grate-fire sends sparks like swarms of red and crimson bees up the chimney, and a servant has just spread the table for the two, and the air is strong with a relishing flavour of steak and fine mocha.

A sudden, menacing flap of wind at the window made the young wife shudder. It brought back the memory of her brother, and of that day which thrust its dreadful shadow into the happiness of her honeymoon, when the awful tidings came that Robert had gone down at sea, and given no sign. So Mrs. Alden turned to her husband with a swift terror in her sweet face at that wind, and spoke:

"Ruthie," putting his arm around her—the large bluff man, with his grizzled beard and his womanly heart beneath—"I'll do what I can to make up the loss of both to you."

He had said these words a great many times before, but they always seemed fresh to her, always soothed and comforted her, like a fresh covenant of love and strength on the part of the man to the woman.

Mr. Hewitt had drawn out the chair from the table to seat his wife, when the servant opened the door suddenly:

"There's a young man down below, ma'am—he looks like a sailor—who wants to know if Mrs. Alden, as also Miss Ruth Hewitt, lives here."

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The lady turned to her husband again, a dead pallor striking out the soft roses in her face. She saw the same thought in his eyes that had transfixed hers. "A sailor." He might have been saved from the wreck—he might have brought her some tidings of Robert.

"There, Ruth, try and be calm. We'll go down together," and her husband put his arm around her.

Down below the young sailor, in his blue woollen dress and his big cowhide boots, waited in the pleasant parlour.

He could hardly draw his breath in the midst of such unaccustomed splendour. It dazzled his eyes. He wondered that people could dwell and move easily among all that gorgeous elegance. Yet, to most people, this drawing-room of the Aldens, with its fresh carpet, and dark green and walnut furniture, was hardly more than a pretty, tasteful parlour.

The young sailor had footed thirty miles since sunrise. He was tired, his muscles ached with the strain, and his head swam with fasting. He looked around the parlour and a bitter smile came into the heavy bronze face.

"They don't need the money half as much as you do, Tom. You'd better a' kept it," he muttered, wiping his dirty coat-sleeves across his dry lips in a tired way.

Just then the door opened, and the gentleman and lady came in. He spoke first, but the hungry eyes of the woman on his arm did their own talking.

"I understand that you wish to see my wife, sir? If you bring us any news, I suppose we may both hear it together?"

"Yes, sir," said the sailor, lifting up his big limbs from the chair.

What with the hunger, and the long walk, and the sight of that fine parlour, and the gentleman and lady, he was dreadfully dazed. He fumbled in his pocket, and then blurted out:

"I've got somethin' here that Robert Hewitt left me in charge for his mother and sister before he died."

What a low, greedy cry was that with which the young wife slid away from her husband's arm, and staggered across the floor to the young sailor, and grasped his rough hands with her own soft ones!

"Have you come from him?—Robert, oh, Robert!"

It took a long time for the story to come out. Tom Belden bungled at it terribly. He mixed it all up with nautical phrases, and had to come to a dead stop a good many times, wiping his eyes with the back of his coat-sleeve; and more than once poor Mrs. Alden was overcome, and sobbed so loud that the sailor's story was drowned, and her husband had to soothe the poor half-heartbroken woman very much as he would have done a baby.

But, in his own way, I think none in the world could have been more pathetic and touching. The main features of the story came out—the wide sea; the raft, with its fluttering bit of old sail; the worn, famished spectres that were taken at last on board the whaler; the young miner, whose face grew sharper and his eyes larger and brighter day by day, when Tom Belden brought him up and spread the blankets on deck for him to lie in the sunshine and soft air, until that last night came when Robert Hewitt gave the wallet into the young sailor's hand, and whispered his last messages for the mother and sister far away, and, to use Tom Belden's own words, "weighed anchor the last time."

Mr. and Mrs. Alden learned then that Robert Hewitt had never received tidings of the death of his mother.

There was no telegraph at that time to the Pacific, and the mails travelled slowly the long overland route, and were frequently lost on the plains.

"Oh, Dick," sobbed Mrs. Alden, "what a meeting it must have been between them—my mother and Robert."

Then the sailor, as he had promised, put the wallet in the hands of Robert Hewitt's sister.

"It's just as he left it. It ain't been opened, ma'am," he said.

Mr. Alden looked at the sailor's muddy boots. There had been no train in for hours.

"How did you come all this distance?" he asked, suddenly.

"Across the country, sir, for the last fifty miles."

"Across the country! You don't mean to say you came afoot?"

And Mrs. Alden lifted up the mournful, tear-stained face with which she was regarding the wallet for whose contents her brother had given his young life.

"Yes, sir. I"—fumbling awkwardly with his fingers—"I got out of funds pretty much; but I'd given my word to young Hewitt, you know,"

"Have you had any dinner?" exclaimed Mrs. Alden, forgetful for the moment of her own grief.

"I had a good breakfast to start with, ma'am."

It was not many moments before they had Tom Belden up-stairs and at the dinner-table. He had never in his whole life sat down to such a meal before.

But there was nothing in the house too fine or grand for this coarse, big-limbed, shaggy-coated young sailor. Had he been a prince, they could not have treated him with finer hospitality, and if he had been an Adonis for grace and beauty, this bronzed Hercules of a fellow could not have been handsomer or more of a hero in Mrs. Alden's eyes.

He had to go over and over with the story of her brother's rescue, and of those last days on the whaler, and the smallest circumstance was drank in with greedy breathlessness by Mrs. Alden.

Of course they kept Tom Belden with them that night; and if you had seen the poor fellow stare hopelessly around his chamber, hung with handsome curtains, with the snowy counterpane and the great carved dressing-bureau, you would have laughed; but I think you would have cried a great deal before that.

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He thought of his bunk in the dirty forecastle; of little dark attics under the roof, where he had been sleeping for all these years, and the chamber seemed to him a bower of magnificence and splendour.

"I wonder if it 'll all be here when I wake up in the morning!" muttered drowsily the young sailor to himself, as his limbs sank into the soft spring mattress.

Down-stairs Mr. and Mrs. Alden have drawn back with reverential fingers the rusty rings of the old leather wallet and turned out the gift of the dead.

What a glittering heap of fresh golden coin it was!

"Poor Robert! To think of all these years of toil and privation that went to the earning of these!" sobbed Mrs. Alden.

At last the whole coin was counted over, and there proved to be three thousand dollars in the old leather wallet.

"Half of it was for mamma, you know, Dick. Robert said that I must keep his gift, of course; but I should like to give mamma's share to that brave, noble fellow who has taken all this pains to keep his word. I think, if mamma and Robert both knew, they would like that best."

"Yes; I think they would," said Mr. Alden, gravely; and then he added, with that practical sagacity which was native to him: "I could put it in the works for the poor fellow, where it would double itself in a couple of years."

When Tom Belden woke up next morning the room was there, and the warm, bright, heartsome sunshine was a-quiver all over the chamber.

Of course nobody would hear a word of Tom Belden's leaving the next day.

He began to be mortally ashamed of his old shaggy clothes before these fine people; but if he had been a knight with plumes and velvet and sparkling jewels, they could not have treated him better.

During the course of the day Mr. Alden took the young sailor over to the ironworks, and the gentleman's manner was so kind, so unlike all poor Tom Belden had been used to, that at last, when night came and the three sat around the great fire once more, the young sailor took courage, and began bashfully to try and find some words to tell the gentleman the great want which was tugging at his thoughts all the while—the want and longing for some work on land.

Mr. Alden seemed to comprehend the whole matter at once, and fairly took the words out of Tom Belden's mouth, offering him a situation in the ironworks, where he would have comfortable wages at first, and every opportunity for advancement.

"You'll be sure to get ahead, my young friend," he said, with a smile; "for you've got pluck and honesty."

"Pluck and honesty! I don't know."

Tom Belden's eyes were on the fire. He was talking half to himself.

"May I tell him, Dick?" asked Mrs. Alden, suddenly, placing her hand on her husband's arm.

"If you like, dear."

So Mrs. Alden told Tom Belden the amount they had found in her brother's wallet.

"I thought it was a big sum—it was so heavy," he said, simply.

And then the lady informed the young sailor what she and her husband had concluded to do with the money which should have been her mother's share, in Robert Hewitt's wallet; and Mr. Alden added a few remarks about the capital investment he could make of the fifteen hundred dollars.

Tom Belden drank in every word in dumb amazement.

At last something choked in his throat, and the tears blinded his eyes.

"I thank God I kept my word!" he said, under his breath, over and over.

And now Tom Belden did not doubt there was a God any more.

They did not know it; but the young sailor had gone back to that night on the lonely rocks, with the tides and the fogs drifting in from the sea.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER VII.

THIS discovery by no means alarmed the keen-witted quadroon girl; she had resolved to appear in the character of a friendless orphan, timid and diffident, and she trusted to her artful assumption to win the hearts of those with whom circumstances had thrown her in contact.

The appearance of two beautiful girls, in the persons of Celynda Gilfoyle and Ella Lavelle, beneath Mrs. Fetherstone's roof, was a circumstance she had not counted on. A pang of jealous rage flashed through her heart to think that Gisbet would be subjected to the fascinations of these high-bred girls. Though by no means deficient in personal vanity, she could but acknowledge that they were likely to prove dangerous rivals.

She knew Gisbet's vacillating disposition, and dared not trust him. His infirmity of purpose had made him a ready instrument in the dark design they were then pursuing; but circumstances might turn that very infirmity against herself, and defeat the darling object of her life.

That object was now to become Gisbet Fetherstone's wife—to have a splendid marriage, and then mingle in the first society—an aristocrat! It was a proud dream for a poor girl who had worn the shackles of a slave; but daring dreams are the offspring of lowly conditions

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in life. She had the brain and nerve to make that dream a reality, and she had resolved to do so. As we have seen, she did not stop at trifles, and did not hesitate to use the red hand of murder to aid her dark designs.

She saw the feeling of repugnance with which she was received beneath Mrs. Fetherstone's roof, and knew her first step must be to conquer and overcome it.

The first opportunity Mrs. Fetherstone had to converse with her son (for, strange as it may appear, she never doubted for one moment that this man was truly her son), in the privacy of her own apartment she questioned him anxiously concerning Lamia.

"Who is this girl, and why have you brought her here?" she asked.

His story was all arranged and ready for her. The success of the imposture had given him confidence in himself. His heart yearned irresistibly toward this gentle woman—the poor boy who had never known a mother's love, never felt her endearing caresses, experienced a feeling that made him cling to her as if she had really been his mother. He reasoned something in this manner to himself:

"I have robbed this woman of her son—unintentionally upon my part, but still I am not guiltless, as the crime was committed for me. I cannot restore her true son to her, but I can fill his place in her affections, as, deceived by this extraordinary resemblance, she believes me to be him. By so doing she will never know her loss—to reveal it would break her heart. The dread secret must never be revealed; as Lamia said, I am now Gisbet Fetherstone, and as such I shall pass through life. No one can betray the fraud but Lamia, and torture unto death could never force the truth from her."

These thoughts were running through his mind as he replied to Mrs. Fetherstone's question concerning Lamia; and, therefore, he told her a plain, straightforward story, which proved quite satisfactory to her.

"Who she is, dear mother," he said, "is easily told; why I brought her here admits of explanation; though I think you will acknowledge, under the circumstances, that I could not very well do anything else. She is the daughter of a planter named Randolph, who was in some way related to my father's second wife. Her father and my father were in the same regiment during the war, and Randolph was killed at Vicksburgh. With his dying breath he exhorted his friend to care for his orphan daughter, whom his death would leave penniless. Colonel Fetherstone promised to do so, and faithfully fulfilled that promise. Consequently I found her upon the estate—a kind of pious legacy left to our protection—and when I sold the property, in accordance with your instructions, I brought her here as the best—in fact, the only disposal I could make of her. She is gentle and loving; and will prove a daughter to you, if you will let her."

Mrs. Fetherstone's brow clouded. She did not seem to be altogether pleased with the guardianship so unceremoniously thrust upon her.

"A daughter!" she murmured; "yes, in one sense, but not in another. Gisbet," she demanded abruptly, "be honest and sincere with me. Are your affections engaged to this girl? had love anything to do with your bringing her here?"

And Gisbet answered honestly and sincerely:

"My affections are not engaged to her, mother; and love had nothing to do with my bringing her here."

Mrs. Fetherstone breathed a sigh of relief.

"You do not love her, then?"

"I do not love her."

"And you have never entertained the idea of making her your wife?"

"Really, mother"—the adventurer loved to pronounce that dear name, for it thrilled him with a pure and holy emotion he had never felt before—"I have never entertained any idea about her, I might say; but I can assure you that I have not the slightest idea of making her my wife."

"I feared she might have entangled your affections," said Mrs. Fetherstone; "for she is very beautiful."

"So is the serpent," he answered, involuntarily; "but its fangs are none the less deadly for the glittering colours of its skin." He broke off abruptly, and bit his lip in confusion. "Not that I mean to intimate that Lamia is one," he stammered.

"By no means," answered Mrs. Fetherstone, with a smile. "Though there is a glitter in the girl's eye that makes me shudder sometimes as I look upon her. But that I attribute to no fault of hers. It is in her blood, and she cannot help it. I confess to a slight prejudice against these Southern girls—brought on, perhaps, by the events of the past."

She hesitated for a moment, and Gisbet knew that she referred to the second marriage of Josselyn Fetherstone; though she certainly ought not to have held his innocent accomplice responsible for his crime.

"I am glad to find, Gisbet," continued Mrs. Fetherstone, "that you have not formed an attachment to this young girl—Miss Randolph. Though very beautiful, and undoubtedly of good family, she is not exactly the person I should select for your wife. Indeed, I have other views for you. I should greatly prefer to have you choose a Northern bride. What do you think of the two young ladies to whom I introduced you, and who are paying me a visit?"

"Both very charming!" responded Gisbet.

"Either one would be very satisfactory to me as a daughter-in-law," returned Mrs. Fetherstone; "but I have no desire to sway your choice. You will have the opportunity of becoming intimate with them. You can form your own idea of them, and judge for yourself. At the same time I will endeavour to make Miss Randolph feel at home beneath this roof."

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There the conversation ended. Gisbet understood well enough that he was expected to make his selection between Celynda and Ella, and the idea was not distasteful to him. When he told Mrs. Fetherstone that he did not love Lamia, he had spoken the truth. The night in which she strove to prove the depth of her love utterly destroyed his. He felt there was a gulf between them —the red barrier of blood—that never could be bridged over. He shivered whenever she approached him with any endearment, but he artfully concealed this great change from her, simulating the old affection.

Keen as she was in most matters, the very strength of her love blinded her to the truth. She knew her love for him could never alter or decrease, and she judged his passion by her own, wilfully deceiving herself. Could she have overheard his words to Mrs. Fetherstone and known how utterly hopeless was the darling scheme of her heart, she would have gone mad with rage and despair.

The coolness, almost apathy, with which Gisbet treated her, had, when she reproached him with it, been most plausibly explained.

"We must put love aside for a while," he had said, "until we feel secure in our new positions, or we shall excite suspicions of those around us."

She was obliged to acknowledge the force of this argument.

"Besides," he continued, knowing the taint of her African blood had tinged her mind with superstitious fancies, "when I would take you in my arms, a pale phantom seems to rise up between us, bearing *his* features, while he points with quivering finger to a gaping wound in his breast, from which the life-blood slowly oozes forth."

She grew ghastly at this, and shrank away as if the dread figure his words had pictured actually stood between them. He almost smiled to see how easily her imagination was impressed. He was not aware of something that lent great weight to his words.

This phantom had visited Lamia in her dreams. In the silent hours of the night, in broken slumber, she enacted the dread tragedy over and over again. The pale face and bleeding bosom of her victim would appear in her visions, and from the white lips would seem to issue these words:

"*I stand between you evermore!*"

It filled her breast with dismay when she found from Gisbet's words that he also received these ghostly visitations. But though her superstition sent an icy chill through all her veins, it was not strong enough to turn her from her purpose. Her indomitable will triumphed over her superstitious fears.

"He shall call me wife before the world!" she muttered, "in spite of all the saints in heaven!"

It was deeply sworn, and Lamia would keep the oath, or destroy herself accomplishing it.

She had not been beneath Mrs. Fetherstone's roof a week before she discovered that lady's ingenious matrimonial scheme, and that she (this intelligence politely conveyed by the mistress of Clovernook in a very impressive manner), if she had ever entertained any idea of becoming Mrs. Gisbet Fetherstone, had better put it out of her mind as quickly as possible.

Lamia smiled serenely at Mrs. Fetherstone's motherly caution, and disarmed her at once, and made her a firm friend by replying:

"How could I ever entertain any such idea, madame? I am duly grateful for your son's kindness to me, but I trust I have too much good sense to bestow my affection unsolicited."

But in the solitude of her chamber, for she had been assigned one to herself, Celynda and Ella occupying the adjoining one jointly, she gave vent to her true thoughts in a fierce soliloquy:

"Men were deceivers ever! So runs the old song, and even Gisbet is not to be trusted. I know the vacillation of his mind—and men are fickle and fond of change. Let me find his heart turning to either one, and she, his favourite, shall die; the mother, too, must be disposed of—not steel this time—but poison, *poison*. I must go to New York for it, and quietly administer it. I shall never be suspected—the causes of death never investigated, if not brought about too suddenly. I must get at some book on poisons, and learn their workings on the human system. I am beyond the pale of mercy now, and more crimes will make no difference in the dread reckoning I must pay at last."

It was a relief to this guilty, scheming woman to thus breathe her thoughts in privacy—the words removed a pressure from her brain, which was overcrowded with thick-coming fancies. She dared not confide her dark designs to Gisbet. She knew he would accept of no more blood at her hands; and there were times when she thought he loathed her for that she had already shed, and thus dimly the truth flashed on her mind; but her great love for him made her put this thought quickly from her as something utterly impossible.

As she had gained the favourable opinion of Mrs. Fetherstone, so did this artful and designing girl contrive to ingratiate herself into the good graces of Celynda and Ella. As Gisbet devoted himself to them, and rather slighted Lamia, they were the more disposed to be friendly with her. They no longer looked upon her in the light of a rival, as she made no attempt to attract Gisbet's attention.

They soon became the best of friends, and began to enjoy themselves after the manner of young people who are thrown together for a brief season. Gisbet developed a talent, which no one had ever known him to possess before, for boat-sailing, and they had many pleasant sails in the bay. Indeed, the old neighbours and friends of the family observed many peculiarities

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in Gisbet Fetherstone which they had never noticed before. The chief one was a want of memory—a kind of forgetfulness—that was very strange. Not only were some old friends entirely forgotten, but the names of localities with which he had been familiar from childhood had utterly slipped out of his mind. People always find an explanation to puzzles. It was maliciously said Gisbet's sudden accession to wealth had made him thus oblivious. The reader knows the cause of this bad memory. It is very easy for a man to forget what he never knew.

One day the girls, escorted by Gisbet as usual, paid a visit to Fort Tomkins. Retracing their steps, they paused on the brow of the cliff to take another view of the glorious panorama of sea and sky that was spread out so radiantly before them.

Lamia stood a little apart, for Gisbet had Celynda and Ella clinging lovingly to either arm; she was not altogether pleased at the manner in which they monopolised him. A man came along the path and jostled against her. She turned upon him fiercely, but the angry exclamation died upon her lips, and a look of the blankest astonishment overspread her features.

"Hugh Preston!" she gasped.

"Lamia Juke!" he returned, with a mocking expression in his little ferret-eyes.

This was the same man who had accosted the true Gisbet Fetherstone at the door of the Melodeon in Baltimore—the flashy little man who approached him so belligerently.

"Hush!" she whispered; "no one knows me by that name here. Don't let *him* see you!"

"What's the odds?" asked Preston, coolly. "He don't know me—never saw me in his life. Say, Lamy, this is a queer kind of game you're playing, ain't it?"

(*To be continued.*)

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have secured the well-known portrait of Charles Dickens, by Ary Scheffer. It was painted when he was forty-three, in 1855, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following year. The countenance is manly and vigorous, with deep brown hair, a happy medium between the showy youth with exuberant locks, as painted by Maclise, and the rugged countenance, with grizzly beard, of his latest period. The face is seen in three-quarters, looking over his left shoulder. The hands are joined on the opposite side.

OWING to the disturbed state of the Continent, it has been decided to postpone the proposed exhibition of the works of Holbein at Dresden until next year.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to exhibit the Hay collection of Egyptian antiquities at the Crystal Palace during the autumn months.

A PARIS paper calls attention to the great increase of the salary of actors. It states that Frederick Lemaitre, who used to receive £10 a month, now gets £600; Melinque, who got £32, now gets £360; Mdlle. Farguerie got £20, now gets £100; Berton got £40, now gets £240. At the Variété, where they used to pay £320 a year, they now pay £1,200; and, finally, Mdlle. Schneider is paid at the rate of £4,000 a year.

TENNYSON is said to be at work on a new poem.

THE Rev. George Gilfillan is engaged on a new "Life of Sir Walter Scott." It will be published by Messrs. Oliphant, of Edinburgh."

SIR MICHAEL COSTA will resume the *bâton* as conductor of the orchestra at Her Majesty's Theatre next year, should it open for opera.

A new theatre, called the Gaiety, is to be built in Dublin.

MR. HENRY GRAVES, of Pall Mall, has presented to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, through Dr. O'Connor, physician to the hospital, a valuable collection of engravings for the wards of the institution.

THE Earl of Glasgow has contributed £25 to the monument to King Robert the Bruce, designed by Mr. George Cruikshank.

A STATUE of Sir James Outram is to be placed on the Thames Embankment, North.

THE inhabitants of Crawley have determined to perpetuate among them the memory of the late Mr. Mark Lemon, who was for many years a resident of that village, by erecting a drinking fountain to his memory.

BAYARD TAYLOR has completed his translation of Goethe's "Faust," and is now engaged in preparing elaborate and exhaustive notes to the poem.

MR. SWINBURNE is engaged upon "Bothwell," which he hopes soon to have ready for publication.

A MUSEUM of art and science is in course of erection at Barnard Castle, Durham, at the cost of Mr. and Mrs. Bowes.

A MONUMENT is to be erected in memory of Prof. Unger, the botanist, who died suddenly at Gratz, in Styria, a short time ago.

THE French artist, M. Carpeau, has given a statue of a Neapolitan fisherman and two busts of his group at the new Opera-house to be sold in aid of the fund for the relief of the wounded.

MISS LAURA HARRIS, the American prima donna, who sang some seasons since at Her Majesty's Theatre, has been engaged for the San Carlos at Lisbon, the season of which will commence next month.

THE roofs of the nave and aisles of St. David's Cathedral are to be renewed. Further restorations, as originally proposed, have been postponed.

THE death, at Pilnitz, of Madame Bender, for whom Weber composed "Preciosa," is announced.

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Plate I. *Oct-1870.*

LONDON AND PARIS

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Plate II

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Pl III

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Plate V.] [*October*, 1870.

LONDON AND PARIS.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

[In anticipation of an interruption in the postal communication between Paris and this country, our correspondence has been forwarded earlier than usual this month.—Ed.]

Boulevards des Italiens, *September 12th*, 1870.

Chere Amie,--

At the present moment, fashion occupies the attention of strangers mostly, Parisians being fully occupied with the grave events which are taking place. At the watering-places, however, the same interest is maintained, and the approach of autumn brings with it costumes adapted to the change of temperature.

Just now, however, the revolution pervades everything here, and we see tri-coloured cockades and ceintures on bonnets and robes in all directions. The new hat in felt, of a high shape, is called "chapeau républicaine." It is fastened at one side by a cockade, a feather passing over the crown. This often consists of a tuft of three, red, white, and blue. Others are made in rice straw, with a rolled veil in blue Doña Maria gauze. At the top of the bonnet a bow of poppy-red China crape is placed, and the trimming is completed by a white feather rising from the side. The strings are of blue Doña Maria gauze, fastened by a bow of red China crape.

This style is also used for round hats, and has also extended itself to coiffures, embroidery, &c.

Tricoloured waistbands in very wide ribbons have replaced Scotch ones. They are worn with black costumes and on white robes for evening.

Garlands of tricoloured flowers are worn on the head. Poppies, daisies, and cornflowers are used.

Robes are also embroidered with these three flowers. When they are worn in bonnets a bow and long floating single pan is added behind in blue or red gros-grain ribbon. A floating ribbon behind is worn with every style of bonnet.

Autumn bonnets are making their appearance, and at present indicate a tendency to lower shapes, wider, however, at the sides.

Long feathers are worn crossing the centre of the crown, a very large bow of plain velvet fastening them at the bottom.

Veils may be arranged so as to fall gracefully on each side of the face with round bonnets. In other shapes the crown is entirely hidden by ribbons.

Mourning bonnets are made rather larger than others, and may only be ornamented with ruches. Jet is only worn after a certain time. After jet, roses of white tarlatane with black foliage may lighten them somewhat. Feathers are not mourning. Travelling bonnets are invariably in black. The high Spanish shape is mostly preferred, with a gauze veil. The Louis XVI. bonnet, with the edges turned up behind, and trimmed with a large bow of black velvet, is also sometimes worn. These bonnets are ornamented with a wreath of flowers in front, and often with a wreath of foliage and a large flower at the side.

Costumes are partly made of velvet and foulard, batiste, or muslin. For example, a skirt of velvet, trimmed with a deep flounce surmounted by a bouillonné. Tunic in batiste écrue, trimmed with a fold of white muslin edged with valenciennes, forming a double panier, trimmed in the same manner. Bodice in velvet, with basques and without sleeves. Sleeves in batiste écrue, trimmed with a white fold, open square in front.

The "Sultane" robe is the shape mostly adopted, and is very elegant. It is sometimes made with a plain shawl of Indian cachemire. These shawls are edged with deep embroidery in silk, either white or in colours. I have seen some in brown cachemire with white embroidery. They are entirely closed in front, and two bands of embroidery descend the whole length. It is turned up at the hips and also lightly behind. A waistband of faille with large bows fall upon the tunic. The sleeves are very wide, and set off by embroidery and a deep white silk fringe, to which is attached a smaller one in brown silk. This robe may be worn with a jupon of faille or taffetas. Beneath a small silk bodice is worn, with light sleeves assorted to the jupon.

This style may also be made in black with embroidery in colours. Many embroideries represent ivy leaves, fleur-de-lis, or a star. They have a pretty effect, and may dispense with the fringe.

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At the present time, when tastes are sobered by circumstances, robes in plain silk with trained skirts are much worn. In poult de soie or faille they will be adapted to evening demi-toilettes. For example, robe of plain black faille, the bodice décolleté, square; pagoda sleeves; Louis XIII. basque around the bodice. By adding a fichu of sky blue or pink China crape and pagoda sleeves in lace you have at once a charming dinner toilette. A waistband in gros-grain of the same shape may be worn above the basques.

Bodices in black, trimmed with Flemish lace, are very elegant. The lace is arranged flat upon black ruches.

Very becoming robes are made in faille of a marine blue shade. They are trimmed with anchors in passementerie or in silver. For example, skirt in blue faille, trimmed with three flounces. Tunic bordered by a marine blue silk fringe, looped at one side by silk cords, to which an anchor in passementerie mixed with jet is attached. Bodice with basques behind, fastening in front its whole length with very small blue buttons. A girdle and epaulet in blue passementerie on the left shoulder. Sleeves with revers, trimmed with an anchor in passementerie.

With these toilettes plain collars and cuffs, in white linen, piqué, and loose cravats in black China crape, may be worn.

Robe of gros-grain, open skirt with flounce in Russian pleats. Over-skirt slit at the sides, and bordered by a small pleated flounce. Casaque of similar material, open in front, revealing a gilet of Louis XIV. shape, and waistband. The sleeves cut in points widened in front and slit behind, and bordered with the casaque, by the same flounce. Revers in velvet are much worn upon white cloth vests, very wide at the chest, and high on the sleeves. A biais of similar velvet is used for bordering square basques, which may be made more or less long, observing at the same time that loose vests should be made short, and fitting casaques long. Revers are also trimmed with small flounces in taffetas. This style prevails chiefly with vests made similar to the robe.

Fringes, which are much used, should be very deep, deep woollen fringes being better than short ones in silk.

Velvet jupons with flounces remain indispensable to town toilettes, black and brown being the prevailing colours. Striped velvets have not ceased to be fashionable. Very elegant jupons are made of striped silks and velvets, with flounces en biais.

Dresses are made in velvet, with revers faced with pékin. For example, a short skirt in blue and white pékin, the blue stripe being in velvet on white faille. Three vandyked flounces at the bottom, the centre one being in blue velvet. The indentations are bordered by a narrow fringe. This style is called "habit Directoire." A valenciennes cravat completes this costume. It may also be made in brown or black faille, if preferred, with the revers only in pékin and faille at the bottom of the skirt.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Robe of cuir-coloured toile mexicaine. Round skirt, trimmed at the bottom with three flounces, pleated very hollow, fastened by a biais of the same. Tunic of the same, bouffant, and rounded behind. The front is en tablier, shorter than the back, and entirely covering the side, and is bordered by a flounce similar to those at the bottom. Half-fitting veste-casaque; basques edged with a flounce. Pagoda sleeves. Pelerine cut in three festoons, that behind being longer than the others. Bow of the same at the waist, without pans. Toquet of brown straw circled and bordered with velvet biais of the same colour as the robe, trimmed with an ostrich feather falling back on the chignon.

Fig. 2.—Robe of grey foulard tussor, ornamented at the bottom with a flat trimming, and vandyked, with a bordering of the same material. The same trimming is repeated above, a size smaller, and separated from the bottom by a deep biais, bordered by two smaller ones. Tunic looped at the side, and trimmed in the same manner as the robe. Half-fitting casaque in blue velvet, forming four Louis XIII. basques, open in front, and revealing a close gilet. The casaque is ornamented with black silk trimming. Bonnet of blue velvet, with bridles of velvet and lace; cascade of black lace behind, and a bunch of white dahlias at the top.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of brown poplin, trimmed with bands of velvet. Brown hat, with velvet bows, and a veil of Canton crape.

Fig. 2.—Costume dress of emerald silk, with facings of velvet, and trimmings of fringe and narrow frillings. Chapeau of straw, with bows and strings of emerald ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Robe of silver-grey satin, with a flounce headed by five narrow frills of the same; casaque of black satin, trimmed with guipure lace. Bonnet of satin, ornamented with a small feather.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Young lady's dress of blue foulard, trimmed with narrow silk braid. Blue hat, with a wreath of autumn leaves placed round it.

Fig. 2.—Dress of solferino cashmere, trimmed with black velvet. Short jacket of black cloth with velvet trimmings. White hat, with a feather the same tint as the dress, and a black gauze veil.

Fig. 3.—Dress of drab faye, with wide bands of satin, edged with narrow quilling placed above the flounces. Bonnet of satin and crape, trimmed with a green feather.

PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Dress of black poult de soie, trimmed with narrow flounces of the same, headed by a fluting of black satin ribbon, chemisette of folded muslin.

Fig. 2.—Costume dress of fawn-coloured sateen de Lyons, with trimmings of bright green silk, edged with scollops of narrow black velvet; the panier and sleeves are bordered with silk fringe in addition.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of rose-coloured faye, trimmed with white lace, and ribbon to correspond with the dress. Coiffure ornamented with a bow of the same.

PLATE V.—*Nos.* 1 *and* 2.—Bonnet in Italian straw, trimmed with mauve China crape. Revers and pleated bavolet formed of straw. The trimming consists of bands of China crape, disposed in loose plaits; collar of the same with bow; and mauve feather placed behind the revers. No. 2 is the bonnet untrimmed.

Nos. 3 *and* 4.—Tyrolean hat in English straw, trimmed with brown China crape and velvet; revers covered with similar velvet. Bunch of red roses, with branch falling behind. The same without trimming in No. 3.

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No. 5.—Bonnet in grey crape, with bouquet of daisies and flowers. Bow in black velvet at the left side of the collar.

Nos. 6 *and* 7.—"Auvergnante" bonnet in English straw. The front turned back, and bordered with lace. Black feather and purple flowers.

Nos. 8 *and* 9.—Bonnet in grey straw, bordered with black velvet. Scarf in grey China crape, with diadem bow of the same: mixed flowers. No. 8, the bonnet without trimming.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this issue a Model of Corsage décolleté with basque. It may be made in tulle, or white or light blue silk, trimmed with bouillonnés of tulle de soie and ribbons of rose satin.

THE INDIAN SECRET.—An Indian Lady will send a sample bottle of the Secret Hair Dye, used by the native Indian princes for dyeing their hair black or brown. Inclose forty-two stamps to Indiana's London Agents, Baud et Lebarre, Museum Street, and 43, Hart Street, Oxford Street, W.C., (opposite Mudie's Library). The Secret is one liquid only. Colourless, harmless, and infallible. In bottles, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor Street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one.

THE HAIR, TEETH, AND SKIN.—The importance of these essential portions of the human frame cannot be too highly estimated, whether we regard them as the attributes of beauty and of female loveliness, or whether we investigate their peculiar structure and the elements of which they are composed. The hair, with its singular tubular structure, its peculiar mode of growth and elongation, the delicate method by which its tinge and colour are produced; partaking, moreover, as it does, of the influence of the mind, liable to be injured by disturbing causes, and totally ruined by neglect; next, the teeth, with their singular formations of osseous and fibrous structure, of bone and of enamel; and lastly, the skin, with its secret and wondrous sympathies with the health and well-being of the frame—these are all structures obviously too delicate to be entrusted to ignorant or unskilful hands, or to the injurious and corrosive mineral substances which are often so injudiciously applied to them. It is highly satisfactory to state that Messrs. Rowland and Sons have succeeded in producing applications of the most meritorious character, their Macassar for the hair, Odonto for the teeth, and Kalydor for the skin, being composed of the most beneficial and innoxious elements, and having stood the test of many years of trial and approbation.

RANGER.

A LITTLE boat in a cave,
And a child there fast asleep,
Floating out on a wave,
Out to the perilous deep—
Out to the living waters,
That brightly dance and gleam,
And dash their foam about him,
To wake him from his dream.

He rubs his pretty eyes,
He shakes his curly head,
And says, with great surprise,
"Why, I'm not asleep in bed!"
The boat is rising and sinking
Over the sailors' graves,
And he laughs out, "Isn't it nice,
Playing see-saw with the waves?"

Alas! he little thinks
Of the grief on the far-off sands,
Where his mother trembles and shrinks,
And his sister wrings her hands,
Watching in speechless terror,
The boat and the flaxen head.
Is there no hope of succour?
Must they see him drown'd and dead?

They run to the edge of the shore,
They stretch their arms to him;
Knee-deep they wade, and more,
But alas! they cannot swim.
Their pretty, pretty darling,
His little hat floats by;
They see his frightened face;
They hear his drowning cry.

Something warm and strong
Dashes before them then,
Hairy and curly and long,
And brave as a dozen men,
Bounding—panting—gasping,
Rushing straight as a dart;
Ready to die in the cause,
A dog with a loyal heart.

He fights with the fighting sea,
He grandly wins his prize;
Mother! he brings it thee
With triumph in his eyes.
He brings it thee, oh, mother!
His burden, pretty and pale;
He lays it down at thy feet,
And wags his honest old tail.

O dog! so faithful and bold;
O dog! so tender and true;
You shall wear a collar of gold,
And a crown, if you like it, too.
O Ranger! do just what you choose;
Old friend, so gallant and dear;
What churl would dare refuse
To drink your health with a cheer?

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A NIGHT OF TERROR.

A TRUE STORY.

I AM growing old, my readers, and my hair, once so dark and glossy, is now thickly threaded with silver; my eyes, once bright and sparkling, are now somewhat dim; and my children and grandchildren tell me that my memory fails fast. It may be so, but although I cannot always recall events that take place from day to day, I can remember, as well as if it had happened yesterday, a night of terror that I once spent in my home in the wilds of America. It was in the year 1830 that we settled in our home in the lonely wilderness. Ours was the only clearing for a full mile on either side, and the road to my own brother's house was merely a blazed path through a thick pine forest. My husband had let the clearing of his fallow to an Irish family, Burke by name, consisting of six brothers, and with the exception of the two youngest, a wild, fierce-looking set they were. The eldest of these men, Ulick, was a remarkable-looking man, with just the sort of face and expression one sees in pictures of Italian brigands.

He was not the least like a labouring man in either manners or appearance. His features were strikingly handsome; his eyes, wild and black, gleamed with a most sinister expression; his mouth was hard and cruel. He was a dreadful tyrant, too, and his temper often broke out into such wild gusts of vindictive passion on the most trifling occasion, that scenes of great violence often took place in the shanty, which stood about thirty yards from our house. Ulick often questioned Isabella, our only hired girl, as to whether we had much ready money in the house, and where the silver was kept that he sometimes saw being cleaned in the kitchen. It was her opinion that he was a desperate character. I knew little of the world's wickedness in those days, but I felt an instinctive dread of the bold stare which he always gave me if I happened to meet him about the place. Once he sent a message for me to go and see him, as he was very ill. His brother Mike brought over the message, and left directly he had given it to me, so I had no chance to ask him what was wrong with Ulick. I made a little custard, which I thought might tempt a sick person to eat, and, tying on my hat, was about to take it over, when Isabella stopped me.

"Wait till the master comes in, ma'am. He will take that over, if you cannot spare me."

"But, Bella, Ulick is sick, and requested to see me."

"Never mind that, ma'am," she replied, quietly. "Take my advice, and do not go. I know that man better than you do, and I would almost swear that nothing is the matter with him."

From that day my dread of Ulick Burke increased, and I eagerly looked forward to the time when the fallow should be cleared, and the shanty rid of its rough inmates.

It was in the month of February that business of an urgent nature obliged my husband to leave home for a town some forty miles distant. We had no man-servant belonging to the house—not even a boy; so Isabella and myself were alone in our lonely dwelling. My brother had not been over for some days, so did not know of my husband's intended journey. All day long, after he left, I felt a strange presentiment of coming evil, which, as night drew in, rather increased than diminished. Never before had the wind sounded so dreary as it did on that February night, as it moaned and sighed through the tall pine-trees, or blew in fitful and angry gusts across the clearing. I would have retired to bed in the hope of sleeping off my fears, but my baby was very restless, and I could not get him to sleep. Taking the little man in my arms, I soon succeeded in amusing him, and myself also, as in watching his playful wiles I for a time forgot my fears; but just as I was rising to prepare for bed, I heard the tramping of oxen, and the loud shouting of the men who had that day gone to M—— to bring up stores of pork, whisky, and tobacco. I knew at once, by the harsh words and horrid oaths that fell upon my ear, that the brothers had been drinking freely, and a feeling came into my mind that I would wait till all was quiet at the shanty before we ourselves retired for the night. Baby had calmed down nicely, and was lying quietly upon my knee, when, horror of horrors, I happened to raise my eyes in the direction of the window, and saw a face pressed against one of the panes of glass, which even in my wild terror I recognised as belonging to Ulick Burke, regarding me with a look of fiendish triumph. I knew enough not to scream, but, rising up with a desperate effort, I dragged my trembling limbs into the kitchen. Isabella had her back toward me, so she did not catch sight of my white and ghastly face, and before I had time to tell her anything, the kitchen door opened, and Ulick entered.

He closed the door carefully behind him, and, stepping up directly in front of me, he fixed his gleaming eyes upon my face, with an expression which sent every drop of blood curdling to my heart. I clasped my helpless infant tightly in my arms, and retreated back a step or two. I could not articulate a single word; a deadly fear took possession of me. Twice I tried to speak, but the sound died away upon my lips.

"What brings you here so late, Ulick? The fire is out in the shanty, I reckon, and you're wanting a coal to light it again," said Isabella, with perfect coolness.

"The fire is not out," he replied, without removing his eyes from my face; "but I've come to spend the night with your mistress. 'Tis a lonesome thing for two women to be by themselves in a place like this. You might both be murdered, and who would be the wiser?"

Then, drawing a chair toward him as he spoke, he sat down, still watching me with those terrible eyes. Isabella stood behind him, and I could see her, though he could

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not. She made signs to me not to show such deadly marks of terror as were visible on my face.

"The mistress and myself are obliged to you, Ulick; but did you not know that we expect the master in every minute?"

He laughed a low, mocking, scornful laugh.

"You may spare your looks, then, for he started for C—— at noon to-day. It will be some days before you see him again—perhaps never."

"Sure," she replied, quickly, "did he not leave them papers that he was obliged to take with him? and he must come back for them. 'Tis for him we are keeping up the big fire; and don't you see the kettle boiling, all ready for his tea?"

"Maybe I can spare you the trouble of sitting up for him," he said, with an air of ill-disguised triumph. "I went on to M——, and saw him with my own eyes. He gave me this scrap of paper for her"—here he pointed toward me. "I am not much of a scholar, but I managed to make out by the writing that he had gone on to the big town on the lake this evening."

Every hope of rescue died out of my heart at these words. A faint hope had clung to me that he would not doubt Isabella's story, and would at once leave the house; but the knowledge he expressed of the contents of my husband's note filled me with terror. I shook and trembled so that I could scarcely stand, while I held my letter unread in my hand.

"Ulick, you have been fighting over in the shanty since you came home, have you not?" asked Isabella, quietly.

"Yes," he replied, sullenly, "we have. Kelly and Pat have drawn knives more than once this evening, and the boys got at the whisky, and never left a drop. I gave Mike a thrashing that he won't get over in a hurry, and Pat is lying half-dead in the shanty, but not by my hand. I did not want to see him hurt, and it will be the worse for the next who touches him."

He rose up as he said this, and opened the kitchen door as if to listen, but all seemed quiet, so he shut the door, and instead of sitting down again, he walked up directly in front of me, and once more I encountered the gaze of those dreadful eyes.

"I've a long score to settle with you," he said, "but I kept quiet till the master went away. He is gone at last, and anger keeps warm with nursing. You are both in my power now. Do you see that?" He held up a long bright knife, which, while speaking, he had drawn from beneath his coat. "Give me the child!"

At those terrible words my courage in some degree returned, and stepping back quickly, I exclaimed:

"You surely would not injure my child, Ulick! You could not hurt my innocent babe? He, at least, has done you no harm; neither have any of us, that I am aware of."

I had still kept retreating back, step by step, as I spoke, and step by step he advanced. We had almost reached the parlour door. My babe was in danger of suffocation, owing to the vice-like embrace in which I held him. Suddenly Isabella ran quickly past me, and I heard her open the glass door which looked down the garden. I thought that she had forsaken me in my sore extremity, and that I was alone with a murderer. I closed my eyes to shut out that dreadful face, while I tried to offer up a brief but earnest prayer for pardon to my God and my Judge for all the sins I had committed against him.

"Ulick, Ulick, for the love of heaven, run! they are murdering Pat. I hear him screaming for help!" was the entreating words of Isabella, who had been standing at the door all the time. I thought myself alone. Taken completely by surprise, and thoroughly deceived by the girl's violently excited manner, as she stood wringing her hands and crying, "Run, run, or they will kill him before you get there!" Ulick instantly released his hold of my arm, and, without a word, dashed out of the door in the direction of the shanty.

Not a moment was lost. Drawing a heavy chest across the door, which she next fastened by means of a fork slipped under the latch, she then nailed down the windows. I could give her no assistance. I sat crouching over my babe, while my whole frame shook with low, convulsive sobs.

"Oh, Isabella," at last I whispered, "what will those frail fastenings avail against that terrible man, when he returns again, enraged at being deceived by you?"

"Do you see that door?" she replied, pointing to the glass door.

"I do. It is unfastened," was my despairing answer.

"Well, I know; it is all the better for you. Now listen to me, mistress. If Ulick Burke returns—and I am almost sure he will—leave me to talk to him, and run for your life over to the shanty, and throw yourself upon his brothers for protection. There are five of them, and, with the exception of Pat, they all hate Ulick. Tell them your danger, and, if I am not mistaken, Tom and Mike and Kelly and John will take your part. 'Tis your only chance, for he would not spare you."

"And what is to become of you, my brave Isabella?"

"I am not afraid to die; I have neither husband nor child to fret for me; but I would sell my life dearly to that ruffian," was her calm reply.

Oh, what a long, weary night that was, as we sat there, expecting his return. Often did I rise and grasp Isabella's arm, in an agony of terror and despair, as I fancied I heard his tread on the door step, or saw those gleaming eyes peering at us through the window.

The fire went out for want of wood, and we dare not open the door to get a stick for it, so that we were shivering with cold as well as fear before the dawn broke. But a merciful Providence watched over us in lonely helplessness, for Ulick Burke did not return again.

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One of the boys came over next day, and Isabella asked him, in a careless way, what they had been about over at the shanty the night before.

"Drinking and fighting the first part of the evening; and then Ulick went out, after he had beaten Mike terribly; so we made a vow to be revenged on him, and when he came in again, we all seized him, and bound him down with cords, and then pitched into him. He won't leave his bed for a full month, I can tell you; but he deserved all he got. We would have given him twice as much, only Pat begged hard for him to be left alone."

The mystery of Ulick not returning was now explained, and little did the brothers ever guess that, in revenging themselves, they had, in all human probability, saved the lives of two people.

Not daring to spend another night alone, I walked over to my brother's, after breakfast, and he sent one of his men over to sleep at our house till my husband came back. I knew that one more month would finish the chopping, and so great was my dread of Ulick Burke's revengeful temper, that I told neither husband nor brother of my "night of terror" spent in my first home in America, with no other companion than brave Isabella Gordon.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER VIII.

LAMIA shivered, and put her hand dreamily to her forehead, on which the cold perspiration had gathered thickly. How much did this man know of her scheme? Of all men in the world, he was the last one she could have wished to have any power over her. He had always been peculiarly obnoxious to her, and she had not scrupled to make him conscious of it. A hanger-on around the concert saloon, he had been silly enough to fall in love with her; and as if that had not been folly sufficient, he had added to it by declaring his passion to its object. He had been laughed at for his pains. But ridicule would not turn him from the pursuit, for his love was rather mercenary—he coveted Lamia's salary as well as her person, and thought it would be a delightful state of existence to live in the light of her smiles, and on the profits of her great skill in dancing. Really, it was not a bad speculation, if he could only make it pay; but unfortunately for him, Owen Halbert rendered all his love advances nugatory. But he had followed up his suit pertinaciously, hoping against hope, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

Had Lamia's eyes possessed the power of death, the glances she shot at Hugh Preston from beneath her long lashes would certainly have annihilated him. With the malignity of small-minded people, he rather enjoyed her suppressed rage, knowing his power over her. He looked upon it as a kind of retribution on her for her previous scorn.

Lamia's chief fear was that Gisbet's attention should be attracted, for she hardly credited Preston's assertion that he was unknown to him. She must get rid of the man for the present, and find out at some more convenient opportunity how far his power to injure her extended.

"I cannot talk to you now," she said, hurriedly. "Where can I meet you this evening?"

He grinned in a very satisfied manner at these words.

"Come to the nearest landing, about seven o'clock; in the crowd in the ferry-house we shall never be noticed," he answered. "Will you come?"

"Yes," she replied.

"All right," he said, and walked away as if her simple assurance was sufficient. He felt safe enough of seeing her, as he knew she would not dare to disappoint him.

Lamia rejoined her friends.

"Who was that?" asked Gisbet.

"A gentleman who mistook me for an acquaintance," answered Lamia, carelessly; "or else made that a pretext for addressing me."

"Impudent puppy! I have heard of such expedients before," cried Gisbet, indignantly.

"So have I," exclaimed Ella, a little maliciously; "and if he had only been good-looking, you might have forgiven him, Lamia."

"He certainly was an odd-looking little fellow," added Celynda.

It was quite evident that the two friends, who made common cause against Lamia, were disposed to quiz her chance acquaintance. The dark beauty's brow contracted slightly at these words. It was not what was said, however, that annoyed her, but the fact that Hugh Preston's short interview with herself had attracted so much attention.

"He put me very much in mind of a member of the swell-mob," said Gisbet. "And there was something in his appearance that puzzled me."

"What was that?" demanded Lamia, eagerly.

"It was strangely familiar to me," he answered, carelessly, "and I could almost swear that I had seen him somewhere before."

Lamia controlled her emotion with an effort. She thought it impossible that Gisbet should not have observed this flashy little man, who had dogged her steps almost like her shadow.

"Where?" she asked, quickly.

"In Baltimore," responded Gisbet.

"What!" cried the mercurial Ella, in surprise. "Were you ever in Baltimore? Why, what in the world were you doing there?"

Gisbet looked embarrassed—the admission was a rash one, if any suspicion of their fraud should be excited in

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the future. Lamia reproached herself for having led him into this quandary, and instantly came to his rescue.

"Oh, yes," she said, promptly; "we stopped there for a day on our way hither. I wished to see if I could find some friends of my family there, but we failed to do so."

Ella Lavelle was a keen-witted girl, and although she accepted the explanation at the time, she thought it strange that they should have stopped at Baltimore, and felt sure that there was some mischief at the bottom of it. The inference she drew was not at all complimentary to Lamia's character.

"Rest assured, my dear Lynda," she said to her friend, that night, in the privacy of their chamber, "there is something wrong about that girl."

"How wrong?" asked Celynda, who was more sluggish, and not so suspicious.

"Don't know; that's what puzzles me. She's awful deep, but I'll find her out yet; see if I don't."

From that time Ella constituted herself a kind of special detective to watch the actions of Lamia. We shall see presently if her efforts were rewarded by any discoveries.

After tea that evening, Lamia made a pretext of wishing to purchase some small articles in the shops by the landing, put on her hat and a thick blue veil to hide her features, and muffling her lithe figure in a long flowing cloak, went out to keep her appointment with Hugh Preston. She knew that this action would be commented on by the inmates of Clovernook, but thought it would be ascribed to a certain eccentricity of which she already had the credit. But it was a matter of too vital importance, both to Gisbet and herself, for her to hesitate or consider the construction that might be placed upon her actions. As often happens, however, there was very little notice taken of the matter. Mrs. Fetherstone merely shrugged her shoulders, saying:

"An odd girl that. Why could she not have waited until to-morrow. I confess I fail altogether to understand her."

Celynda and Ella, satisfied by her not taking Gisbet with her, had no remark to make whatever. It was a matter of small consequence to them when she did her shopping.

So Lamia walked breathlessly down to the landing, and found Hugh Preston awaiting her there. They sat down in the ferry-house, in the corner of the waiting-room, and Lamia pulled her veil closely over her face; but there was not much danger of any person noticing or recognising her there.

"You are punctual," he began.

"Yes," she answered, briefly.

"So much the better for you."

These words were a covert threat. The man must possess some important knowledge, or he would not dare to use such language to her. She set her teeth tightly together, and her breath came hard and laboured between them.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, sharply.

"I'll tell you just what I mean, and show you just how the land lies, Lamia Juke," he responded, consequentially. "I know all about your little game, and I can just block it."

Lamia shivered; but, after all, the man might be boasting, for he was a braggadocio by nature—he might have a suspicion, but really no positive knowledge of their scheme.

"What do you know?" she demanded, scornfully. The tone stung his vanity as she intended, and he burst forth with:

"I'll tell you what I know—*I know that you and Owen Halbert robbed and murdered Gisbet Fetherstone, and that he, trusting to the wonderful resemblance that he bears to the murdered man, is now passing himself off in his place.*"

Lamia became breathless with wonder.

"How did you discover this?" she gasped.

He chuckled triumphantly.

"You do not deny it?" he cried.

"I neither deny or admit it," answered Lamia, calmly, "Your simple assertion of the fact would not have much weight, Mr. Hugh Preston."

She was artfully goading the man into revealing all he knew; but of course he had not brains enough to understand this, or comprehend the nature of the dangerous woman he was seeking to bend to his will.

"Won't it?" retorted he; "just you wait and see. Perhaps you don't know what I could back my assertion with? Oh, dear, no! I can show you something that will make you open your eyes. You'd better believe it, now, I tell you. You don't know all I know."

"No, nor do you seem disposed to tell me," she returned, scornfully; "which makes me think you have nothing to tell, after all."

"Haven't I—just you listen."

"I came here for that purpose."

"Just you keep your eyes open, then. Look out for the engine when the bell rings. Here we go. In the first place, I made the same mistake that you did; I took Gisbet Fetherstone for Owen Halbert. I knew Owen had gone away, and I hoped for good, as I knew you would never listen to me while he was around—and I can't say I admire your taste in preferring such a chap as him to me. I was waiting at the door, with the hope of seeing and speaking to you when you came out, when along comes this fellow that I took to be your man, Owen Halbert. Well, we had a little chat together—and I left."

Lamia laughed.

"You thought you might have to pay a little too dearly for your 'music,' eh?" she asked, tauntingly.

"Well, perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't," he returned sulkily. "What I did do was to keep an eye on

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this chap, unseen by him. I saw you join him, and I followed you up the street. I hadn't any settled purpose in doing this, only a kind of an idea that I would like to mash him, if I got a good chance."

Lamia smiled scornfully; it was evident that she had not the highest opinion of Mr. Hugh Preston's prowess.

"It would have cost you dear if you had tried it," she said.

"Perhaps it would," he continued, nonchalantly, "and perhaps it wouldn't. I'm some on my muscle, when I get excited, I tell you. Well, as I was saying, I followed you, and saw you take him into your house. Thinks I, 'I may get a chance at him when he comes out,' so I lit a cigar and sat down on an adjoining step. I had sat there for about a quarter of an hour, when I heard footsteps coming up the street, and thinking it might be a policeman on his beat, I crawled into the shadow of the doorway, squatted down, and kept quiet. Do you know what I saw then?" he suddenly demanded of Lamia, in a tantalising manner.

"No—what?"

"There was a gas-lamp on the other side of the street, and the rays of light streamed across to your door. A man came up the street, paused before your door and knocked, in a very peculiar manner. The light fell strongly on his features, and, judge of my astonisment, on beholding the face of OWEN HALBERT.

CHAPTER IX.

HUGH PRESTON made an abrupt pause, in order that his words should have their due effect upon his listener's mind; but they had made little effect upon Lamia as yet—she had found nothing to be alarmed at so far.

"Well," she responded coldly, "you saw the face of Owen Halbert at my door. What of it? I don't see anything very wonderful in that."

He regarded her with a peculiar expression, which she could not interpret; it showed a consciousness of something in reserve, which alarmed her more than his words had done.

"Don't you?" he exclaimed, dryly. "Well, now, do you know, it struck me as being a *leetle* remarkable that Owen Halbert should come to the door when he was already inside the house? Whilst I was studying over the apparent impossibility and actual reality, the door opened, and he went in. It suddenly flashed through my mind that the other chap was somebody else, a brother perhaps. I soon became convinced that there were two when I reflected how much better dressed the first Owen was than I had ever seen him before. I became rather curious to know what you were going to do with both these sparks; and, while running the matter over in my mind, I remembered that your back windows looked out upon 'Jones's Falls,' and that there was a flight of stone steps leading to the water from the next house. I thought if I could get to those steps, your windows being open, I might overhear what was said in your room. I set about this at once. With my knife I contrived to force the bolt of the alley-way gate of the next house, made my way in the yard, and crept down the steps. It was a risky piece of business; because if they had kept a dog, I should have been discovered, and arrested as a burglar. Fortunately, there was not any dog in the vicinity."

Lamia thought it was a great pity there had not been, but her curiosity to discover the result of his eavesdropping kept her silent. Hugh Preston, having paused to take breath, proceeded:

"I need scarcely tell you that I heard nothing; but what I soon saw made up for the deficiency."

"What did you see?" demanded Lamia, breathlessly.

"*I saw a man, in his drawers and undershirt, thrown from your window into the water beneath!*"

"Could you prove that?" asked Lamia, scornfully.

"Oh, yes," he answered, with smiling confidence.

"How?"

"I will tell you. The body, after sinking, rose again to the surface, and the current floated it down to the steps on which I was standing. Scarcely knowing what I did, I clutched it, and drew it up on the steps."

"Ah!" It was a simple exclamation that burst from Lamia's lips, but there was a volume of meaning in it. She had not expected such a revelation as this.

Hugh Preston regarded her with a look of malignant triumph.

"Have I astonished you, my lady?" he cried, exultingly. "That's nothing to what is coming—just you wait. The moon—which had been playing hide-and-seek with the clouds all night—peeped out just then, and gave me a good look at his face. I saw distinctly the features that so resembled Owen Halbert's, and at the same time I saw something that convinced me that it was not he; the breast of the white garment he wore was dabbled with blood. I could understand that he had been foully dealt with, and thought at the moment that jealousy had prompted the crime."

"What did you do with the body?" demanded Lamia, eagerly.

"Pushed it off the steps into the water again, and let it float down stream," answered Preston, coolly.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Lamia, triumphantly—"where is your evidence against me? The body was never found." Again he regarded her with that tantalising look that nearly drove her wild.

"Oh, yes, it was," he responded, quietly. "It was found the next morning. Didn't you see the account of it in the papers?"

"No," answered Lamia, morosely, more and more impressed with the humiliating conviction that she was utterly at this man's mercy.

"That's strange, for they were full of it," continued Hugh Preston, his ferret-eyes twinkling maliciously.

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"They described the body minutely—told how his undergarments were marked with the initials G. F., worked in black silk, and offered, from the mayor of the city, a reward of *one thousand dollars* for any information that would lead to the apprehension and conviction of his murderer or murderers. The offer still holds good. One thousand dollars would be a tidy little sum for a poor fellow like me to finger, wouldn't it, Lamia?"

"Yes," she answered, abstractedly; the pitfall which had opened so unexpectedly before her, threatening to engulf her dark scheme, and the criminals engaged in it, stunned and bewildered her.

Hugh Preston surveyed her complacently—her dismay seemed to afford him intense satisfaction.

"Of course," he continued, "I hadn't the remotest idea then what G. F. stood for. But I soon discovered, I kept a tight watch over you, and when you left Baltimore I followed. I spotted you down here, where I found you living in clover. When I discovered that you were Lamia Randolph, and that Owen Halbert was called Gisbet Fetherstone, then I knew what G. F. stood for, and why you killed him."

There was no help for it; Lamia felt that she must treat with this man; she could not defy him as she had hoped.

"You expect to make something out of me by this knowledge," she said, "or you would have denounced me before now to the authorities in Baltimore. You are not one to let a thousand dollars slip, unless you had the prospect of making more by so doing."

"Exactly," he rejoined, with a grin. "I'm here on the make. I don't attempt to disguise it." She smiled disdainfully.

"And you think you can make more than a thousand dollars?" she inquired.

"Well, I do."

"What is the price of your secrecy, then?"

"*You!*"

"What?"

"You!"

She regarded him with wondering eyes.

"I do not understand you. What do you mean?" she asked, with a bewilderment not unmingled with disgust.

"Let me put it plainly before you," he replied, in a very unlover-like manner. "I love you—that's no news to you, for I have told you so several times before; and I have a vivid recollection that upon each occasion you did me the honour to turn up your pretty nose at me in a highly offensive manner. But you have turned up your nose at me once too often, my beauty! It is my turn now. Your life is in my hands, and I'm going to do one of two things, mighty sudden. I'm going to marry, or hang you! and it don't make much difference to me which!"

He thrust his hands into his pockets, and commenced whistling a popular concert-saloon air to himself. She regarded him with mingled rage and dismay—hating while she feared him.

"Marry you?" she cried, in disgust.

"Marry me!" he answered, checking his tune sufficiently to make the reply, and then resuming it again in a dulcet manner.

"Oh! I could never do that. I would sooner die!"

The tune broke off suddenly, and he glared at her savagely.

"Well, it's lucky that's your preference," he cried, fiercely, "because that is just what will happen to you if you refuse."

The black eyes snapped, and the graceful head crested in a very serpent-like manner.

"Coward!" she hissed; "would you sell a woman to the scaffold?"

"Yes; if that woman has the very bad taste to refuse me when I offer to marry her."

"I can never love you!"

"Oh, yes, you can. You never know what you can do until you try."

"I shall never try," she retorted, desperately.

"You'd better, if you know when you are well off."

The threat made her furious—and the more furious she grew, the more he seemed to enjoy it. She saw this and controlled her passion, appearing outwardly calm, though her blood was at fever-heat.

"Will not money content you?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Where are you going to get any money—that is to say, as much as I should want?" he returned, coolly.

Where, indeed? This pertinent question opened her eyes to her true situation. The adventurer—her accomplice in guilt—in his assumed character of Gisbet Fetherstone, had turned over the money and papers to Mrs. Fetherstone, to whom they rightly belonged. Gisbet would be dependent on her bounty as long as she lived. As the reader knows, Lamia had resolved to put Gisbet in possession, by secretly removing Mrs. Fetherstone; but such a crime as that could not be undertaken without great care and caution. It could hardly be brought about in time to meet the demands of Hugh Preston. Still, it depended upon how much would be required to shut his mouth.

"How much money would satisfy you?" she faltered, trusting, as a last hope, that his demand might be moderate enough to be met in some way.

"Five thousand dollars, and not a cent less," he answered, decidedly.

An enormous sum in her eyes, but he had no idea of accepting money; he had resolved to possess her, because she had slighted him, and because he thought she could make a fortune for him. How, his words will soon explain.

(To be continued.)

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THE TEMPLE PRISON OF LOUIS XVI.

THE Temple, to which Louis XVI. and the royal family were taken after their arrest by the Revolutionists, was an old building, half monastery, half castle, which had once been one of the strongholds of those monk soldiers, the Knights Templars. It was composed of a couple of towers, one seventy feet high, the other much smaller, and a large space of ground, surrounded by a comparatively low wall. This enclosure contained many houses, and especially a very fine building, once the palace of the Templars themselves. Many of the windows of the surrounding houses, which formed part of the lowest quarter of Paris, overlooked these grounds, in which there was an avenue of chestnut-trees, and a pretty garden.

The towers had not been used for many generations, and the contents of their several floors were of the most wretched description. The rooms themselves, built round a central staircase, were desolate in the extreme; while the walls being nine feet deep, the windows loop-holes, and even these barred, it need not be said that the interior was never wholesomely light.

The royal prisoners were taken to the old palatial building upon their arrival, and the poor king at once expressed a sense of relief at the serenity his wife and children now enjoyed, compared with the dangers they ran at the royal palace.

The family supped together, and the king, as usual, ate heartily. The municipals told off to watch the prisoners stood during the meal, but this slight semblance of respect was soon to disappear.

Louis chatted cheerfully as to what their life should be—how he should be his son's schoolmaster—how the garden was large enough for exercise—how they should live and employ the day. He even inspected the rooms, the beds, the linen; in a word, was once more the man he had always been—a rather quiet-spirited, inquisitive, active, dull man.

But this respite lasted only during a few hours. The king had appointed the various bedrooms, but before the dauphin could be put to bed in the one set down as his, an order came from the authorities, ordering that the royal family should be lodged in the smaller tower.

They waited until after midnight before their new place of imprisonment was ready, and then themselves carried what was wanting to the tower. The king's servant asking where his master was to be lodged, the municipal officer replied: "Your master has been living under gilded roofs; he will find none here, and learn at the same time how we lodge the murderers of the people."

Madame Elizabeth was lodged in the kitchen, on the ground floor; the so-called Court on the second; the king, queen, and children, on the floors above. The walls and floors were bare, except for some obscene pictures on the walls, which the king took down.

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

MR. MARK LEMON has left a novel called the "Blue Petticoat," which will be published shortly.

MR. E. L. BLANCHARD, the dramatic author and critic, has commenced a series of articles on London amusements in the "Birmingham Daily Gazette."

THE Galleries of the Louvre have been closed. A commission, of which M. Ravaisson is a member, has been appointed to take care of them and their contents.

THE proprietors of the "Australasian," it is stated, have purchased the exclusive right of publication of "Lothair" in Australia.

MR. HOGG, the founder of "London Society," is now about to start "English Society," a new shilling monthly.

THE Vokes Family have arrived in London from Paris, the alarming state of the city having closed the theatres and their engagements there. They reappear at Drury Lane.

IN the month of November, an opera, by John Strauss, the prince of waltz writers, entitled "Ali Baba," is to be brought out at Vienna; the libretto is by Herr O. F. Berg. The same subject has been treated by Cherubini in an opera of the same name.

THE "Rivista Europea" for September mentions two new works of the young sculptor, Signor Cesare Fantacchiotti, as specially worthy of notice. They are a statue representing "Ambition," and another entitled "L'Incauta." Amongst other recent works of sculpture is an infant Bacchus, modelled by Signor Emilio Zocchi.

THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS.—The Crown jewels of France were deposited at the Guarde Meuble down to 1791, when a very detailed inventory was drawn up by MM. Bion, Christin, and Delattre, deputies to the National Constituent Assembly, appointed as a special commission for the purpose, in accordance with the decrees of the 26th and 27th May and the 2nd June of that year. The list was printed, at the National Office, in two parts, and distributed to the members of the Chamber. The first portion concerns the precious stones under the name of "Crown diamonds," with an estimate of their value. The first chapter (diamonds) gives 16,730,403 fr.; the second (pearls), 996,700 fr.; the third (coloured stones), 360,604 fr.; the fourth (suites of ornaments) 5,834,490 fr.—making a total of 23,922,197 fr. The *Régent* alone is calculated at twelve millions. The worth of these precious objects has at least tripled since that period. The collection contains 9,547 diamonds, 513 pearls, 230 rubies, 71 topazes, 150 emeralds, 134 sapphires, 3 amethysts, 8 Syrian garnets, and 8 other coloured stones. The second part comprises ornaments, rock crystal, engraved stones, gems, and other monuments of the arts and sciences. These treasures were handed over to the National Museum, and they form at present one of the most interesting galleries of the Louvre.

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Plate I

Nov. 1870.

LONDON AND PARIS

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Plate II

LONDON AND PARIS

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Plate III *November.*

LONDON AND PARIS

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November.

Plate IV

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 479. NOVEMBER, 1870. Vol. 43.

This Magazine will be forwarded, post free, for six months, to any part of the United Kingdom, on the receipt of the half-yearly Subscription of Six Shillings and Sixpence.

LA MODE.

As our readers are aware, all ordinary communication with the French capital has been at an end since the 18th of September, and Paris, completely isolated from the rest of the world, is now suffering the inconvenience of a protracted siege. The war alone occupies every one's attention, and to speak of "French fashions" at such a time would be a simple mockery. The provinces and seaport towns are in a scarcely less agitated state, and numbers of fugitives are continually arriving upon our shores. Under these circumstances we must crave the kind indulgence of our readers for the absence of our usual correspondence this month.

Happily, the horrors of actual warfare are at the present moment unknown in our own country, and while we mourn over the sufferings of our neighbours, we must, at the same time, remember that our patrons have to be cared for. We offer, therefore, some of the prevailing styles.

With the advancing autumn warmer clothing has become necessary, and satinés, reps, cashmires, &c., are the prevailing fabrics. There is little change in dresses, which are still made with rather longer waists than formerly. Bodices are mostly open in front, sometimes square, and frequently pointed. Revers are much worn, and basques are still in great favour. Flounced skirts are worn in evening dress, which are made of a medium length.

Long tight-fitting casaques in black velvet are very fashionable. A short cape is sometimes added. They are trimmed with gimp, or passementerie, and narrow lace.

The dress and casaque may be made en suite of velvet. Bands of fur will be the best trimming for this style.

Velvet tunics are very much worn; they are generally accompanied by an underskirt of plain material, ornamented with five or six small flounces. The tunics are generally trimmed with fringe.

Velvet is also largely employed for jupons, which are ornamented with flounces, generally made in satin. Complete costumes in this material will be much in vogue this season.

Jackets and paletots are nearly all made loose, or slightly shaped to the figure, sometimes with a short cape or pelerine. Paletots are often trimmed with fringe. The new Venetian, or loose hanging sleeve is generally adopted, but pagoda and tight-fitting sleeves may be also worn.

The "Crown Princess," a yachting jacket, is becoming very fashionable. It is made in coloured cloth or velvet, generally dark green or brown, and is trimmed with fur, or with a deep fringe.

The "Osborne" is another very elegant jacket, worn en suite with the dress. This jacket is made semi-tight, and open at the back and sides. It may be worn either single or double-breasted, and with an open sleeve, having a trimming down the back. Roll collars and revers are much worn.

Shawl costumes will be found very appropriate for the approaching winter. They are generally made with two plain Scotch woollen shawls, the borders and fringes of which form a deep flounce, which should not be placed very near the bottom. They are made with basques, which are trimmed in a similar manner.

Pagoda sleeves are still much in vogue, but a fitting sleeve will be more adapted to the requirements of the season. When made in the latter style they are generally trimmed with frills at the wrist.

Ceintures are seldom seen. They should not be very long, when worn.

Woollen plaids in scarlet and black, and in white, are in great favour. They have a very graceful appearance, and are particularly well suited for young ladies. Plaids and checked materials are much used for underskirts, generally with black or grey tunics, trimmed with a fringe to match, or a narrow gathered flounce.

Lace is much used in trimming dresses and jackets, and also mantles. Black is employed with dark shades, and white with lighter shades. A trimming very often adopted is a rather deep bias fold of the material, corded at the edges, or in other cases a band of velvet or satin. Fringes are also very much used.

In bonnets, the Gipsy shape is the most fashionable. Bonnets in this style are trimmed with feathered aigrettes, and velvet. Black is the prevailing colour; other styles are still worn, nevertheless, and we append several of the leading ones.

Bonnet in rice straw, ornamented by a small diadem of black

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velvet placed in a band above the front. A rosette of black lace at the top, and bunch of yellow chrysanthemums at the side. Small round veil in black lace behind, with pans falling on the neck. The bonnet is bordered with black velvet behind.

Toquet Watteau in rice straw, trimmed with a crown of black velvet placed at the side of the front. At the top a large rose, with train of half-open buds and foliage. Double barbe, with the pans falling back upon the hair. Black velvet barbes tying under the chin.

Bonnet in dark pearl-grey tulle, spotted with black velvet. The front of the bonnet formed of black velvet. Tea rose placed behind. A single square pan in lace covers the hair. Barbes in black lace.

Toque in rice straw, with raised edges, lined with black velvet. The centre of the bonnet is ornamented with a bow of white Doña Maria gauze. Black lace placed around the crown. A train of foliage with cherries is placed around the toquet behind, a long pan of the garland falling upon the barbes covering the hair.

Marie-Antoinette bonnet in prune-blue China crape, ornamented in front with blue feathers rising in a tuft. Bow of blue gros-grain behind. Black lace pans upon the chignon. Black lace barbes.

Toquet in rice straw, the edges turned up, and lined with dark green velvet. It is encircled with a wreath of bows of green gros-grain ribbon. Behind these, bows are mixed. Two long pans of gros-grain loose on the hair. Bird's wing in front.

Waterproof articles are now quite indispensable. They are made nearly tight-fitting, and may be worn with or without a cape on the shoulders.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Ball dress of white grenadine over white taffetas; the flounces are headed by ruches of blue ribbon and the sleeves and over-skirt trimmed with bows of the same. In the hair blue flowers are placed to correspond.

Fig. 2.—Dress of straw-coloured foulard trimmed with black lace and narrow velvet.

Fig. 3.—Little girl's dress of peach-blossom de laine with puffings of the same, under-bodice and sleeves of white nansook.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of Bismarck-coloured poplin trimmed with black velvet and fringe, and brown hat and black feather.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of lavender drap de France trimmed with bands of scarlet and white silk. Coronet bonnet of lavender terry trimmed with white feathers and veil and two scarlet flowers.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of striped rep; circular mantle of black cloth with velvet and fringe trimmings. Chapeau of green velour ornamented with violet flowers and black gauze veil.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Indoor dress of mais-coloured lustrine trimmed with flounces of the same and satin piping.

Fig. 2.—Costume dress of ruby coloured faye with trimmings of black velvet. Coiffeur of ringlets ornamented with black velour.

Fig. 3.—Promenade dress of grey cachemire trimmed with bands of azure silk. Small paletot of azure cloth, with velvet and fringe trimmings. Hat composed of blue velvet and long crape veil.

PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Dress of poult de soie and flounces of the same fixed by bands of white silk.

Fig. 2.—Dress and mantle of grey cloth, with fluted trimmings of the same material on the skirt. Bonnet of blue velvet and black lace ornamented with blue flowers.

Fig. 3.—Promenade of Scotch tartan manteau of black velvet trimmed with Spanish lace and silk cords. Hat of black velvet trimmed with a scarlet plume and white veil.

PLATE V.—*No.* 1.—Bonnet in embroidered muslin, forming capuchon behind, which is separated by an entre-deux, bordered with two bands of festooned muslin. Diadem of violet ribbon in front, and bow at the top, the ends falling back on the capuchon.

No. 2.—Bonnet-coiffure in Malines blond or lace. Coquille bordered with lace upon the hair, falling upon and partly concealing the chignon. Diadem composed of daisies with foliage, fastened by black lace. Bow of blue velvet at the top, the ends falling back.

No. 3.—Evening coiffure in black lace, ornamented in front by a thick ruche of lace bordering a spotted lily with its foliage. The lace divides above the ear, and is concealed beneath the chignon by a bow, partly pink and black, the ends of which fall down the back.

No. 4.—Sabot sleeves, having a bouillonné, through which a coloured ribbon may be passed. The edge of the sleeve is trimmed with valenciennes.

No. 5.—Collar with revers to be worn with robes open en châle. Embroidered muslin band around, with a design in narrow velvet. At the waist the revers form a flat bow with square pans, which are similarly ornamented with lace and velvet.

No. 6.—Sabot and flounced sleeve, ornamented with bands of festooned muslin of a small cross pattern. This sleeve is named the "Duchess." It differs from the pagoda in having a cuff to which the flounce is attached.

No. 7.—White corsage, ornamented with a double row of embroidered muslin bands. A similar band is placed en collerette around the neck. Jabot of the same placed on a flat band. Sleeves similarly ornamented at the bottom.

No. 8.—Muslin cuff, formed by seven bouillonnés, separated by a biais and trimmed at the bottom with narrow lace.

No. 9.—Collar, which may be worn with a close or open robe. The embroidered muslin is gathered en collerette around the neck, fastened by velvet which borders the small revers.

No. 10.—Muslin cuff, trimmed with two bands of spirally-embroidered muslin.

No. 11.—Cadre in spotted muslin, entirely trimmed with festooned bands, and descending straight from the neck to the waist, where it terminates square. Very narrow coloured velvet forms a bordering between the exterior bands, which fall upon the corsage and the interior festoon, which completes the ornament. A bow of rather wider velvet is formed in front.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this issue a useful model of collar with frill or jabot and manchette to supersede the habit shirt or chemisette worn under the corsage of a robe. It must be made in white muslin, trimmed with valenciennes lace; the manchette in plaited muslin with lace on each side.

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CHANGE OF FASHIONS.—Nothing is more remarkable than the total change of fashion within the last year or two, and nothing is more obscure than the causes of such change. *Fancy* silks and *fancy* materials of all kinds have given place to plain silks and plain materials; the long plain extended skirt, to the short, handsomely-trimmed skirt or costume falling close to the figure. Mantles are now made to form also the upper portion of the dress or tunic for outdoor wear, and can be worn with any skirt. Bonnets are indescribable. A recent visit to one of our largest Magazins de Nouveautés, Messrs. Gask & Gask's, Oxford Street, a fair criterion for our purpose, brought these points prominently before our notice. It is not later than the last Paris Exhibition, 1867, that this firm bought nearly the whole of the French silks and textile fabrics in the exhibition, and made, we believe, the largest display of high-class novelties ever made in London, and they were almost enti ely fancy things. Now, in the vast salons of the same firm, we notice an equally large display, but of a totally different character. One sees nothing but costumes. The dresses are all made up, many with bodies ready to wear. Some long skirts, but chiefly short skirts, and all either frilled or plaited, or otherwise made to look very stylish and pretty, but all made of *plain* silks or *plain* materials in the new fashionable colours. The shawl costume is an exception, it being very ingeniously made from any pretty shawl. The large handsome brochés or stripes are quite out of fashion, but some of the smaller ones are still admissible. In the mantle rooms and the millinery rooms we notice great changes. We search in vain for the "why and the wherefore," we can only register facts.

THE TOILET.—The duties of the toilet and the due preservation of the gifts of Nature, are so intimately associated with the preservation of our health and well-being, that it is impossible to neglect their important claims without paying a severe penalty for our negligence and want of care. Among the most important objects which claim our notice in this respect, the hair, the skin, and the teeth, obviously require the most sedulous attention. For the whole of these the perseverance and success of Messrs. Rowland have provided specifics of unfailing efficacy and virtue. Their celebrated Macassar Oil has obtained universal celebrity, has been celebrated by the lays of the poet, and is patronised by rank, beauty, and fashion, for its inimitable qualities in preserving the hair in a state of healthfulness and beauty. The skin has, in like manner, claimed their attention, and in the production of their Kalydor they have achieved a discovery no less beneficial to that delicate and vital portion of our frame. The same result has been achieved with their Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, which, as a preserver and beautifier of the teeth and gums, stands unrivalled by any dentifrice of past or present times. Important Caution.—The high and universal reputation of these articles induces some Shopkeepers to offer spurious imitations under the lure of being cheap. It is highly necessary on purchasing to see that the word "ROWLANDS'" is on the wrapper of each, and their signature, in RED ink, "A. ROWLAND & SONS." The principle on which each is prepared is confined solely to the knowledge and practice of A. Rowland & Sons, and the amalgamation of their costly exotic ingredients neutralizes all attempts to separate their component parts. A. Rowland & Sons have repeated complaints from parties who have suffered from the use of imitations, but they cannot, in such cases, be responsible for the consequences. The genuine articles are sold by respectable chemists and perfumers.

THE INDIAN SECRET.—An Indian Lady will send a sample bottle of the Secret Hair Dye, used by the native Indian princes for dyeing their hair black or brown. Inclose forty-two stamps to Indiana's London Agents, Baud et Lebarre, Museum Street, and 43, Hart Street, Oxford Street, W.C., (opposite Mudie's Library). The Secret is one liquid only. Colourless, harmless, and infallible. In bottles, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.

LITTLE FEET.

IN castle halls, or cottage homes,
Wherever guileless childhood roams,
Oh, there is nothing half so sweet
As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,
The purling rill, the organ's power,
All stir the soul, but none so deep,
As tiny tread of little feet.

When forth we go at early morn,
To meet the world and brave its scorn,
Adown the garden walks so neat,
We see the prints of little feet.

At eve, when homeward we repair,
With aching limbs and brow of care,
The voices ring out clear and sweet—
Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,
The tools are spirited away;
And when we go the lost to seek,
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel death has come
And called the flow'rets from our home,
Oppressive silence reigns complete;
We miss the sound of little feet.

Then tools are safe, no dishes stray,
No doors go slamming all the day;
But oh, 'twould give us pleasure sweet
To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft night hath come; all are asleep;
Yes, all but me. I vigil keep.
Hush! hush! my heart, and cease to beat—
Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, mother, 'tis the tread
Of him you miss and mourn as dead;
And often in your sweetest sleep,
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And you approach that blissful shore,
The first to run your soul to greet,
Will be your darling's little feet.

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THE EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

"My hair must, I think, have turned white in a single moment. Let me tell you about it," and Mrs. Hartley, a lady of thirty or thereabouts, with a pleasant and singularly expressive face, her head covered with a luxurious mass of hair, silvery white, commenced the following narrative:—

"Ten years ago, this very day, I was married. My husband's business was such that he was not able to leave the city for any considerable length of time; so my dreams of a wedding tour on the continent were unrealised, and I was compelled to content myself with a few weeks' travel in the West.

"After having visited several of the principal cities, we came across an old friend, who, with his wife, was also in search of pleasure. One evening, at dark, we found ourselves at a little settlement a few miles from Milwaukie. It had commenced to rain, the night bade fair to be very unpleasant, and to complete our misery, we discovered that the driver we had hired to take us to Milwaukie was either terribly stupid, or a little intoxicated—the latter seemed most probable. My husband, after questioning him in reference to the locality, found that a short distance farther was a tavern, where we could spend the night.

"This was very acceptable news to me, for I had grown exceedingly nervous at the approach of the storm, as well as at the lateness of the hour, and the singular behaviour of our guide and driver.

"My husband's 'Shall we stop or go on?' met with a hearty 'Stop, by all means,' from the whole party; and after a few moments more slow groping among the dripping trees, we halted before a little wayside inn, which, at first appearance, presented rather a comfortless aspect. The room into which we were ushered was large, square, and well lighted; a cheerful fire crackled upon the hearth, presenting a striking contrast to the chill drizzle outside.

"It did not take long to remove our wrappings and order supper, and in a few moments a good, substantial repast was laid before us. After having sat an unprecedentedly long while over our coffee, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Withers, were placed at one end of a long hall, or passage, and we at the other.

"'This is cozy,' said Frank, preparing to retire. 'The whole get-up of this little place reminds me of our country houses at the East. I haven't had anything taste so good since I left home as my supper did to-night. Plain, clean, substantial, and enough of it, and this ain't bad,' glancing round at the snowy dimity, and high feather bed. 'But what's the matter with you?' he continued, amazed at receiving no reply.

"A strange nervousness had all at once taken possession of me, and the sensation was so new that I was absolutely frightened. It was the first time in my life that I had ever experienced such a feeling as fear, and I was too proud to admit the truth, so evaded his query by declaring that I was utterly fagged out, and needed sleep. Just then a knock was heard on the door. My husband answered the summons.

"'Would you be kind enough,' said a voice, which I immediately recognised as our landlord's, 'to come with me to the next house? A poor fellow has sent for some one to read the Bible. He is in the last agonies, sir, and I am sorry to say, no one here can do it, and I have made bold to come and ask you. It seems a shame to have the poor fellow step out without a single crumb of comfort.

"'I will be with you in a moment,' replied Frank; and with a 'Thank you,' which was altogether too cringing for my taste, the man turned away.

"'But, Frank, you are not going?' I exclaimed, in horror, as he drew on his boots.

"'Why, Liz, what a question! who would refuse such a request?' he replied, without looking at me. 'Of course, I am going. It isn't possible my little wife would say a word against so simple an act of kindness? God only knows what straits we may be reduced to in our last hours. "A cup of cold water in my name," and "As ye do it unto the least of one of these," you remember.'

"With a sob, which I could not restain, I hid my face on the pillow.

"'Well, I declare you are nervous,' he continued, leaning over the bed to comfort me. 'You are actually trembling. Now, be a good little girl and bolt the door after me. It isn't at all probable I shall be gone over an hour,' and without another word, he slipped his watch, pocket-book, and one of his pistols under my pillow, and was gone.

"Oh, that dreadful presentiment of evil! for it was a presentiment of evil, and nothing else, that made me so unwilling to be left alone. I tried to say, 'Frank, I will not allow this. If you insist upon going, I will accompany you;' but, in some incomprehensible manner, I was withheld. Probably my anxiety to stand well in the estimation of my husband caused me to restrain further exhibition of timidity.

"He had told me to fasten the door, but I dreaded to step out of bed. It seemed as if some great, black hand was all ready to grab at my ankle; but I knew it must be done, and after a moments' hesitation, I leaped out, turned the key, drew the bolt, and with the speed of an antelope, tucked myself down again into the comfortable feathers.

"Sleep! I might as well have tried to sleep in the regions of the infernal. I couldn't close my eyes even. There was a painful sensation of its being necessary to keep myself close together. My feet seemed so far away from my head that I was compelled to draw them carefully up, and when at last my knees touched my chin, and there was no further curtailment possible, I tried to

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define what I was afraid of; but the more I tried the more wretched and perplexed I became. I could see nothing—hear nothing; but a warning of danger had been wafted to my soul, which that soul felt, but could not understand.

"A cold perspiration started from my face, but I dared not lift my hand to wipe it off. Every sense seemed preternaturally acute. After a space of time, which seemed to me like an eternity, I distinctly heard a slight rustling under the bed. Still, I stirred not. Again and again it was repeated, and I at last discovered that somebody was trying to remove from his hiding-place. The cause of my horror was then plain. What should I do? Rush for the door, and attempt to alarm my friends at the other end of the passage? To save my life, I could not move an inch! Still the strange movement beneath me. It appeared as if my right hand was taken without the least volition of my own, and laid upon the little destroyer under my head.

"My eyes seemed riveted on the foot of the bed, where, in a Little while, a hand appeared—a long black hand, which grasped the rail, as if in this way to assist its owner to his feet.

"Slowly—as I had seen figures appear before a trap-door on the boards of a theatre—the horrid thing assumed proportions. Not for a second did I remove my eyes.

"The head was small, covered with long, perfectly straight black hair; tiny bead-like eyes glistened like those of a serpent. The creature's mouth seemed literally to spread from ear to ear, while the thick crimson lips gave a crowning hideousness to the most terrible countenance I ever saw or imagined.

"My hand clutched the murderous little weapon.

"The wretch moved slowly toward me, keeping his horrid eyes fixed on my face, while a leer, impossible to describe, proclaimed that he thought his job an easy one.

"'Gold lady—gold—watch—gold! Right away, now. Then Bill huggy you!' muttered the brute, advancing another step.

"With a steadiness that would have done credit to a professional shooting at a target under ordinary circumstances, this right hand drew out the little pistol, aimed—fired; and in a second's time the giant, with a piercing shriek, reeled and fell.

"It appeared to me that a legion of men came running up stairs. They tried the door.

"This I thought a part of the plot, of course. My husband had been beguiled into leaving me, and I was in a den of thieves. So there I stood by the door, ready to shoot the first person who crossed the threshold.

"They entreated to be let in.

"'Whoever attempts to enter this room is a dead man!' I answered, with my mouth to the key-hole.

"'Let me in, Lis, please!' said a well-known voice. 'Bella, open the door. What can be the matter? There is nothing to hurt you from the outside. Bella, darling, open the door!'

"And I did.

"'My God! What is that?' came from every member of the household, as the dead body met their view.

"'And, my God! what is *this?*' said my husband, taking my hair, which hung about my shoulders, into his hand, and bursting into tears. 'Oh, darling! why did I leave you?' was all the poor fellow could utter.

"The man was a villain who had several times escaped the penalties of the law, on account of what it was pleased to term his idiocy.

"'So there was no conspiracy?' I ventured to interrogate, after taking a long breath.

"None at all,' replied Frank. 'The poor man we went to visit died while I was there.'"

"PEACE THROUGH PERIL."

ALFRED HERTON sat dreamily working at an unfinished picture in his studio. It was not a place calculated to inspire the young artist with empyreal ideas that, when transferred to canvas, might win him renown and wealth. It was a garret very near the skies he so loved to paint. His colours, brushes, and materials lay strewn about in artistic disorder, and an insufferable odour of oil and varnish pervaded the close atmosphere. His face was careworn and pale. His soft brown eyes lacked lustre; and it was very evident that close confinement and privation were wrecking his constitution.

"If I could only get a chance! If I could only sell one picture to some generous *connoisseur* instead of these miserly harpies who, knowing my need, tender the poorest remuneration for my work, how it would nerve my efforts! I should then feel I had some chance to rise in my profession, for I love it so much that I am sure there is latent merit within me," he muttered, mournfully.

A tap at the door.

"Come in!" he cried, half savagely, without turning his head.

He thought it was his landlady with her reiterated demands for rent.

The visitor entered. He was a tall, well-dressed man, with sharp, clear-cut features, and carefully-curled gray whiskers.

"Mr. Herton, I presume?" he said.

The artist turned his head quickly, and rose from his seat.

"I beg your pardon for my inattention. In what way can I serve you, sir?" he said, apologetically.

"You paint portraits, do you not? Have you any here from which I could judge your style?"

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"I have a few, sir; but they are bad samples of what I could do if——"

"If it were made worth your while, eh?" interrupted the visitor, as he smilingly glanced over the pictures Herton displayed. "Well, I want you to paint a likeness of a young lady, my daughter, and you may name your own terms. If you succeed in depicting her lineaments accurately, you will doubtless receive many more commissions. I like to stimulate talent wherever I find it, and will introduce you to the notice of my friends. My daughter is neither old nor homely, so you have a good chance to show your ability. When can you begin?"

"Now—at any moment!" answered Herton, eagerly.

Then he coloured crimson and stopped abruptly, as his eye fell on the disordered state of the room; and he rightfully conceived the idea that it was scarcely fitted for the reception of lady patrons.

"I see," said the other, speaking in a kindly, half-laughing tone. "But I wish the sittings to be at my house, if it is convenient to you. Write me word when you will come, and my daughter shall be ready. Here is my card, and perhaps you will allow me to advance you a small sum—say fifty dollars—as a proof of *bona-fides*."

Herton glanced at the card, and instantly recognised the name as being that of a well-known wealthy merchant.

"Your name, Mr. Moreton, is ample security; but I will, nevertheless, accept your gracious offer," he said, joyously, as he ushered the newly-found Mecænas to the door.

Alfred Herton was quite a good-looking fellow when properly titivated. A *soupçon* of Bohemianism certainly clung to him, as it always will do to authors and artists.

> "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the odour of roses will hang round it still."

And it is the same if you carefully rebuild the fragments thereof.

But the fifty dollars advanced had enabled him to dress himself better than usual, and his appearance was decidedly respectable when he presented himself at Mr. Moreton's house.

That gentleman received him in person, and ushered him into a well-lighted room, where he fixed up his easel and arranged his paraphernalia. When that was accomplished, Mr. Moreton called his daughter, and formally introduced her to the young artist.

Herton was speechless with amazement when the transcendent loveliness of the young lady dawned upon him like the splendour of morning. She was the fairest choicest flower from the gardens of girlhood he had ever beheld—the ideal angel of his artist dreams. Her hair fell in sheeny rivulets of gold over her graceful neck and pearl-white shoulders; her forehead, a tablet of ivory; her eyes, rich sapphires, half-veiled in amber fringes; her mouth, a Cupid's bow of coral; her dimpled, peach-tinted cheeks, a poet's paradise.

Herton returned her bow in bewilderment, and only her sweet musical voice recalled him to a sense of things terrestrial.

"Where shall I sit, Mr. Herton, and what pose will suit me best?" she said.

The artist placed her mechanically. He knew an unstudied position would be best for one so exquisitely beautiful, for one who needed no trick of art to add to her grace.

"Do not flatter her, Mr. Herton. I only want a true portrait of my little girl," said Mr. Moreton, gaily. He smiled with secret satisfaction at the peerless beauty of his child.

"I fear it would be beyond me to accomplish such a feat, even if I wished so to do," answered Herton, bowing. Then Mr. Moreton withdrew. "I will send Mrs. Tweedles to sit with you, Conny," he said, as he quitted the room.

When the housekeeper came, she found her young mistress chatting amicably with the limner, and she, being a sage, good-natured matron, merely bowed, sat down, and fell asleep. Herton's skilled crayon soon sketched out the profile of Constance; true to life it already seemed, even in its roughness, and he worked away—his eyes ever riveted upon the beautiful girl—slowly and carefully, for he intended the portrait to be his *chef-d'œuvre*.

The days passed on, the picture was finished, and Herton left his patron's house richer than he had ever been before, with encomiums still ringing in his ears, but a sinking sensation at his heart; for, of course, from henceforth the door of that little room, which Constance Moreton's presence had converted into an Elysian bower, would be closed against him.

He soon found his time fully occupied; for the merit exhibited in his life-like portrait of Conny had acquired for him a host of patrons. But he was not happy. As one who has gazed at the sun sees surrounding objects imperfectly for a while after—a yellow mist overhanging all—so had he basked in the refulgent beams of her beauty, until now all seemed dim and unsightly unto him. He loved her. Yes! that it was so he could not deny, even to himself. He, a poor artist toiling for bread, loved a pearl that would deck none but the casket of some wealthy man. He had no hope—not the remotest chance—of winning her, and, in his sadness of spirit, he almost deemed her past kindness cruelty, in that it had led him to dream of what could never be realised.

Once, when he was strolling near Mr. Moreton's house, he met Constance, and she greeted him cordially, asked whither he was bound, and, when he told her anywhere was his destination, she graciously permitted him to accompany her during her afternoon walk. Herton had

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a fascinating way with him, was well educated, and a good talker, so she found pleasure in his society, and from that time forth they often met by appointment. Soon she began to feel conscious that he was growing nearer to her, and, perhaps, she also began to divine his secret. So, knowing that her father would be angered at the thought of her allying herself to an impecunious artist, she plainly told Herton that it would be better they should meet no more.

They were seated in a little trellised alcove in the Central Park. The sun glinted in warm streams of mellow light through the virent foliage and aromatic flowers of the parasitical plants which wound up the lattice-work, and shimmered on the golden wavelets of her hair, while the balmy zephyrs wooed welcomely her rosy cheeks. Herton listened anxiously to the words that fell from her lips, and, as her voice faltered in conclusion, he drew her towards him and gazed sadly into her violet eyes.

"Miss Moreton—Constance!" he said, passionately, "I have thought of this before. I thought it would come, and looked with dread towards the evil hour. Spurn me, you may; call me base and presumptuous, if you will; but I must tell you all ere we part. I love you. Yes, Constance, I have loved you from the first hour I saw you; each moment, each day I have enjoyed in your society has made you dearer to me—yes, dearer than life itself! I know how little my position entitles me to seek to win one so high in station as yourself, but I have youth, strength, and ability. Give me a little hope; tell me I am not utterly indifferent to you, and I will work and slave day and night to win fame and wealth for your sweet sake."

"Alfred, be generous, I implore you," replied Constance, her bright blue eyes suffused with tears. "I cannot say I do not love you, for I do care for you very much, but I fear my father will not consent to our union. Spare me by not asking why! Do not ask me to deceive him further. Of my own free will I would promise to be yours—yes, yours alone!—my soul's peace is bound up with yours—but I fear our requited love will but cast a blight upon our future lives. There is a barrier—I know not what—existing between us. My father alone knows. If he will remove it, oh! how gladly will I come to you! Yes, to share your poverty and lighten your toil; but I cannot, dare not disobey him."

The storm burst that night in Mr. Moreton's stately mansion. Herton went boldly to his first patron and asked the hand of the girl he loved.

"Was it for this I first extended a helping hand to you? Do I deserve this from you, of all men—you whom I assisted, when in necessity? A meet return for my generosity, truly, that you aspire to wed my daughter, and have suborned her to deceive her father. Go, ingrate! Never more darken my doors with your base shadow," yelled Mr. Moreton, in a tempest of rage.

And Herton went out into the night, bowed down and broken in heart and spirit. All his cherished hopes and treasured aspirations vanished, his blissful dreams of peace and love changed to weird nightmares of despair and evil.

Years rolled on—the ever-changing years—bringing to some surcease of sorrow, but to the many only new burdens of care.

Alfred Herton had met with great success in his profession, his unquestionable talent had been fully recognised, and he had been enabled to settle for awhile in Italy, to glean from the true field of Art and Song tone and finish, the topmost rungs in the ladder reared against Fame's pinnacle. But his heart was sad within him, the joyous smile of his old Bohemian days was no longer visible, and, since the day on which he parted from Constance, his spirits had lost all buoyancy. True, he toiled on, labouring steadily at the art he fondly loved, but memories of the fair girl, severed from him by ruthless fate, surged ever upward in his mind, and made his path through life seem drear and blank, when it might have been bright and cheerful.

One autumn he accepted the invitation of an English friend to accompany him to London, and after spending a few months in the gay metropolis, he went to sojourn at Torquay, in Devonshire, during the winter season.

"It is blowing terrifically, Alfred; I'm afraid there will be many wrecks in Torbay by to-morrow morning. Would you like to go down to the pier now?" said his friend, Captain Fawcett, one night.

Herton acquiesced, so, having donned some warm pea-jackets, they set out.

Torbay is one of the finest of England's harbours, though one but little frequented by shipping. High verdure-clad cliffs stand boldly out on the eastern side, and battle with the surges which dash impotently against their rugged steeps. Herton had never witnessed such a scene as that which met his eyes when they gained the shore.

He had seen the blue, placid waters of the calm Mediterranean rippling in the golden sunlight, or silvered by pale moonbeams, but he had never seen the ocean when peace had flown and strife raged high around.

The mighty billows rolled in from out the darkness in long, white-crested, arching waves, bursting with a deafening roar against the beetling cliffs, and scattering salt sprays hundreds of feet in air. The boisterous wind howled, as if in derision, as it increased the fury of its troubled foe, and the wild shriek of the curlew mingled with the voices of the storm.

Suddenly there came a cry, borne along from out the darkness, that rang shrilly above even the howling of the tempest, and many a brave heart quaked, and many a pulse stood still, for it carried a tale of shipwreck and death with it.

"A wreck! a wreck! Man the lifeboat!" was the

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shout from the throng on land, as the dim outline of a vessel—still battling bravely, but soon to succumb upon the rocks—burst into view.

A hardy and brave race are the Devonians—men reared to peril from infancy—but many a heart quailed as the lifeboat was dragged out, for the crew thought of their wives and little ones.

"Trefalden, you shall not go; you have been ill. I will take your place," said Captain Fawcett to one of the hands.

The man demurred, but Fawcett was well known there, and a cheer greeted his action.

"I'm going also," cried Herton, and he heeded not Fawcett's bidding to go back, but sprang into the boat as they launched it through the boiling surf.

Buoyantly the gallant boat breasted the breaking billows, and steadily the valiant crew plied their bending oars—now tossed high on the crest of a mountainous wave, anon buried in an abyss of chaotic darkness. A mighty struggle it was to stem the torrent of the furious sea; but they had lives to save, and their arms were strong and willing.

The vessel they essayed to succour was a large schooner. She struck on a reef that lay about half a mile off the shore, and a ringing cry of agony quickly announced her fate. All in the lifeboat knew that in five minutes the hapless craft would go to pieces on those cruel rocks, and they laboured with superhuman strength until they reached her side.

Quickly and skilfully the practised crew worked the apparatus. Twelve men and two women were drawn inboard—the boat headed once more to shore, and, ah! what a cry of joy, what a pæan of praise went up to heaven from the beach when the life-saver grounded, and all fears were dispelled!

But to Herton the joy was twofold; for, when rescued and rescuers were safely housed in the "Sheet Anchor," and he was receiving the heartfelt thanks of those saved, Constance Moreton threw her arms round his neck, and rained tears of joy upon his bosom.

And Mr. Moreton, when he saw this, and recognised the painter as one of his preservers, grasped both the young man's hands, and made his peace for ever by re-joining those loving hearts he had aforetime severed.

The wrecked yacht had belonged to an Englishman—Mr. Strickland—who, with his daughter, Mr. Moreton, and Constance, had been out on a cruise, when the gale drove them into Torbay, and that accounted for the unexpected meeting. Mr. Moreton had been some months on a visit in Europe.

Half the pleasure in being married consists in the bonds being riveted in a pretty church. No prettier sacred edifice exists than the little antiquated, ivy-clad church at Cockerton, as all who have seen it can testify. And from its virent steeple, one bright May morning, the joy-bells rang out merrily, and ere noon, from out the portals and up the flower-strewn pathway beneath the cedars, passed a pair of blushing brides welcomed by the song-birds, blessed by all.

Reader, they were Constance Herton and Maud Fawcett, *née* Strickland. May peace and happiness await their futures!

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

(Continued from our last.)

"I cannot raise the money," she said, despairingly.

"I know it," he answered, with a cunning leer.

"Of what use shall I be to you? Wait until Gisbet comes into the property; it will not be long, for Mrs. Fetherstone is well advanced in years, and I promise you that you shall have double your five thousand dollars."

His eyes glistened in a manner that showed the offer was not without its effect upon his mind, but it did not have the desired effect of turning him from his purpose. He looked at her with a cunning leer, as he replied—

"'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and I can't wait. I prefer to realise now, even if I don't make so much. I understand your little game, Lamia. Mrs. Fetherstone is to be put out of the way, your false Gisbet brought into possession of the property, and then you intend to marry him, and be the Honourable Mrs. Gisbet Fetherstone."

She bit her nether lip furiously, with her sharp, white teeth, so like a serpent's fangs. It galled her to the very soul to think that this pitiful scoundrel should divine her schemes so readily. He laughed at her fury, seeming to enjoy it, as he certainly endeavoured to provoke it as much as possible.

"That cock won't fight," he continued, in the slang of his class. "It won't come up to the scratch, no how. Jest you mark my words—Gisbet Fetherstone will never marry you."

"Do you think so?" she asked, coldly; she was evidently not of his opinion.

"Well, I jest do," he replied, superciliously. "At all events, he will have to wait until you become my widow, for I'm bound to have you."

"A peculiar smile passed over Lamia's face as the word 'widow' fell from Hugh Preston's lips. His evil genius certainly prompted him to speak it, for it opened a way to the desperate girl out of the cruel dilemma in which he had placed her, and she instantly resolved to avail herself of it.

"Oh, if that is the case, I suppose I must submit, then," she responded, with a laugh.

(To be continued.)

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THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

EVERY schoolboy has read of the symbolical origin of the decoration which gave a name to the Order of the Garter, assigning it to the accidental fall of a lady's garter (the queen's or a Countess of Salisbury's) at a grand festival; and the motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, to the gallant indignation of the monarch at the sneers of his courtiers. This popular tradition has been rejected as erroneous by most writers of credit. Sir E. Ashmole, in his history of the order, considers the garter as a symbol of union; and in this opinion he is followed by Sir Walter Scott and Sir Samuel Meyrick. The above origin is not, however, entirely given up as a fable; for, to use the words of Hume, "although frivolous, it is not unsuitable to the manners of the times; and it is indeed difficult by any other means to account either for the seemingly unmeaning terms of the motto, or for the peculiar badge of the garter, which seems to have no reference to any purpose either of military use or ornament." Mr. James considers that although the accounts long current of the amours of Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury are proved to be false in so many particulars, "the whole tale becomes more than doubtful," while the statement which connects her name with the Order of the Garter is neither disproved nor improbable. "That a lady might accidentally drop her garter in the midst of the Court is certainly within the bounds of possibility; and that a gallant and graceful monarch might raise it from the ground, and rebuke the merriment of his nobles by the famous words, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, is not at all unlikely. Another story, however, is told by the famous historian of the Order, which is still more probable. The queen herself is said to have met with the same accident on quitting the king on some occasion of ceremony. Several persons trod upon the blue ribbon of which the garter was composed; and at length Edward himself raised it, saying he would employ that ribbon in such a way that men should show it a greater reverence. He then carried it to the queen, asking playfully what she imagined the Court would think of such an occurrence, to which she made the famous reply which affords the motto of the Order."

THE PROPORTIONS OF THE BODY.—The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot, and, whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good, so that any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point to the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

"BRIDGET! Bridget! why don't you bring up the lemonade?" said Mrs. S. on the Fourth of July, from the top of the kitchen stairs.

"Why, marm," said Bridget, wiping the sweat from her red face with her checked apron, as she put her head round the staircase partition—"why, marm, you see the ice I put in the lemonade is so hard that it hasn't melted yet, though it's stirring it over the fire I've been for the last fifteen minutes or more!"

SOMEBODY says the best way to get rid of weeds is to always put your cigar-case and its contents at the service of your friends. John says that the most effective means he ever tried was by squeezing the hand of a plump young lady widow in deep black. The next day she was in half mourning, and a second kindly pressure resulted in a pink gown, with a white bonnet.

A SCOTCH BARBER, who was much given to dram-drinking, was one day shaving a customer, who finding the fumes of the whisky too much for him, in the middle of the job lost his patience, and exclaimed:

"That horrid drink!"

The barber replied, emphatically:

"Ay, ay, sir; it does mak' the face awful tender."

AN aged negress, whose eminent piety had secured for her an extensive reputation, in walking her usual round of visits, dropped in upon a neighbour who was equally well-known as a temperance man and a hater of tobacco.

After being courteously received, the negress pulled from her pocket a long pipe, and commenced smoking some very "Union" tobacco, to the infinite disgust of her host. The man maintained his composure several minutes, but the fumes and smoke became too powerful for him, and rising from his chair, he said:

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, brudder, I specks I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible, aunty?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scripture which declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heerd of it."

"Do you believe it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that."

"Why, I specks to leave my breff behind me when I go to heaven."

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ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

CHARLES DICKENS, in his twenty-four works, introduced us to 1,425 personages.

THE foundation-stone of old Blackfriars Bridge, which had not been recovered during its demolition, has been found in the bed of the river, with all its enclosed coins and documents. It has been removed to Spring Gardens for safe keeping.

THE London Ladies' Educational Association will be in full work again this month, with courses of English and French Literature and Language, Logic, Experimental Physics, and Chemistry, by the Professors of those subjects in University College.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART.—The Crystal Palace School of Art, Science, and Literature, established to afford local facilities for the acquisition of the highest branches of female education, commenced its eleventh session on the 24th of last month.

MR. WATTS has nearly completed a full-sized memorial effigy of the late Bishop Lonsdale, which is to be placed under a Gothic canopy, the design of Mr. G. G. Scott, in Lichfield Cathedral.

MR. DANIEL BAKER, the artist by whom the heraldic paintings on Mr. Sheriff Jones's carriage were executed, is said to be the first deaf and dumb heraldic painter who has exercised his art in this country. He has painted six times for the sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1871.—The painters and decorators are completing their work in the Fine Art Galleries for the International Exhibition of 1871. It is understood that it is the intention of her Majesty's Commissioners to invite artists and exhibitors of all fine art works to inspect these galleries shortly. Artists, manufacturers, and others, who have not expressed their desire to be admitted as exhibitors in 1871, are requested to do so before the 10th of November next.

MR. F. S. ELLIS will soon publish the fourth and concluding part of Mr. Morris's "Earthly Paradise," which will then probably rank as the longest poem in the world.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—A collection of Egyptian antiquities are now on view in the Egyptian Court. The collection was made by Mr. Robert Hay, of Linplum, East Lothian, between the years 1828 and 1833, before the days of spurious imitations, now so common. Mr. Hay had peculiar advantages to favour him in obtaining these antiquities, and the 1,300 specimens now exhibited are said to form the finest private collection extant of the relics of the Egyptians.

THE "Blue" is the title of a magazine written by the youths of Christ's Hospital, and edited by Mr. Maclane.

THE "Life of Lord Palmerston," by Sir H. Lytton Bulwer, M.P., will be published immediately by Mr. Bentley.

LORD LYTTON is said to be writing a play for Niblo's Theatre, New York, for which he is to be paid 5,000 dollars.

M. FAURE, the famed baritone-basso of the Grand Opera in Paris, and who has achieved such popularity at the London Italian Opera Houses, is now here, included amongst the numerous emigrants doomed to seek refuge in this country.

IT is contemplated to erect a statue to the memory of the late Charles Dickens within the Castle precincts at Rochester.

A STATUTE of the late Sir Humphrey Davy is about to be erected at Penzance. It will be of Sicilian marble.

ONE of the queens of song, an artiste who, in almost all European languages, has sung on the lyric stages of Italy, Spain, England, France, Germany, Russia, &c.—Pauline Viardot Garcia—is about to visit London, to resume her professional career. Her fortune has been sacrificed by the war in France, of which country her husband is a native. Whilst M. Viardot is at Tours, having joined his former political and literary colleagues in office, Madame Viardot has been compelled to quit her residence in Baden-Baden, to begin a fresh career. This is a sad reverse for the gifted sister of Malibran.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE, the most delightful of English composers, died at his country house, Romney Abbey, Herts, on the 20th October. He was seized with an attack of bronchitis about a fortnight previously, and gradually sank, although under the best medical attendance, until the evening of that day, when he expired, in the presence of his wife and son-in-law, Mr. Behrend. He was born in Dublin on the 15th May, 1808, and was consequently in his 63rd year. The most popular of his productions is "The Bohemian Girl," which contains three of his best airs—"When other lips," "The heart bowed down," and "The fair land of Poland."

MR. HENRY J. BYRON has just written two new plays. One is a drama, in four acts, entitled, "The Last Shilling;" and the other an original play, the title of which is not yet fixed. He has also a comedy, entitled "Tom's Thumb," in a forward state of preparation.

MR. CHARLES MILLWARD is writing the Christmas burlesque for St. James's Theatre.

IT is arranged that Mr. Farnie will write a new burlesque for the Adelphi Theatre.

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Plate I *December.*

LONDON AND PARIS

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Plate II

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Plate 5. December.

LONDON AND PARIS

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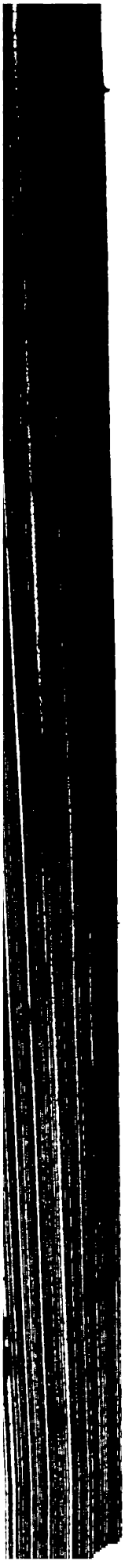


Plate IIII.

December.

LONDON AND PARIS

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Plate V.] [*December*, 1870.

LONDON AND PARIS.

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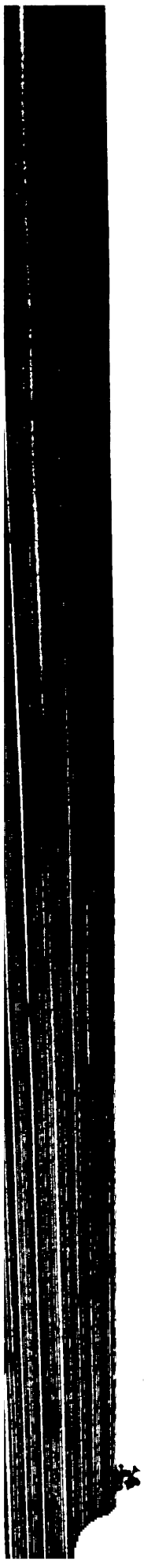
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Plate V.] [*December*, 1870.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 480. DECEMBER, 1870. Vol. 43.

This Magazine will be forwarded, post free, for six months, to any part of the United Kingdom, on the receipt of the half-yearly Subscription of Six Shillings and Sixpence.

LA MODE.

Another month has passed by, and Paris, still encircled by the beleaguering forces of the Germans, remains inaccessible, save by the somewhat hazardous method *de ballon monté*. Communication by this means must be necessarily brief and important; nevertheless some of the letters thus received from the besieged reveal glimpses of the present state of things apropos of fashion. We thus learn that most of the extravagant points of display which have so long borne rule have entirely disappeared, and that tastes, sobered by the events which have befallen the hitherto gay city, have preferred the adoption of dark shades and plain dress materials. Flounces, ruches, and bouillonnés are not now to be seen, and displays of jewellery are extremely moderate. In coiffures a great change, it is stated, has taken place, the chignon, which has so long been in vogue, having been entirely abandoned.

With ourselves, the early approach of cold weather has tended materially to decide the adoption of winter costumes, and very warm materials have not only become fashionable, but quite necessary.

Velvet, satin, silk, drap d'Italie, drap de soie, satteen, serge, and rep, are all employed in costumes, which generally consist of trimmed skirt, pannier, and jacket. Skirts are made just touching the ground, and pointed bodices with square basques at the back are quite fashionable. The sleeves of jackets are made open and pointed, and these costumes are usually trimmed with deep fringe. Basques and revers continue in favour.

Evening dresses are made of a medium length, and are trimmed with flounces and rounded panniers, not puffed, as formerly, with trimming to match the dress. A square tablier, placed high in the front, is sometimes added. Bodices are worn rather higher than formerly.

Japanese poplins in sky-blue, pink, light green, and white, are employed for evening dresses and ball costumes. Also white grenadines trimmed with green, rose, grenat, or blue; lavender grenadines, trimmed with white lace, &c.

The Maintenon and Lamballe fichus are still in favour.

Pleated and gathered flounces, bouillonnés, fringes, and bands of satin and velvet are employed in the ornamentation of out-door costumes. Skirts are sometimes trimmed with a single deep flounce, headed with a band, and also with a single bouillonné, edged at top and bottom with a band or flounce. Velvet costumes are richly braided and ornamented. Cloth, serge, and rep costumes are trimmed in various styles with satin braiding, passementerie, and velvet. Dark green, marine blue, and grenat are the favourite shades.

Casaques, mantles, and jackets in velvet are very much worn. Fitting casaques, with open sleeves, are trimmed with a deep flounce of satin or with lace. The basques are trimmed in the same way. Mantles are made very loose, slashed three times behind, or at the centre and sides, with wide open sleeves. They are trimmed with small cross-bands of satin, which are repeated at the sleeves. Edgings of fur, seal, chinchilla, sable, ermine, and grebe are very extensively used. Astracan is also sometimes worn. A deep band of these materials is frequently placed at the bottom of the sleeve, with a deep collar of the same. Velvet mantles trimmed with grebe and sable, plain sealskin, and cloth trimmed with furs or ermine, are very fashionable. Fringes of various kinds are also employed for this purpose.

Jackets in cloth are made very loose, with pagoda and Venetian sleeves. The trimmings are mostly those used for mantles. Crossbands of satin, edgings of furs, ermine, seal, and grebe are in vogue. Trimmings in guipure, fringes, both plain and with passementerie and tassel headings, are employed, as are also silk flouncings with fringed and headed edges. They are always made à revers, frequently double-headed, and with slits in the back. The "Osborne" and "Crown Princess," jackets, which we described last month, continue in great favour.

Velvet tunics are still much in vogue, trimmed with lace, fringe, and satin. They are looped en panier, and are worn over flounced skirts of plain material.

In bonnets the Gipsy is the all-prevailing shape, and every other kind is fast disappearing before this favourite, which is much better adapted to the requirements of the winter season.

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Velvet and lace are principally employed. Many are made wholly of velvet, with flounces and feathers for the ornamentation. Autumn flowers, roses, Michaelmas daisies, garlands, wreaths, and aigrettes, are all largely employed. Feathers, fastened behind, and passing over the top to the front, are frequently added. Clusters of roses or flowers form the trimming in front, with bows of velvet at the side or back. Very pretty bonnets are made in blue and green terry velvet, as also in the new shades of brown. The bandeau is filled with ruches, lace, or flowers.

Bonnets in straw are trimmed with wreaths and garlands, or velvet rouleaux around the crown and edges. Bunches of roses, buds, or wild flowers are placed in the front.

Strings, which should be very wide, tie under the chin, and are sometimes edged with deep lace on one side only. In straw shapes the strings usually descend from the wreath or trimming.

Velvet bonnets trimmed with two shades of the same colour are very much worn, as, for instance, a bonnet in blue velvet, with a plaited wreath of dark-blue velvet and a light-blue satin, with velvet bow and feather to match. Black velvet and white satin, with white feather. The new browns also are very effective when arranged this way. The wreath in these styles is generally placed upon a lace of the lighter shade. A lappet of velvet, with an edging of fringe, is placed at the back, falling over the hair. A bunch of flowers is placed in the front—roses being mostly preferred. Tea roses are in great favour, and are nearly always seen with black velvet bonnets.

In hats, the prevailing shape is the Tyrolean in felt. These are trimmed with velvet and feathers, much after the styles of bonnets. The edges are bound with velvet, and a wreath is worn of plaited velvet, with a torsade of feathers covering the whole of the top. One or two lappets are added at the back. A velvet bow with clasp is placed at the side near the front.

Another favourite mode of trimming these hats is to arrange velvet in box pleats all around the crown of the hat, standing straight from the rim, with a velvet bow and a feather to match. Each pleat is sometimes fastened by a small jet ornament.

Jet is very much used in the ornamentation of both bonnets and hats.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Toilet of blue glacé, trimmed with ribbon quilling of a darker shade, and black lace coiffeur, ornamented with blue and white flowers.

Fig. 2.—Ball-dress of yellow satin, trimmed with flounces of the same, and white blond. Coiffure of curls, ornamented with scarlet flowers.

Fig. 3.—Morning costume of cinnamon-coloured merino, trimmed with bands of velvet. Jacket of brown cloth, bordered with narrow velvet.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of dark-grey rep, with trimmings of violet-coloured velvet and fringe.

Fig. 2.—Evening costume of white grenadine, trimmed with emerald green ruches and rosettes. Head-dress of ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 3.—Robe of ruby-coloured silk, trimmed with three flounces. Surtout of Lyons velvet, bordered with fringe and satin. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with red flowers.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Little girl's evening dress of pink silk, with over-skirt and bodice of white cashmere.

Fig. 2.—Semi-toilet of emerald poult-de-soie, trimmed with ribbon of the same shade. Head-dress to correspond.

Fig. 3.—Promenade dress of Prussian blue serge. Cloak of black and white plaid, trimmed with blue velvet, and blue and white fringe and tassels. Hat of blue velvet, trimmed with blue ribbon and feather, and a white flounce.

PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of grey linsey, with brown silk frillings. Jacket of brown cloth, trimmed with fringe. Hat of grey terry, with brown feather.

Fig. 2.—Costume dress of plum-coloured silk rep, trimmed with narrow bands of grebe. Bonnet of plum-coloured velvet, trimmed with lace and flowers.

Fig. 3.—Young lady's costume of dark-green French merino, bordered with velvet. Hat of green velvet, with ribbon and feather trimmings.

PLATE V.—*No.* 1.—Coiffure for young lady, ornamented with black satin bow on the top of the head.

No. 2.—Marine collar of linen, with embroidered insertion, through which rose-coloured velvet is passed. The edge is finished by fluted frills.

No. 3.—Coiffure of curls; one long curl falling over the shoulder. Coral necklace and ear-rings. A wreath of roses and foliage.

No. 4.—Muslin Casaque for full dress, composed of Indian muslin, and trimmed with green satin bands cut bias, and with flutings of clear muslin. The bodice has a bertha of embroidered muslin and satin, and is closed by a bow with short ends; bows to correspond are placed at the back and sides.

No. 5.—A fanchon bonnet of blue velvet, edged on each side by black satin and lace, and at the left side of which is a small papillon bow of blue velvet. The bonnet is trimmed by a twisted rouleau of blue and black ribbon, and at the right side is a white rose.

No. 6.—A bonnet of grey terry velvet, with round crown, and having the brim turned up in front, and lined by black velvet. The inside of front is trimmed by a twisted bandeau of black and grey terry velvet. On the top near the front is placed a full-blown rose, with buds and leaves of pink convolvulus, a spray of which is carried to the back of the bonnet. Strings of black velvet ribbon.

No. 7.—Hat of black velvet trimmed with blue ribbon, and a large pink poppy.

No. 8.—Fichu chemisette of folded muslin, with flutings of the same material.

No. 9.—Coiffure of loose curls, three bands of brown velvet.

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DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this number a Model of a Paletot for winter wear; it may be made in Sultana or Magenta Saxony or woollen reps, trimmed with velvet and lace to match, and lined with warm material.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as the air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring, her note renews:
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low;
But time destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blest above,
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came;
Love will the universe control
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his power,
When time and death shall be no more.

Women Doctors.—There are many well-meaning people who object to the practice of medicine by women, on the ground that it would be degrading to them. How, then, do they explain its ennobling influence on men? Out of the raw material of the medical student, we see constantly produced the large-minded philanthropic physician, one of the noblest types of the Christian gentleman, and there is probably no profession which brings out so much disinterested self-sacrifice and unrequited toil on the part of its practitioners, nor inspires them with so much ardour and devotion in the pursuit of it. The result of experience proves that the same influences produce the same effects on women as on men. But putting aside any abstract reasons, we must remember that women have already practised medicine, and while the fact of their being women has been a comfort to their patients, their talent and skill have shed lustre on their profession. Amongst other instances it may be mentioned that Anna Mazzolini was Professor of Anatomy at Bologna, about the middle of the last century, and her famous anatomical models in wax are well known. Signora Delle Donne took her degree at the same university in 1806, and was appointed to the Chair of Midwifery by Buonaparte in 1812. The works of Mesdames Boivin and La Chapelle are classic, and consulted by all studying the Diseases of Women. Many other names might be mentioned if we wished to enter into the history of the subject.—*Leisure Hour.*

Marrying in Russia.—The ladies in Russia are very anxious to marry, because they have no liberty before marriage. They are kept constantly under the maternal eye until given up to their husbands, and then they take their own course. Almost as soon as a girl is born in the better ranks of society her parents begin to prepare the dowry she must have when she goes to her husband. She must furnish everything for an outfit in life, even to a dozen new shirts for her coming husband. The young man goes to the house of his proposed bride and counts over her dresses, and examines the furniture, and sees the whole with his own eyes before he commits himself to the irrevocable bargain. In high life such things are conducted with more apparent delicacy; but the facts are ascertained with accuracy, the business being in the hands of a broker or notary. The *trousseau* is exposed in public before the wedding day.

Relics of Captain Cook.—A few days ago our aged king called me into his house as I was passing by in order to give me two beads, about the size of large marbles, which had come to light the day previous when digging a foundation for a new house. A string of these beads was tied with some nails to a piece of wood and thrown by Captain Cook to Mourua and Makatu, in the hope of establishing a friendly intercourse with these islanders. The beads, the first ever seen here (Mangaia), were greatly admired. As their blue colour corresponded to that of the supposed "solid stone vault above," they were named "sky pebbles," as if veritable chips off the azure arch which encloses earth and sea. To this day all beads are designated "sky pebbles," although their *earthly* origin is well known. A solitary nail is yet preserved as a relic—not of the giver, Captain Cook, but of his dusky friend, who alone of his countrymen ventured on board the moving monster. A neat iron-wood handle was made for this nail. It was long used as a bradawl for boring holes, so as to secure the different portions of canoes with strong cinet.—*Leisure Hour.*

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BIANCA.

"WELL, Bianca, darling, I'm glad this cousin of yours is coming to Oakwold."

"Why, Anthony?"

"Because you need society, and that of Eastbury is rather too orthodox and primitive for your tastes. As for my own, my medical labours have become no longer a sinecure since old Doctor Parton's death, and you see very little of me during the daytime, just at present."

"Indeed, that is true, Anthony;" and beautiful Bianca Stanley clasped those graceful arms of hers very lovingly about her husband's neck. "I miss you more than words can tell, sometimes. You remember what pleasant mornings we used to spend during May—the first month after our arrival at Oakwold? You read me those charming 'Idyls of the King,' and it was all so delicious, and now—"

"Now I am a man of leisure no longer," Anthony Stanley interrupted, "but one of the busiest doctors in all New England, perhaps. But, Bianca, I want to ask you a few questions about this cousin. Do you exactly relish the idea of her coming here *to board?* I confess, candidly, that I do *not*."

Bianca laughed merrily.

"Perhaps I ought to feel very much ashamed of our limited circumstances, Anthony—that's the way to express yourself elegantly, I believe, when you want to say that you are poor—but somehow I would just as lief the whole world knew how we are situated. Of course, Ellinor understands all about it. Not having seen me since her return from Europe, she is anxious to spend a few weeks here at Oakwold Cottage, and I am immensely anxious to have her. Accordingly, she proposes doing so instead of accompanying her mother and sisters. She is not willing to make a third member of our family, you know, without—"

"Yes, yes, I understand. Well, Bianca, you may take her board for pin-money, if you choose. And now tell me something about your cousin. What is she like?"

"Like a very lovely woman, Anthony."

"Handsome?"

"Very."

"Clever?"

"As a schoolmistress. You will be delighted with her conversation, I know. She has a faculty, people say, of making all other women appear stupid and trivial by contrast."

"Nonsense, Bianca. That simile of the schoolmistress was very poorly chosen, if you want to prepossess me with your cousin. I abhor schoolmistresses. Just hand me that bottle directly behind your elbow, that's a dear."

Mrs. Stanley turned toward the row of bottles placed upon a shelf in her husband's surgery, in front of the desk at which he was then seated.

"Which, Anthony? This one, containing white liquid?"

"Gracious, no! That's a horribly poisonous compound. Imagine poor Mrs. Mugglesby's feelings if I took over to her sick baby a phial of that deadly stuff. The one to the right of it, if you please. Thanks, my dear. And now, one more question. When is Miss Ellinor Erskine going to make her appearance at the cottage?"

"To-morrow morning, she writes me. And we may expect her, for Ellinor is infallible about keeping promises."

The next morning Miss Erskine justified her cousin's remark by arriving at Oakwold. The greeting which she received from Bianca Stanley was warm and affectionate. The two ladies had been intimate friends for almost as long as each could remember, and the love which existed between them was, on Bianca's side, at least, of the sincerest nature. Physically, they formed a striking contrast, Mrs. Stanley's delicate pink-and-white complexion, pale-gold hair, and *petite* figure being widely different from her cousin's statuesque, stately beauty."

It was beauty of a superb type, most people were fain enthusiastically to admit on seeing Ellinor Erskine for the first time. Unusually tall, but of such perfect grace in her every posture and gesture, that tallness was a charm, not a defect, possessing a skin of the purest whiteness, hair of that glossy blue-black hue which is so rarely seen, and eyes of a deep lustrous hazel; showing, in her manner and conversation, all that the most cultivated and fastidious taste could desire. Miss Erskine was what we may term a fascinating woman, *pur et simple*.

The first evening following her arrival at Oakwold, she accompanied her host and hostess on a twilight walk along the exquisite wooded shore, near which the cottage was situated—a line of rugged, picturesque land, where rocks, and boulders, and fringy cedars made quite a battle for predominance, yet mingled their wild elements in one wilder sort of harmony beautiful beyond expression.

"We must show Ellinor the arm-chair, Anthony," Mrs. Stanley remarked, as the party stood on a low cliff overhanging the waters beneath, bathed just then in the soft purple of sunset. "It's only about a yard from where we now are."

"The arm-chair!" Miss Erskine said, in surprised tones. "What can you possibly mean, Bianca?"

"A perfect arm-chair," was the reply, "carved out of rock by that slow old sculptor yonder, Long Island Sound. Anthony and I discovered it about a month ago."

They reached the spot presently, and found the curiosity Bianca had mentioned—a mass of rock, so worn by the immemorial action of the waves below it as

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to bear an exact resemblance, legs omitted, to an exceedingly comfortable, commodious arm-chair.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Miss Erskine, seating herself in this piece of natural furniture. "I suppose you come here often, Bianca, you and that loving husband of yours?"—with a glance of the young lady's hazel eyes in Doctor Stanley's direction. "There's ample room for two, by-the-way, isn't there?"

"Oh, yes!" Bianca answered. "We do sit there now and then. Anthony read me Tennyson's 'Idyls' in this very spot about a month ago."

Mrs. Stanley's remark served to turn the conversation, during their homeward walk, upon literary subjects; and if her husband had not concluded that Miss Erskine's intellect was fully equal to her beauty, certain clever words which now fell from the lips of Bianca's cousin must have assured him that such was the fact.

"I like her immensely," he said to his wife, later that evening, when their guest had retired. "She is certainly a very brilliant woman."

"I'm so glad you think so," was the pleased response. "Ellinor is going to make your summer, as well as mine, Anthony, very delightful, I'm sure."

Before many days had passed Bianca Stanley had cause to recollect her prophecy with regard to Ellinor Erskine. There seemed a decided probability of her making Anthony's summer far more pleasant than his wife had anticipated. Liking her cousin, Bianca began to tell herself, with an occasional pang of something very similar to jealousy, was a different matter from appearing almost fascinated by that cousin's society.

"Of course," the young wife mentally confessed, "I am just the least bit jealous. Why should I not feel so? It's perfectly natural. Anthony and I have been leading such a mutually devoted sort of existence ever since our marriage, that it annoys me to see him treat another woman politely. Beyond a doubt he only *means* to be polite—nothing more. I am very foolish, but I suppose the folly is common to most newly-married wives."

At the end of another fortnight, however, Bianca's slight annoyance had assumed a far different form. It had grown to be a terror. She believed that she no longer held the first place in her husband's heart. She believed that he was in love with Ellinor Erskine.

Resolutely proud, she suffered her agony—for agony it was, of the keenest sort—to betray itself by no word or sign. If her treatment of Ellinor Erskine showed faint traces of coldness that she could not refrain from exhibiting now and then, it was of so slight a nature as not to be observed by her husband.

Several weeks wore away. Bianca's life had become a torture now. She seldom joined in the conversations between Anthony and her cousin; she seldom intruded upon their frequent *tête-à-têtes*. Some women would have shown their anguish in bitter upbraidings and passionate accusations; Bianca held her peace, and was woefully miserable. She loved her husband with an intense depth of love, and was called upon daily to observe his reckless admiration of another woman. It was torment, and yet she spoke no word.

"Yes, I am forced to go," Doctor Stanley said. "I had hoped to spend this lovely afternoon in your society, but—a doctor proposes, a patient *dis*poses, if you'll pardon my mutilation of an old proverb."

"I am very sorry," Ellinor Erskine murmured; and those bewitching hazel eyes—how utterly had they bewitched the man who now stood beside her—looked even more than the sorrow she professed to feel. "We were going to take a long walk together this afternoon, were we not?"

"Yes. Don't speak about it in that tone, please, or you'll make me do very desperate things in the way of professional neglect."

"Ah, I have no such power over you, I fear," accompanying the words with a long, soft sigh.

Doctor Stanley laughed an odd, harsh sort of laugh.

"I have told you what power you possess, Ellinor; I have told you of the absorbing love that—"

"Hush, Anthony, you are speaking too loudly. We might be overheard."

And Ellinor Erskine glanced toward one of the windows opening out from the veranda on which they stood.

There was a faint rustle of one of the curtains at that window, just then, which Miss Erskine, if she noticed it, mistook for a motion caused by the light September breeze.

Doctor Stanley's tone had changed decidedly when he again spoke:

"Thomas is at the gate yonder with my carriage. Perhaps I shall be able to return sooner that I expect to do; but now I have no choice in the matter of remaining. We can take our walk at twilight if I should return in time. That rocky arm-chair will be a very pleasant spot for such a lovely evening as we are promised. *Au revoir!*"

"*Au revoir!*" she answered, smiling; and then their hands met.

Just at this moment, in the little surgery at the rear of the cottage, there stood a white-faced, wild-eyed woman, searching for something among the array of bottles on a certain shelf. That which she came to seek was found presently, and she clutched it with a fierce, eager grasp, hurrying, a moment later, from the apartment.

"What a lovely evening! Your prophecy was a correct one, doctor."

"Yes," Anthony Stanley responded, as he and Miss Erskine strolled shoreward with slow, lingering steps. "Just watch the waters. They are a perfect blaze of

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silver and crimson from here. Have you thought over all that I said, Ellinor, last evening? Are you prepared to give me an answer—about *our flight*, I mean?"

He was looking fixedly at her face; but she avoided the glance.

There are some women who love to stand upon the verge of moral precipices, enjoying the danger, but feeling secure enough, during its continuance, in their own powers of equipoise. Ellinor Erskine was such a woman. She had gone to the utmost limits of a precipice now, and had looked down upon the perilous depths beneath her, and had enjoyed the excitement of her dizzy position, and had maintained her cool-headedness throughout. It was time to draw back. To have taken the leap, as this man at her side had been urging her to take it, would have been an act of folly altogether ridiculous.

"I must disenchant the infatuated creature," she murmured to herself, "before we return to Oakwold." Then aloud: "I will give you my answer when we reach the arm-chair, Doctor Stanley."

They reached it soon afterward. Its high back, carved from the living stone, rose up clear and distinct against the evening sky.

"Heaven help me, Ellinor, if that answer is not what I hope for!" he whispered. "Be the passion sinful or righteous, I have learned to love you—— My God! Bianca!"

He stood frozen with horror now, gazing within the recess of the rocky chair. Her face wearing the unmistakable stamp of death, her golden tresses floating upon the soft breeze, one livid hand clinching a small phial-shaped bottle, the other pressed convulsively against her bosom, Bianca Stanley sat within the granite arm-chair, upright, ghastly, immovable.

She had told the secret of her agony at last, and had told it in a voice of such terrible power and meaning, that they who looked upon the awful rebuke of her lifeless beauty must expiate their sin with lifelong repentance.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUSCEPTIBLE MAN.

THE city was in the midst of dusty, hot, ennuyant June, when a relief came to my monotonous life in the shape of the following note:

"Seymour Place, June 10th, 1859.

"DEAR ALFRED,—We have a charming party at my uncle's, and I have been given *carte blanche* to invite whom I will. Of course my thoughts turn to you-ward *sur le champ*. I promise you a select party—good fishing, and the society of my three bewitching cousins, besides the presence of pretty girls enough to turn a less turnable heart. Come and judge for yourself.

"Yours, &c.,

"HARRY VANE."

I threw the note aside, and wrote a ready acceptance. I had heard my friend descant on the perfections of his three cousins, until my heart glowed at the bare idea of a three-weeks' sojourn under the same roof.

Honourable John Seymour was in embarrassed circumstances, but his family one of the most exclusive and haughty of their set; and a visit to Seymour Place had an *éclat* about it that my vanity could not resist. Harry was nephew to the host, and had lived under his guardianship for years. He was a generous, open-hearted fellow, to whom I was greatly attached; though he was an untiring wag, and I had often been the victim of his teasing proclivities.

We had met in Paris several years before the above note was penned, and as I was the fortunate possessor of half a million, I had been able to afford him pecuniary assistance in the cultivation of his wild oats.

The said half a million had come down to me through the rough brown hands of three generations of honest manufacturing people, who had left me sole representative of the name, and the means of penetrating into the exclusive circles of society, from which that name itself, without such gilding, would have excluded me. It is needless to say that I counted my friends by scores.

In person I was well formed, and rejoiced in a face that women call handsome. In character I confess that I was somewhat reckless: a sort of free liver, who knew the exact proportion of his own merits, and who gloried in the power that wealth bestows. With women I was "irresistibly impudent," and something of a flirt. I rejoiced to "knock at all the doors of pleasure, and enter at none."

Seymour Place—where I found myself a week after the reception of Harry's note—was a grand old country seat in ——shire. The loss of means with its present proprietor had not at all interfered with those hospitable entertainments for which it had long been famed, though many of those who "ate the bread of idleness" beneath its roof were not slow in making wondering conjectures as to the condition of Mr. Seymour's purse, and the terrible struggle it must be for them to entertain. But as money was not one of the questions that "entered into my philosophy," I cared little to join the well-bred comments on our lavish entertainment.

"Perhaps your half-million will not come in amiss to prop the fallen fortunes of the house?" suggested a young sprig of the aristocracy to me.

"*Perhaps*," I replied, with a cool smile at the daring impudence of the youth, who had already intimated that I owed an invitation to the stately mansion from some such design. "Perhaps; but, at any rate, my young friend, your own sensitive delicacy is not likely to be

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offended in such a way if Mr. Seymour selects his guests by the length of their rent-roll." At which the light, yellow moustache of Lord Alerton curled itself in ineffable disdain.

Whatever the motive of my invitation might be, I was most cordially treated, and was soon perfectly at my ease, and made myself "at home."

Alicia Seymour—the blonde *aux yeux noirs* of whom Harry raved—was a stately, dignified creature, who scarcely vouchsafed me a dozen words; but being unfortunately susceptible, I was soon a victim to her silent influence, and paid such unceasing and devoted attention, that the rest of the party gave me credit for having an end in view for the nonce.

As this gay collection from "Vanity Fair" has nothing to do with my confessions, I hereafter eschew all mention of them, and proceed.

Shortly after my arrival I had made the discovery that Miss Seymour was blessed with two young sisters, who were kept in durance vile, under the guardianship of the *gouvernante*, Miss Herndon, a spinster of doubtful age. The girls were severally sixteen and eighteen, possessed of all youth's freshness and vivacity, and of faces whose loveliness might yet eclipse the beauty which had already turned my head. I believe I have said I was susceptible and somewhat reckless.

What wonder, then, that I flattered and wooed with all earnestness, and poured into these pretty pink ears the whole vocabulary of a language so new to them, and which was received with an innocence of its worth truly amusing and refreshing to my world-worn eyes. The strategic properties of my nature were incalculable. I felt an admiration for myself while successfully ministering to my own vanity and the feminine weakness of Miss Herndon and her charges; for, being obliged to conciliate the former in order to be thrown with the latter, I even condescended to breathe "words that burn" in the not unsophisticated ear of the *gouvernante*. The temptation of seeing fair young faces smile and weep at my will was hard to resist; and as my affections were quite comprehensive, I possessed enough of the "milk of human kindness" to feed a dozen *amours*. The truth is, I was somewhat awed by Alicia, though I had made up my mind to bestow myself and fortune upon her, and I was not averse to the pleasant employment above mentioned, *pour m'amuser*, after the heavy work of winning a wife had been religiously performed every day.

Time passed swiftly, and the time of my departure drew nigh. My awe of Alicia had in nowise abated, and I was half inclined to trust my wooing to Harry Vane, who was also a diligent attendant on his fair cousin, and possessed of great influence with her; but deeming such a course unwise, inasmuch as she might have asked the Puritan maid's question, and bid "him speak for himself," so I resolved upon the duty, and resolutely forgot the tender words with which I had beguiled poor Minna to an avowal of the interest *she* felt in my unworthy self.

Truth is, I was rather too much in *bonâ-fide* love with sweet eighteen to feel exactly comfortable in my wooing; but I went at it with praiseworthy energy.

At the close of a warm July day I had persuaded Alicia to take a twilight saunter, away from the gay groups on the lawn, to the borders of the beautiful lake, where a vine-covered rustic arbour was most inviting to a declaration.

As we sat down I felt strangely moved. Perhaps it was the delicate perfume of her laces, or the stillness, or some unseen influence; but certain it is, that I began to feel enough in love to declare, with all ardour, the hopes and fears of my heart. The white hand lay in tempting proximity to mine, and I was about to clasp it in my eagerness, but it escaped me, and I found myself passionately invoking the muslin dress I had grasped instead.

"Oh, Alicia," I cried, with fervour, "do not yield me to despair! Be mine!"

The answer was a confused murmur, neither dismissal nor yet acceptance—an answer I should little have expected from such a piece of propriety as Miss Seymour.

I gathered, however, that I was "to hope"—that she would give me an answer in a few days; and I should meanwhile "speak to papa."

Just here, to her evident relief, and my indignation, Harry mysteriously appeared: and before I could frame an answer, she had quietly asked him to take her to the house, at the same time giving me a beseeching glance.

Of course I could do nothing but "accept the situation;" and as they moved on, returned to my seat to take a survey of my indefinite and not very agreeable position.

While thus engaged the glimpse of a white-robed figure in the shrubbery caught my attention. The moon was rising, and I was enabled to recognise, in the ghostly form, no other than Minna Seymour.

A guilty thrill shot to my heart as, for the first time, recollection of an eager entreaty I had made her "to defy the dragon and view the lake by moonlight," occurred to me.

I had never dreamed she would come—had only been indulging in an exercise of my power, and now gave a prolonged whistle of supreme chagrin as I saw the extent of it betrayed.

The sound startled her, and I could do nothing but come foward, with a mental anathema on her imprudence.

She sprang to me with a cry of relief, and at once placed confidingly a warm little hand in mine.

It is an accepted fact that all men are like Alfred Vargrave, and are all ready to exclaim, "I had liked her the more had she less liked me!"

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Perhaps *I* was an exception to the rule. At any rate, that innocent, confiding face, raised to mine, made me realise, more fully than ever, the mockery of the vows I had just paid.

"I was afraid you had forgotten," she whispered; "and I have had *such* a time escaping that dreadful Herndon and Amabel! They think I have retired with a violent headache."

"I wish devoutly you had!" was my mental ejaculation.

"And now," she continued, pouting, "tell me why you bring me out here, to run such risk and feel as if I had committed a felony! I don't understand such strategies. Why don't you speak to papa?"

"If you only knew the dangers of such a course—" I began.

"I don't want to know them! Papa has made up his mind to sacrifice one of us, and I really don't think he will care whether it is *l'ainée ou la cadette*. Your grandfather—"

"Was an honest man, whose money you may be proud to spend!" I interrupted, fiercely.

"I do not doubt it," she went on; "and if he were the veriest rascal, I should not care!"

"Humph?" I said, questioningly.

"It is the truth," was her pettish reply. "I would marry you, not your grandfather. But I do not believe you love me, else you would not bring me out on the lawn to hear what ought to be told in the drawing-room! There!"

This was unanswerable common-sense, and I was at a loss to reply.

"Oh, I am so miserable!" was the next exclamation of the impulsive girl.

And in proof thereof a graceful head, "running over with curls," was buried in her hands, and heavy sobs met my ear.

In a state of desperation, I implored her to follow a narrow path, which I pointed out, and seek the house, as I realised the imprudence of her position, and would explain all she wished to know to-morrow. But I counted without my host.

"Tell me *now*," was the sobbing answer to my entreaties. "I *won't* submit to being in your bondage while you remain free!"

"Really, Minna, this is tragically amusing," I said, with a light laugh, hoping to arouse her sense of the folly.

But my laugh had an opposite effect. She came closer, and looked steadfastly at my amused countenance.

"It is noble work!" she cried, scornfully. "You have won me, by tender words, to an avowal of my love, and now you treat me like a naughty child! You should be proud, sir, of your skill. I will not be the plaything of your idle hours any longer."

She broke away from me as she spoke, and ran swiftly to the lake. Not divining her purpose, I was horrified to hear a dull splash, and realise that she had thrown herself into the water. Quick as thought I dashed in after her, and as the lake was shallow, soon deposited her on the banks, notwithstanding the drawbacks of clothing and boots. In a few minutes she opened her eyes and lifted them reproachfully to mine. I was now called on to swear by every saint in the calendar that I loved her; which I did with a good grace, considering the state of my garments and my temper. Finding herself sufficiently recovered, and withal somewhat mortified and subdued after her cold bath, Minna insisted upon finding her way to the house, leaving me to the interesting contemplation of the fact that my fate was in the hands of one sister, and the fate of the other in mine. My feelings can better be imagined than described, as I moodily paced the margin of the lake in my wet garments.

A night of perplexity followed. If I adhered to Alicia's request, and spoke "to papa," I must of necessity break faith with Minna; and her performances at the lake were of a nature to convince me that she was not to be trifled with *selon mon goût*.

At last I hit upon an expedient. I would profess a romantic want of faith in woman's disinterested affection, and suggest to Alicia the propriety of a runaway match as the only proof I should accept that my half million was not weighed in the balance with my other advantages. I looked upon a marriage with Minna as somewhat absurd, and fancied, notwithstanding my predilections in her favour, that there was rather more glory in running off with the haughty Alice, who fled from my suit, than with the poor little maiden who had given such proof of her love.

Despairing of success, however, in inducing Miss Seymour to listen to such a scheme, I confided my fears to Harry, and asked his influence, leaving out, of course, the singular scrape in which I found myself with Minna.

"Run away, eh? What put such an idea into your head? It is a capital one, however, for it furthers a scheme of my own."

Here followed the astounding fact that Harry was in love with the *gouvernante*. I looked long and steadily into the mischievous eyes, but could detect no sign of amusement; so I entrusted my fate in his hands, and listened to his arrangements for a double elopement on that evening without a suspicion of his good faith, and with many thanks for his friendly assistance. Meanwhile, I was entrusted with the delicate commission of engaging Amabel's ingenuity in case suspicion of our movements was aroused. As I was almost as deeply compromised with her, and even the *fiancée* of my friend Harry, as with the more demonstrative Minna, I found the task no small one. Amabel dealt in silent reproaches, however, so I did not undergo such a storm as my interview at the lake had been.

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I found her seated, somewhat disconsolate, in the music-room, and was met with a glance of meek reproof; but I did not have time to conciliate, and began at once to unfold my story and relate my mission, leaving out my own share of the farce, and only telling her that I had promised personal assistance in the matter, and should leave Seymour Place with Harry. She opened the blue eyes wide enough when I mentioned the name of Harry's *duenna*.

"Not Miss Herndon!" she screamed, in a voice running over with laughter. "Not Miss Herndon—Harry Vane's ideal of perfection! Oh, it is too funny!"

Then followed a storm of words, to all of which I replied:

"It is true, *ma belle*. However we may be surprised at Harry's taste, environed by his sweet cousins as he is, it is nevertheless true."

I then devoted myself to the task of smoothing away scruples, as to "what papa would say," and conquered the difficulties by dint of many tender expressions; but, thank fortune, I fell short of the declaration.

I had been so overcome by her very evident regard for my safety and her lovely face, and the irresistible inclination to pay every woman homage, that I had so far committed myself as to press a fervent kiss on the dimpled hand, and would doubtless have compromised my position still further, had not Miss Herndon's timely advent put a stop to the scene.

(*To be continued.*)

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A NEW drama by Dion Boucicault, entitled "Jezabel," is in active preparation at the Holborn Theatre.

MR. AKHURST, of Australian burlesque reputation, is engaged upon a travestie for the Opera Comique.

IT is said that Miss Edith Sandford will retire from the stage next spring.

MR. BYRON'S comedy, "An English Gentleman," has been a success at Bristol.

MR. HENRY FARNIE, the author of the present Strand burlesque, has the following pieces in preparation:—A burlesque called "The Mistletoe Bough," at the Adelphi; a similar work on "Gil Blas," at the Princess's; a version of "Gulliver," at the Crystal Palace; and a grand spectacular piece entitled "Superba," at the Alhambra.

THE Albert Bridge, spanning the Thames from the south-west corner of Battersea Park to Cadogan Pier, is at length to be completed. The work of construction is proceeding rapidly, as it is said the bridge must be finished by January.

A PHOTOGRAPHER in Glasgow has received orders from a London house for 60,000 photographs of the Marquis of Lorne.

THE family of the late Rev. H. V. Elliott have given to the town of Brighton his valuable theological library of between three and four thousand volumes.

LADY BURGOYNE has received from the Empress a costly gold locket, in which her Majesty's photograph is to be enclosed, as a souvenir of her memorable voyage to England in Sir John Burgoyne's yacht, the "Gazelle," from which she landed at Ryde.

THE death is announced of the Princess Maria Amelia, second daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, in her twentieth year.

MR. GLADSTONE will, it is rumoured, be brought forward at the next general election, for the City of London and Baron Rothschild will probably retire.

THE London Chatham and Dover Railway Company are about to complete the line of railway formed, but lying idle for the last two years, running from Nunhead Cemetery to the foot of Blackheath Hill, Greenwich.

THE Committee of the Welsh Charity, Ashford, Middlesex, with the approval of the His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, president of the society, have intimated their intention of electing upon the foundation two children of Welsh parentage who may have been left orphans through the late lamentable catastrophe to the "Captain."

THE beautiful estate of Craighead, in the parish of Kilmadock, Perthshire, has just been sold by the heirs of the late Mr. Wilson, Bannockburn, to J. Bird, Esq., at the upset price of £8,000 sterling.

DOWNHAM HALL, Norfolk, the residence of the Duchess Dowager of Cleveland, was sold by auction on Tuesday by Messrs. Driver, of Whitehall. The estate comprises about 5,200 acres, with an excellent residence. The bidding commenced at £40,000, and after a most spirited competition the estate was sold to Mr. Edward Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, Henley-on-Thames, for the sum of £81,500.

MR. JAMES MACQUEEN, who lately died at an advanced age, was for many years a great labourer in the cause of African geographical exploration. Miss Macqueen, his amanuensis and nurse, has, we regret to hear, been left utterly destitute. A subscription is being raised for her.

THE Maharajah Maun Singh died at his residence at Lucknow, on the 12th October. Sri Singh, Rajah of Chumba, died on the 3rd. His Highness's little state is best known as the field of a flourishing Presbyterian mission.

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which appeared as before, with the full number ; and the current

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Plate I *Jan.y 1871*

LONDON AND PARIS

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Plate II

Janʸ 1871

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Plate III *Janʸ 1871.*

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Plate IV

January.

LONDON AND PARIS

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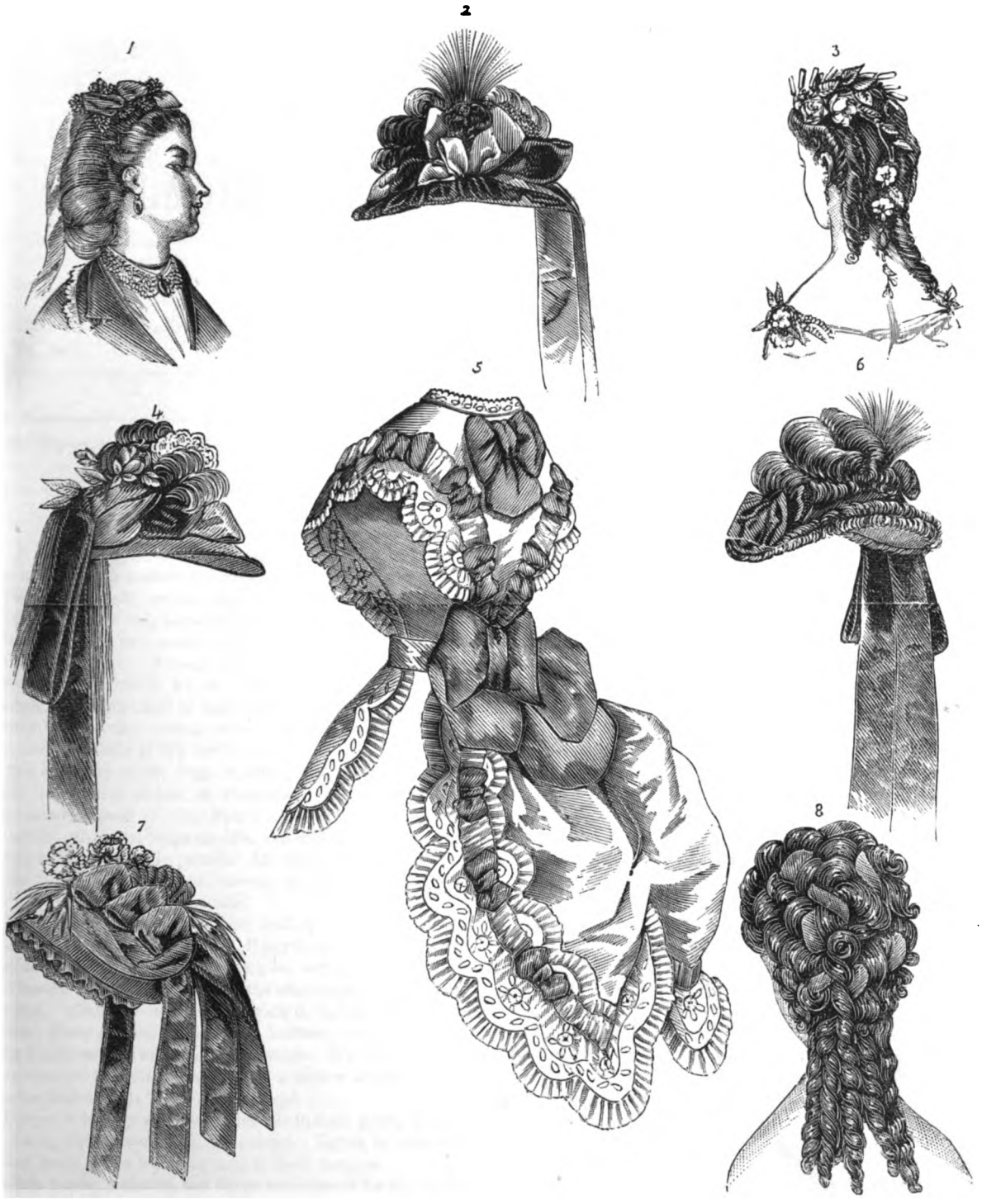


Plate V.] [*January*, 1871.

LONDON AND PARIS.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 481. JANUARY, 1871. Vol. 44.

This Magazine will be forwarded, post free, for six months, to any part of the United Kingdom, on the receipt of the half-yearly Subscription of Six Shillings and Sixpence.

LA MODE.

It would have been almost impossible a few months back to suppose such a position for the world of fashion as that with which it finds itself commencing the year 1871. In fact, it is difficult even now fully to realise the magnitude of the unlooked-for events which have so suddenly befallen the heart and centre of fashion—Paris. Among other privations to which the Parisians are exposed, we learn that there is no longer coal enough for gas, and that at nightfall Paris is dark; and we can hardly imagine the contrast between the present and the past, the more especially at this festive season.

The influence of the siege is widespread, and has reached even the distant shores of Hindostan. We are told that the shawl-weavers of the Punjaub are impoverished, that Umritsur's thousand looms are idle, and that the once thriving colony of Cashmere is in penury. Its chief influence upon ourselves is the absence of that novelty in design for which we have so long depended upon Paris.

The following are among the leading styles adopted at present:—Walking costumes are, if anything, somewhat shorter than formerly. Velvet and velveteen are very much worn. Narrow bands of fur, or sealskin, are the trimmings most generally adopted. Costumes in these materials do not need flounces or plissés; these are sometimes worn, however, ornamented with satin bands en biais and edgings of fringe. We have noticed a very effective trimming, consisting of a narrow edging of plaid inserted between the fur and the material.

Costumes in serge are also fashionable in dark green, bronze, chestnut, slate, grenat, and felt colours. Velvet, or very wide ribbed braid, is the trimming used in these costumes.

Plain bands, rouleaux, and fringe are prepared for edging the tablier, pannier, and jackets of winter costumes. Frills and flounces are not quite so much in vogue as formerly. Cloth jackets for out-of-door wear are generally made double-breasted, loose in the front, and tight-fitting in the back, with turn-down collars, revers in front, and open sleeves. The trimmings consist of bands of silk and braidings edged with fringe.

Short square jackets and paletots are very much worn. These are still made with openings at the side and at the back, and somewhat larger in the back than in front. Various materials are fashionable, the most prominent being cloth and velvet. Grebe, fur, and sealskin are the most prevalent trimmings worn round the edges, the collar being often made of the same materials. Sleeves are all made in the pagoda and Venetian styles.

Casaques, mantles, and jackets in velvet are in as great favour as ever. The trimmings used are those which we indicated last month. Black velveteens are very extensively used. This material, in black as well as other colours, will be found very useful. Casaques are nearly all tight-fitting, with semi-open sleeves, widening from the elbows. Guipure and Chantilly lace, with headings of jet passementerie, are the trimmings employed in the ornamentation of these garments. Tunics are almost invariably looped up at the sides, and also at the back, with rounded basques. Mantles are cut loose, with open sleeves, and are trimmed with guipure and lace. Velvet jackets are made and trimmed in similar styles.

Flounces, bouffants, and panniers are very much worn with morning dresses, and upper skirts of various styles are also in vogue.

Cachemires, poplins, silks, reps, and satin cloth are the materials principally employed for morning dress. Very little alteration has taken place in styles since last month. Dresses are made with somewhat longer and pointed waists. Panniers and basques continue in great favour. Dark green and very rich shades of brown are the colours most frequently worn.

The large quantity of lace employed in evening toilettes has given great impetus to the Honiton lace trade. Her Majesty the Queen has selected a large quantity of the finest Irish lace for the trousseau of the Princess Louise from a Dublin establishment. Lace is now used in every article of the trousseau.

Coiffures are still voluminous, and droop rather low upon the neck. They are arranged in twists, plaits, and rouleaux.

Evening dresses are train-shaped this season, and are made with pointed waists, tunics à panier, and plain tabliers in front. They are composed of rich silks, ornamented with a profusion of lace, flounces, or frillings. Upper skirts are looped up in various ways, and fastened by bows of ribbon and flowers, which are used more this season than formerly. Tulle, gauze,

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and tarlatane dresses are made with tunics en tablier in front and paniers behind, the first skirt being generally trimmed with flounces or flutings. Jacket bodices will probably supersede round waists for ball toilettes, bodices being pointed in front, with small basques at the back lying over the pannier.

In bonnets little or no alteration has taken place since our last number appeared, the present styles being the Gipsy and Pamela shapes in various modified forms. Velvet and lace are extensively employed. Torsades and bows of velvet and ribbon, feathers, flowers, aigrettes, and jet ornaments are largely employed. Bandeaux are filled with flowers and ruches. Wide strings, tying under the chin, edged with lace, are worn; and short scarfs in velvet, edged with fringe, are placed at the back, falling over the chignon.

The prevailing styles in hats are modifications of the Tyrolean. Shaded velvet and feathers are much used in trimming these. The colour of the hat generally matches the costume. Hats are preferred by young ladies. All shapes are very high in the crown, the brims being either flat and very narrow, or turned up on both sides.

Felt hats are trimmed with shaded velvet of a similar colour and corresponding feathers. Also in contrast, as a white hat with black velvet and small feathers. Very elegant hats are made in the new shades of brown. Scarfs, similar to those used for bonnets, are added at the back. In many styles the crown is quite hidden by small curled feathers.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Ball costume; under-skirt of puffed tulle, with bows of orange-scarlet satin ribbon. Over-bodice of striped tissue to correspond, bordered with deep fringe, looped up at the sides with bows of wide ribbon. Coiffure ornamented with an orange-scarlet feather.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of lavender-coloured satin, trimmed with wreaths of green ribbon and white lace. Cluster of leaves in coiffure.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of pale blue taffetas, trimmed with scallopped flounces and bouquets of white flowers. Opera cape of white cashmere, embroidered with blue silk and bordered with narrow fringe. Coiffure ornamented with white and blue flowers.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Indoor dress of green rep, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade.

Fig. 2.—Morning dress of brown French merino, trimmed with satin bands and flounces.

Fig. 3.—Young lady's walking costume of violet and grey sateen, trimmed with fringe and velvet. Hat of grey velvet, trimmed with a violet feather and veil.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Promenade dress of ruby-coloured poult de soie. Plain skirt. Velvet casaque, trimmed with Russian sable. Muff of the same fur. Black velvet hat, with veil and ruby flowers.

Fig. 2.—Indoor robe of pale brown alpaca, trimmed with velvet and fringe. Cap of white lace and blue ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of azure lustrine, with frills of the same fastened with bands of satin.

PLATE IV.—*Fig.* 1.—Little girl's costume dress of royal blue cloth, trimmed with bands of white swansdown. Hat of blue velvet with white feather.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of grey zanella, trimmed with broad bands of satin of a deeper shade. Casaque of black velour, with fringe and satin trimming. Hat of black velvet, ornamented with a scarlet plume.

Fig. 3.—Robe of violet gros-grain, trimmed with fluted ribbon and small bows. Jacket of light cloth, with silk bands and drop button bordering. Bonnet of gipsy shape, formed of grey terry, and ornamented with white flowers.

PLATE V.—*No.* 1.—Head-dress, composed of blue velvet and lace.

No. 2.—Paillasse hat of black velvet, with pleated brim, trimmed with rose-coloured satin ribbon. At the left side are three bows of ribbon, with a tuft of black ostrich feathers and an aigrette. Starting from the bows, a black ostrich feather is carried round to the opposite side, which is also trimmed by a rose-coloured ostrich feather. At the back is a bow of black velvet, and two floating ends of rose-coloured ribbon.

No. 3.—Hair dressed in two long ringlets hanging over the back and shoulders. Two pink convolvuli over the temple, and two smaller of the same at the back of the head between the ringlets, the flowers interspersed with green leaves.

No. 4.—Hat of rose-coloured velvet, bound by black velvet. At the left side is a rose-coloured ostrich feather. At the top of the hat is a small bouquet of rosebuds and foliage, and a black ostrich feather carried to the right side. At the back a long loop and a floating end of black velvet ribbon.

No. 5.—Casaque of clear muslin, trimmed with satin bows and deep embroidery. This elegant casaque forms two large puffs at the back, is rounded at the front, and is to be worn over a dress of blue poult de soie of the same tint as the bows.

No. 6.—Hat of black velvet, a trimming of black ostrich feathers covering the brim. At the front and back are bows of black ribbon, with floating ends at the back. A black ostrich feather is carried round the crown of the hat, and an aigrette of the same colour at the right side.

No. 7.—Bonnet in lilac velvet, with crown and curtain, the front edge trimmed with a pleated frill of lilac crêpe. Folds of lilac silk and a puff of crêpe in the left side, with three bows of lilac ribbon between, having floating ends, which hang down at the back. The front and right side are trimmed by scarlet carnations, fuchsias, and grass. At the back a small bouquet of fuchsias and grass. Strings of lilac ribbon.

No. 8.—Coiffure arranged in curls mixed with bands of emerald-green velvet ribbon. Six long curls fall down the centre behind.

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DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

THIS month we give for the festive season a Model of a Bertha. For warmth it may be made in wool; for the gay circle in net and lace, trimmed with bugles.

POETRY.

LADY FAIR.

UNDERNEATH the beech-tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows flitting
Through her wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolution losing,
Say, what matter 's in your musing,
Lady fair?

O, the charm that in your face is,
All the loves and all the graces!
To be clasped in your embraces
Monarch's guerdon were:
Not a man, I ween, who sees you,
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say—that lovers tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Baffled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare:
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguilèd,
Lady fair!

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus' form and Dian's manner
Doth my goddess wear:
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair?

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindness lighten,
While the cheek's rich colour heighten,
What would I not dare?
To improve their scornful splendour
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the loves that thou hast broken,
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only thee since I have seen thee:
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREAM.

AH! don't you remember, sweet Amy, the talking
You caused down at Silverdale Hall?
How men were all wild to attend you in walking,
Or to carry your sunshade or shawl?
You laughed and you flirted, and were so provoking,
For you reigned like a despot supreme;
And issued your edicts—part earnest, part joking—
From your home on the side of the stream.

Then had you your favourites, I can't help confessing,
Though you treated us all as your slaves—
One moment were angry, the next were caressing,
More capricious than wind-driven waves.
'Twas then Charlie Lincoln and I were both vying
To be first in your love and esteem,
While swiftly the rosy young hours were flying
At your court by the side of the stream.

Thus it often occurred in that bright sunny weather
That we both were ensnared by your wiles;
You gave one a flower, another a feather,
Whilst you gladdened us both with your smiles.
At last came a time of most exquisite rapture—
How short did that afternoon seem!—
As your lips pouted, I made my first capture,
When I met you alone by the stream.

Alone, did I say? Charlie Lincoln had seen us—
That he had I could tell by his look;
What matter? With osiers and hurdles between us,
With a thick tangled hedge and—a brook.
'Twas all one to me, for he could not come over;
So he bowed in a manner supreme,
And envied the lot that had cast me in clover,
With himself the wrong side of the stream.

How tender and true were those words softly spoken,
How lovely the light in your eyes;
How earnest those pledges, ne'er meant to be broken,
Those whispers that melted to sighs!
No longer mere fancy—my fate was decided;
No phantom, or fairy-like dream;
I blessed the good luck that my rival had guided
Thus to walk the wrong side of the stream.

THE MOTH.—Even the moth that eats into our clothes has something to plead for pity; for he came, like us, naked into the world, and he has destroyed our garments, not in malice, or wantonness, but that he may clothe himself with the same wool that we have stripped from the sheep.

LABOUR.—It is to labour, and to labour only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labour is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery, and barbarism.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUSCEPTIBLE MAN.

(Continued from our last.)

We looked very conscious, all of us, and there was a dead pause. I, feeling in a benign frame of mind, took leave of Amabel significantly, and approached the *gouvernante*, with whom, by-the-way, I was in a measure compromised besides.

"You can depend upon me," I said, fervently, "to do all in my power to further your happiness. The high regard I have ever expressed—"

"Say no more," she interrupted. "I understand all your noble, generous heart would avow. But the position is so novel to me that I cannot bear witnesses of my emotion."

And she pointed to Amabel.

"My dear," she said to her, "I am glad to learn from Mr. Vane that you will be our aid in this matter. I hope you will see that I am not disturbed in my chamber, to which I am now going."

Amabel inclined her head, and Miss Herndon, with a fervent pressure of the hand, thanked and took leave of me. I reported the interview to Harry, who, in turn, gave me the gratifying intelligence that Alicia had accepted my suit, and agreed to an elopement. I was too much elated to notice the singular graciousness of the fair girl who had given me such a different answer the night before.

Harry then unfolded his plans. He proposed that he should leave Seymour Place early in the evening, and start by the eight o'clock train for London; while I, as I was eloping with so important a personage, should wait until the household retired, which they usually did at eleven, and leave the station—three miles off—in the midnight train. I was averse to the new arrangement of dividing the parties, but Harry argued skilfully, and at last won my consent to the plan, thrusting an address, where he would await me in London, into my hand as we parted.

Evening came and found me in a state of trepidation. At the suggestion of my active friend, both ladies were confined to their rooms with violent headaches, and he took leave of his friends before dark, going off with a small satchel to "see a sick friend in Seymour Village."

At the appointed hour for *his* elopement, I repaired to the rendezvous, and had the satisfaction of seeing him tenderly assist a veiled figure, almost drenched with the summer rain that had been pouring in torrents for two hours, into a carriage drawn up at the village road a half mile beyond Seymour House. He shook my hand warmly in parting; the lady said nothing. With a crack of the whip the coachman was off, and I walked back to the house in the driving rain, alone. The evening passed heavily enough. Miss Herndon *never* appeared, so her presence or absence was nothing; and Alicia's headache and Harry's ostensible ride to the village had made the affair above suspicion.

My position was decidedly trying. I not only felt considerably more trepidation without Harry to back me, but had to make love to Minna, who had come into the drawing-room, contrary to rule, and looked at me with very pleading eyes.

At last, however, the evening came to a close. Good-nights were spoken, footsteps hurried along passages, and after the usual time, the house was silent. I stole down the stairway with a decided doubt as to whether Alicia had really promised to go, and if her courage would not probably give out before the hour appointed. As I hesitated a moment at the door leading into a private passage, from which I was to escape, the sudden noise of another door opening, and a stream of light from Mr. Seymour's library, made me hastily turn the knob in my hand. I found the door locked, and, before I could devise any way of escape, my host gravely advanced to where I stood.

"Mr. Hobson," he said, quietly, but with a great deal of wrath in his eyes, "you are punctual in keeping appointments. I am sorry to disturb your little arrangements, sir, but must request a few moments' conversation in the library."

I followed him, with a determination to brave the worst, meanwhile wondering to what fatality I owed this *contretemps*, and half divining that Alicia, perhaps, had divulged it all to her father. Taking this view of the affair, I prepared myself to satisfy the injured host, and to make an *amende honorable* of some kind to Minna; but judge of my surprise and horror, when I entered the room, to find every member of the family—saving Alicia—several guests, even Miss Herndon herself, seated in judgment.

"I requested these ladies' and gentlemen's presence, Mr. Hobson," said Mr. Seymour, in explanation of my look of amazement, "to hear what I have to say to you. That lady"—pointing to Miss Herndon—"is here, like yourself, to answer to a grave charge."

Here followed a detailed account of my delinquency, and as I listened in dignified silence, I gathered the fact that Mr. Seymour had invited me to his house for the purpose of sacrificing one of his daughters to my wealth, and that I had so far frustrated his design, and given evidence of my rascality, as to make an offer of marriage, and propose to elope with—his *gouvernante*, even while paying exclusive devotion to his daughter. As the full force of his tirade struck me, I instantly understood the mortifying fact that I had been duped—blinded—made a fool of by Harry Vane, to further his own schemes. The presence of Miss Herndon, that had so bewildered me, was easily accounted for. Harry had eloped with Alicia himself, and I had to endure the provoking thought that *I* had helped out his nefarious plans only

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to be laughed at. The sense of my wrongs gave me a dignity that evidently surprised my host.

"May I inquire, sir," I asked, "how you came by the knowledge you possess?"

"My nephew—" he began, coldly.

"Ah! I see we have been skilfully, successfully duped by your very clever kinsman—my friend. Had Mr. Vane ever aspired to the hand of his cousin?" I demanded.

"That is not to the point, sir," replied my host, angrily.

But I urged so eagerly, that he finally deigned to inform me that Harry *had* ventured to declare his love, and had been rejected by Mr. Seymour for his poverty.

"Then, learn," I cried, excitedly, "that your daughter is even now in London with your scapegrace nephew, and I inveigled into running away with a woman to whom I never said six words of love!"

In the energy of my appeal, I was forgetting my little flirtations; but I soon had cause to remember them. Three several voices made their complaints.

"I have been scandalously taken in!" cried Mr. Seymour. "Search the house!"

"*I* have been outrageously taken in!" nervously ejaculated Miss Herndon. "Cruel man! Breach of promise!"

"*I* have been taken in, deceived, betrayed! Oh, I am so miserable!" cried Minna, in a passion of tears.

"My friends," I said, in utter desperation and anger, "*I* am the cruellest, worst taken in of all! Think of what my fate would have been tied to a woman I did not love! But for your interference"—turning to Mr. Seymour—"I shudder to think—"

"You need not shudder, base man!" screamed the offended spinster. "I would have made you a better wife than you deserve to get, with your cruel deceptions. Read that, sir, and then dare to assert that you did not implore me to be yours!"

She threw a crumpled note on the table, and fell back in strong hysterics.

Mr. Seymour, not yet recovered from his indignation against me, was pouring on my devoted head the wrath that surged and boiled within, when the above catastrophe took place.

"Carry her out!" he cried to a *femme de chambre*, whose curiosity had drawn her near the door for an instant.

The offended *gouvernante*, disdaining assistance, at once rose and left the room, sobbing the while. In the silence that followed her exit, the crumpled note was read. It contained a passionate declaration of love, and urged the unhappy spinster to fly with me, "whom circumstances alone prevented from openly claiming her." It is useless to say this was a production of Harry Vane, the answer to which was doubtless stowed away in his pocket. But though deeply deploring Miss Herndon's disappointment, I could not find it in my heart to offer her my name and fortune. Minna Seymour, on the other hand, was another being, and, since her unfortunate exclamation had betrayed *her* share in the catastrophe, I was willing enough to make an *amende honorable*, if she would be induced to believe—what *I* now believed—that I had never loved Alicia at all. Thrown over, deceived, and slighted as I now was, this was a natural conviction of mine.

I did not doubt that Mr. Seymour, despite his pride, would willingly accept such a balm as a half million, if offered as a slight atonement for a flirtation with his young daughter, more especially as his preoccupied mind was not open to the indignant exclamation of Minna, and he was in blissful ignorance of my delinquency. Under these circumstances, he politely held out his patrician fingers, and begged my pardon for his mistake, at the same time pouring out his wrath on the absent scapegrace, and declaring he would disown them both.

I would here have made my proposition of taking Minna as "bone of my bone," but a glance at the scornfully indignant face convinced me that I had best make my peace, and be not rash; so, with a profound bow to my host, I retired.

The morning found me far away from Seymour Place. Before leaving, I sought an interview with Minna, and implored a reinstatemant to favour, offering her, in good faith, my heart, as well as fortune. It was received with a shrug of the shoulders, and a steady look into my face. The reply was characteristic, and made me more deeply in love than ever.

"No, sir! You have trifled with my inexperience unpardonably. Besides, I am not in the least flattered that you should offer me the *débris* of your flirtation with Alicia, and imagine I should accept such a poor semblance of love."

I went back to London, rather the worse for my visit, and made a mental vow to eschew women in the future. But the blue eyes of Minna Seymour had made a deep impression upon my very vulnerable heart, and I found it harder to forget her, rejected, than it had been to feign passion in the days of her impetuous love. So it came to pass that I resolved to make her recall her scornful words.

Harry Vane, with his usual *sang froid*, wrote a characteristic appeal to Mr. Seymour's feelings as a father, and, before many months were over, he and his bonny bride had received the paternal blessing, and were enjoying the sweets of the prodigal's return.

I am afraid that poor little Amy wrote odes to my imperial and eyebrows for an indefinite time. Of Miss Herndon, deponent saith not of her fate. And of Minna? Well, we met again. Where? At Seymour Place, where I went apparently at Harry's penitent entreaties, but really lured by an influence that I would not acknowledge; so it shall be nameless.

Minna and I took Sunday walks in the cheerful,

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honest sunlight, not afraid of groups on the lawn, nor of anything else; and I think I can affirm that she has outgrown her fancy for plunge-baths. She wears a very handsome solitaire on her pretty hand, and Alicia confidentially informs me that there are mysterious preparations of a dressmaking nature going on in the stately house. Do I love her? and have I quite made up my mind? I disdain a reply, for

"It is with feelings as with waters,
The shallow murmur, while the deep are dumb."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

(Continued from our November number.)

CHAPTER X.

HER sudden acquiescence might have awakened his suspicions if he had not been so certain of bending her to his will from the first, and he received this evidence of her submission with a grin of satisfied vanity.

"You consent to marry me, then?" he asked, wishing to make assurance doubly sure.

"Yes," she returned; but she shivered like one who swallows a disagreeable dose of medicine.

"Ah, you're getting sensible. I thought you'd come to it; and now I'll tell you how we can make money together. There's a Variety Theatre on Broadway, in New York, and I have been talking with the manager, Bob Buckler, about you. He's in want of a first-class dancer, and I told him you could beat anything he ever saw. He's willing to give you a trial, on my recommendation, and ten dollars a night, if he finds you up to the mark. If you make a 'hit,' we can double the salary without any trouble; and I'll treat all the critics, and get them to puff you like thunder. Have you got your wardrobe with you?"

"Yes; at the bottom of my trunk. I kept it, to guard against contingencies. We never know what may happen to us in this world."

"That's so! It's lucky you did now; isn't it?"

"Yes." But the answer came quite moodily.

"Are you willing to go back to the business?"

She regarded him with a look of quiet scorn, as she replied:

"I suppose I must, for I presume you will not be able to support me."

"I am afraid not," he answered, in a most unblushing manner. "It is about as much as I can do to support myself. My profession is rather a precarious one."

She opened her eyes in astonishment at this.

"Your profession!" she exclaimed. "I never knew you had one. What may *your* profession be, pray?"

"Playing policy," he answered, with a grin: "and that's a game a fellow doesn't always win at, you know."

A gambler and a loafer! and she was obliged to accept him for her husband. It was a sad blow to her haughty pride. Did she think for a moment that her crime had brought her to this, and that a swift retribution was tracking her steps? No, her thoughts were too busy with the future to reflect upon the past.

"If I go back to dancing," she said, musingly, "it must be under a different name from any I have yet borne."

"Of course; I have no objection to that. Call yourself by a French name—Mademoiselle something or other—it will make you more popular."

"And then none of the family at Clovernook—not even Gisbet himself—must know what I am doing."

"With all my heart. I am not anxious they should know. Slip off without saying anything to them about it."

"Oh, no!" she answered, quickly; "that would never do. I must not leave a scandal behind me."

"What do you care?" he asked, impatiently. "You'll never go back there again."

She was not so sure of that, but she did not tell him so. She wisely kept her reflections to herself.

"Let me arrange this matter to suit myself," she said, quietly. "It will make very little difference to you how you get me, so long as you *do* get me, I suppose?"

"That's so," he grumbled; "but you women do have the strangest ideas, and go any lengths to keep up appearances."

He did not know what made her so calm under his insolence. He thought it was fear; he would have shivered a little if he had had the faintest suspicion of the fate she had laid out for him in her mind. She expected to return to Clovernook after a very short absence, and, consequently, she must depart in such a way as not to awaken the suspicion of its inmates. Her scheming brain soon arranged the plan.

"Listen to me, Hugh," she began, addressing him in a more friendly and familiar manner than she had yet done, "and follow my instructions, if you wish me to consent to your wishes."

"Don't put on airs with me," he commenced, in a blustering tone.

She arose quietly to her feet.

"Oh, very well," she said. "Good evening. I will return to Clovernook, and you can do as you like."

He glared in great surprise at her.

"Do you dare?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

She smiled disdainfully.

"Go and get your thousand dollars, and much good may they do you!" she cried, mockingly.

If he thought he was to be this girl's master, he never made a greater mistake in his life. He began to realise it.

"See here," he remonstrated—"don't you be a fool!"

"It is you who are the fool," she replied, with the most provoking calmness.

He strangled an oath between his teeth, and then

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knuckled to the inevitable situation that generally falls to the lot of a man in his contention with a woman.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, doggedly.

"First tell me if you intend to do it."

"Well, yes, I suppose I must."

She resumed her seat.

"Then I'll tell you. In the first place, can you write?"

"Oh, yes; I went to school in my young days."

"Very good. When you return to New York you must write a letter to me, stating that you knew my family when I was a child, and that you are at present residing in New York, and wish to have me pay you a visit. You must write this letter in a handwriting to resemble a lady's, and make it appear that it comes from a widow lady who lost her husband in the war. You can sign it—let me see—oh! use your own name, Preston—that is as good as any other. And you must promise to send a carriage for me on any day I may select in my answer. I will answer it, and name a day. You can come in the carriage—but do not show yourself any more than you can help—as the widow's son, to conduct me to her house. Have a marriage-licence with you, and, on our arrival in New York, we will drive at once to a minister's and get married. Does that plan satisfy you?"

"It's a roundabout way," he grumbled; "but, as it brings out finally where I want to go, I don't mind."

"Will you do it?"

"Yes."

"Good night, then. There's the bell for the last boat; you will be just in time."

She darted quickly away, leaving her suitor in a very discontented frame of mind. He had not triumphed over her to the extent he had expected, and the petty malignity of his composition was correspondingly mortified thereat. He had sought her with the idea that the terrible secret he held over her would bring her in abject terror to her knees before him. He had been disappointed in this, as we have seen; true, she had yielded, but her manner of doing so had robbed his victory of more than half its triumph. He was rather vindictive over the result.

"Wait awhile, my lady!" he muttered; "I'll take it out of you yet."

A vague kind of threat which seemed to afford him much satisfaction. He went on board the ferry-boat, and returned to New York.

On her walk back to Clovernook, Lamia revolved her plans in her busy brain. The pretended visit would work admirably—no one would suspect her true motive in going to New York. No one must know it—not even Gisbet. Hugh Preston must be removed from their path quietly, but securely; there was no telling how much time she would be obliged to waste before this could be successfully accomplished.

She dared not trust Gisbet with the knowledge of the dread peril that threatened them. She feared he would throw up the dark game in despair. 'No, she must leave him, and work out their salvation with her own determined hands. She was not ignorant that she was leaving a serious danger behind her. Her womanly instinct had told her that both Celynda and Ella were laying determined siege to Gisbet's heart, and knowing the peculiar fickleness of that organ, she naturally had serious apprehensions for the result. She could checkmate them, despite the assistance that Mrs. Fetherstone rendered them, when she was present, but would they not gain ground, and deprive her of Gisbet's affection, in her absence? It was a serious question to consider, and cost her a world of anxiety. But there was no help for it. Between two evils she was forced to choose the least—she must go.

She made her arrangements accordingly. The letter came in due season. She took it to Mrs. Fetherstone to ask her advice. Mrs. Fetherstone was what might be considered an average good woman, but she was human—with the failings as well as the virtues of common mortality. Her motherly instinct had warned her against Lamia, and she had rather distrusted her from the first. The refined beauty and cultivated graces of Celynda Gilfoyle and Ella Lavelle paled before the weird loveliness of this untutored girl, and she was not slow to perceive it. She considered her a very dangerous obstacle in the course of the matrimonial scheme she had laid out for her son, and was glad to have her withdraw from the field, although it was but temporarily.

"Do you remember this Mrs. Preston, Lamia?" she asked.

"Not very distinctly," answered Lamia, with well-assumed ingenuousness. "I have a faint remembrance of her visiting our family when I was a child."

"I suppose you would very much like to see her, then," observed Mrs. Fetherstone. "A visit to New York would be an agreeable relief to the monotony of our quiet existence here. The very quietness is its greatest charm to me; but I am no longer young, and the gay scenes of life have lost their attractiveness to me. It is not so with you, however; you are upon the very threshold of life, and the world lies all before you. Enjoy it while you may. If your inclination prompts you to accept this invitation, so kindly offered, go, by all means."

So it was settled that Lamia was to go to New York to pay a visit to Mrs. Preston. Celynda and Ella were rather pleased when they heard of it. Gisbet looked surprised, but he said nothing.

Lamia wrote her letter to Hugh Preston, telling him to come for her; and it almost seemed like signing her own death-warrant when she wrote her name at the bottom of the few lines. Her heart foreboded evil in the future, but she saw no way to avoid it. The dagger must befriend her as before—new crime must conceal the old—there was no help for it.

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Having dispatched her letter, she walked out into the garden and sat down upon a rustic bench, which had been constructed around the trunk of a stately tree. This seat commanded a splendid prospect, and was a favourite resort of hers. She never tired of the panorama moving unceasingly before her eyes. The wide expanse of sea and sky, the sea-birds on the wing, the white sails skimming over the waves, the lordly ocean steamers puffing out great volumes of smoke, and sending the waves careering on the yellow beach, formed a picturesque variety of which she never grew weary. It cost her a pang to think she must leave this place, even for a short time. Hugh Preston would not have felt easy in his mind could he have looked into her thoughts at that moment.

A step upon the pebbles disturbed her meditations. Looking up, she saw Gisbet. He came and sat upon the bench beside her, passing his arm caressingly about her waist. This token of affection at such a moment—for he had not been very demonstrative since their arrival there—moved her greatly, and she beamed upon him a look that was eloquent of her soul's devotion.

"Dear Gisbet!" she murmured. "And I must leave you—must tear myself away from the spot that contains my heart's treasure."

The lustrous eyes grew dewy, the graceful head sank upon his shoulder, and something like a sob heaved her bosom convulsively. His conscience smote him a little as he observed her emotion, and thus had a proof of that love which he could never more return. He had not the heart to break this change to her, but with the weakness and vacillation so inherent in his nature, continued a deception which he trusted to chance to keep undiscovered. This visit to the pretended Mrs. Preston, for he was well aware there was no such person, had puzzled him, and seeing her walk into the garden, he had followed her for the purpose of questioning her concerning the matter.

"Why must you leave me, Lamia?" he asked, in surprise, as the despairing words above fell from her lips.

She raised her head and choked back her sobs, proudly, as if ashamed of having given way to a womanly weakness.

"Because I must, Gisbet," she answered. "You smile at that, don't you? You think it is a true woman's reason, eh? Well, dearest, it is the best I can give you—even *you!* A great danger threatens us; I go to counteract it. When I return, it will be over."

"What is this danger? Cannot I help you to meet and surmount it?" he asked, eagerly.

"No; it must be met by me alone. I will conquer it speedily, never fear. Kiss me, good-by, darling, and promise me that you will not make love to Celynda and Ella when I am gone."

He promised her, of course; it was easy enough to do that. Some one has written: "Men's promises should be made of pie-crust, because they so often eat their words." It was rather a homely expression, but not devoid of truth.

The next afternoon a carriage came for Lamia; her trunk was strapped behind it, and, after an exchange of most affectionate farewells with the inmates, she left Clovernook, promising to return in a short time.

No doubt such was her intention, but there are adverse circumstances in every one's destiny, and Lamia was, although she knew it not, leaving Clovernook for ever! The current of crime had caught her up, and was sweeping her rapidly onward to destruction!

CHAPTER XI.

THAT night when Ella and Celynda retired to their chamber at the usual hour, the former burst forth with the eager exclamation:

"Lynda, I've got something to tell you!"

"At last!" said Celynda, with a quiet smile, as she sat down by the window, and commenced undoing her hair.

The night was fresh and balmy, and a south wind came wooingly up the bay, and stole in at the open windows.

"Yes, at last," repeated Ella, letting her own light tresses fall like a veil upon her white shoulders. "At last! That observation of yours sounds very much as if you doubted my ability in the detective line. But there is very little that escapes me, I can tell you. I have kept a sharp eye on Lamia, and to-day my perseverance was rewarded with results. I saw her go into the garden, and as Gisbet followed her very soon after, I thought I would follow him, and I did. I saw them sitting together on the bench under the tree. I got behind the boat-house, and observed them. Though I was not near enough, unfortunately, to hear what they said, I could see very distinctly what they did."

"Well, what did they do?" asked Celynda, listlessly. She was not easily aroused from the natural apathy of her disposition.

"Prepare to be shocked!" cried Ella, with mock gravity.

Celynda looked up in a bewildered manner.

"Why, did he kiss her?" she asked, in a more animated manner, and showing some degree of interest in the matter.

"Well, I won't swear to that, but I think it is more than likely. He put his arm around her waist, and her head reclined very lovingly upon his shoulder. Wouldn't you like to have been in her place? I am sure I should!"

"How you do talk!" answered Celynda, with her favourite phrase. "Do you think he loves her?" she resumed, musingly, after a short pause.

"It looks very much like it!"

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"It does, indeed!"

Celynda sighed gently to herself.

"She has put our noses out of joint, that's evident. Not very flattering to us, is it?"

Celynda smiled at her companion's petulance.

"I do not very well see how we can help it," she replied. "She had one very great advantage over us, in having first made his acquaintance. She is certainly strikingly beautiful, and I do not wonder at his falling in love with her."

"But he isn't in love with her!" cried Ella, quickly.

"No?" asked Celynda, in surprise.

"Not a bit of it! She is in love with him, fast enough, any one can see that—for the man appears to be a perfect lady-killer, bewitching every woman with whom he comes in contact—the more fools we! But Lord! women will be just such stupid creatures whenever there is a good-looking man in question. It's engrafted in our natures, and we can t help it!"

"Your opinion of your own sex, Ella, is not very complimentary, I must say. But what makes you think that Gisbet does not love Lamia?" asked Celynda, curiously.

It was very evident that even her sluggish nature had been excited by the manly graces of Gisbet Fetherstone, and she formed a shining example of the truth of Ella Lavelle's uncomplimentary remarks.

(To be continued.)

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A SIMPLE but pretty monument has been erected by Irishmen to the memory of Samuel Lover in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

THE picture-gallery of Prince Esterhazy has been bought by the Hungarian Government. The price is said to be 1½ million florins (£125,000).

MR. STEPHEN GLOVER, the well-known composer, died recently at the age of fifty-eight. He was the composer of "What are the Wild Waves saying?" and other popular pieces.

THERE is to be a second exhibition of the works of old masters at Burlington House. The Queen, the Marquis of Westminster, and others have promised to exhibit.

MRS. THEODORE MARTIN (Miss Faucit), who has been gratifying the Glasgow people by a few performances, has given a donation of £50 to the Royal Infirmary of that city.

MUSIC at Melbourne is gaining ground. When it is stated that Meyerbeer's "Africaine" and the "Huguenots" are performed at the Opera House, and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Reformation Symphony at the Philharmonic Society, progress must be the watchword in Victoria.

THE examination at the Royal College of Surgeons for the Fellowship afforded the first instance of a native Indian gentleman having been admitted to that distinction.

THE American papers are anything but unanimous in their estimation of Mdlle. Nilsson as a singer; complaint is made—a very old one, no doubt, as regards vocalists—that she takes unwarrantable liberties with the text, and that she is by no means a great singer. The reply to these detractors is, that she "draws" more money than ever Jenny Lind did.

A BEAUTIFUL and complete set of architectural and coloured drawings of the Royal Dairy and Dairy Farm Buildings in the Home Park, Windsor, which were erected during the lifetime of the late Prince Consort, has been submitted to her Majesty the Queen. These drawings have been sketched from the existing works for his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt, and were executed by Mr. Alfred Nutt, of the Office of Works, Windsor Castle.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS died on the 5th of last month, at Puys, near Dieppe. The French novelist and dramatist was born in June, 1803, at Villers-Cotterets, in the department of the Aisne. Alexandre Dumas began life on his own account in Paris as a clerk in the office of the Duke of Orleans as his secretary. He devoted all his leisure hours to the study of the law, and soon excelled as an author. His most famous dramas, perhaps, were "Henri III. et sa Cour," and "La Tour de Nesle." His principal novels are "Monte Cristo," and "Les Trois Mousquetaires."

"ST. PETER."—Mr. Benedict's oratorio "St. Peter," so successful at the Birmingham Festival, for which it had been expressly written, has been performed at St. James's Hall, under the composer's own direction, and received with every mark of favour. The chorus was that of Mr. Barnby's admirably trained choir; the orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus as leading violin, was in every respect highly efficient, and the chief solo vocal parts were entrusted to Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Stockhausen (Mr. Raynham taking some of the less important tenor music). A more powerful "cast" could scarcely have been desired by Mr. Benedict himself, who, at the end of the oratorio, was enthusiastically cheered.

THE *Athenæum* states that a new Russian periodical will be published in January at St. Petersburg, of which one remarkable feature will be that its contributors are almost all ladies. Its title is "An Illustrated Edition of Translations of the best Foreign Authors," and the first part will contain versions of Mr. Smiles's "Biography of Working Men," by S. Vielozerski; of Palgrave's "Travels in Arabia," by Anna Budkievievich; two of the Erckmann-Chatrian Tales, by Vera Erakoff; and "On London Labour and London Poor," by the editress, under the name of M. Vavciok.

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LONDON AND PARIS

February 1871.

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Plate II

Feb. 1871.

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Plate III

LONDON AND PARIS

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Plate IV.] [[*February*, 1871.

LONDON AND PARIS.

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Plate III

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LONDON AND PARIS

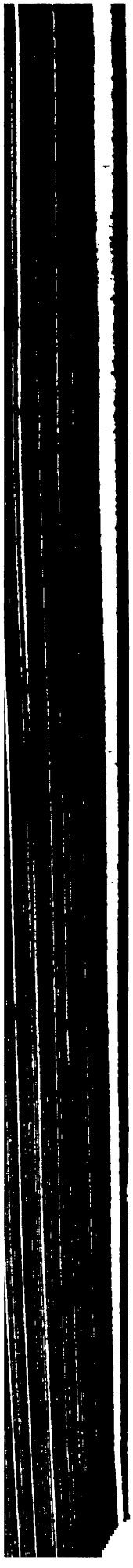
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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 482. FEBRUARY, 1871. Vol. 44.

This Magazine will be forwarded, post free, for six months, to any part of the United Kingdom, on the receipt of the half-yearly Subscription of Six Shillings and Sixpence.

LA MODE.

Winter will shortly give place to spring, but we still have the same story to tell our readers of the paralysation of trade and fashion by the Franco-Prussian war, the effects of which are growing more and more apparent. The hopes which we ventured to raise a few weeks back were dashed away ere they were scarcely formed, and we still await with considerable anxiety the restoration of a peace which shall once more bring manufactures, arts, and industry into the old channels from which they have been so violently turned aside for several months. While we write, news of negotiations for the capitulation of Paris reaches us. But even if this should lead to the restoration of peace, a considerable time must necessarily elapse before matters connected with dress will have resumed their wonted places, and the world of fashion be again dependent upon the French capital, as we fully believe it will—notwithstanding opinions to the contrary—for its supply of novelties as heretofore.

The consequent effects upon trade are very great, and the markets are at this moment quite destitute of new materials. The present crisis, in arresting the French silk manufactures, has almost entirely shut up the principal markets for raw silk, and the future of the silk trade seems now to depend principally on the duration of the war, as French manufacturers, who have no stocks of raw silks, will not enter the market again as long as peace is not restored.

We have no very great change to report since our last number in the leading costumes, and little difference will be perceptible till the spring really sets in. The principal materials employed in complete costumes are French satins, cloths, and velveteens. The rich qualities of the latter material this season render them very effective. The costumes now worn are composed of two skirts, the second of which generally has a panier. They are ornamented with five or seven rather narrow flounces, and in some instances with one deep flounce, headed with three or five narrow ones, finished at the top of each with a band of velvet. Loose or half-fitting jackets accompany these costumes. The trimmings employed consist of lace, fringe, or passementerie. Large and open sleeves are indispensable.

The most fashionable materials for costume dresses are reps, poplins, and plaids, the latter of which may be used in the ornamentation of plain materials. The skirts are trimmed, and are worn with a rather long jacket. They are worn either round or in two deep points. Neutral tints and light green shades will be the colours most in vogue this month. Flat trimmings of various kinds will be fashionable.

For morning dress, costumes composed of two skirts—the under one in percales uni, the upper in piqués and brilliants, will be very fashionable this season.

Velvet casaques continue in great favour. The warm and heavy trimmings which have been so popular throughout the winter have given way to lighter and elegant trimmings, and seal, sable, and furs are replaced by fringes, passementerie, lace, and jet, which are the trimmings now used in the ornamentation of these garments. They consist of a looped-up tunic, over which the body and basque are worn. In some few instances the skirt and body are cut in one, but this style is not nearly so elegant, and by no means general. They are made tight-fitting, with half-open sleeves.

Jupons in satin and velvet continue in favour. These garments are quilted in various patterns, and are ornamented with a small flounce at the edge.

The approaching marriage of the Princess Louise has revived a taste for Scotch plaids, which have been and still continue in great favour. The Argyll tartan is of course the favourite, and is employed in costumes, mantles, and trimmings. A new mantle, called the "Princess Louise," has been adopted, and has become fashionable. This mantle is made in the Argyll plaid, with a square hood finished off with tassels, and is trimmed with black velvet bands and buttons.

Very rich and elegant passementeries are used for trimming mantles. There is little or no difference in shape this month. They are made loose in front and double-breasted, rather short in skirt, and slightly shaped to the figure, with wide open sleeves and separate basques. Jackets and mantles in cloth may be trimmed with satin or velvet bands, or bound with velvet, with velvet revers and cuffs.

The "Hussar" is one of the latest shapes adopted in jackets. This shape is made double-breasted, with a deep turn-down

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collar, and fits rather tight to the figure at the back, the skirt being open to the waist. The sleeves are of a moderate size. This shape will be well adapted to warm materials for spring wear.

A new material has been produced, which has received the name of the "Lorne" plaid. It consists of an admixture of the Argyll with the Stuart tartans.

Evening dresses are made long and train-shaped and full in the skirt. They are composed of very rich silks of brilliant colours, either plain or mixed. Some are very beautifully brocaded with satin flowers. Satin is also used, and is very effective when worn under a lace tunic. Ruches and bouillons are extensively employed in ball toilettes, which are mostly composed of tulle.

The only perceptible difference in bonnets, perhaps, is that the shapes are a little smaller than formerly. The Gipsy and Pamela bonnets in velvet are still the prevailing fashions. These are trimmed with torsades and bows in velvet, with satin, flowers, and feathers. Velvet and feathers, or velvet and flowers, are the combinations now adopted.

Gipsy bonnets in black and white straw are also fashionable. They are trimmed with coloured velvet or with Terry, and with bright-coloured flowers in amber, ruby, or green, mixed with white or black lace. Millinery Gipsy bonnets are trimmed with feathers to match the material, or with white aigrettes, full edges, and curtain.

Some bonnets in dark-coloured velvet have a turned-back border, lined with silk or satin of a lighter colour.

Felt and velvet are the prevailing materials in hats at present. These are trimmed with torsades and folds of velvet and gros-grain, feathers and aigrettes.

Hats in straw and velvet are also trimmed with plaitings of Terry or velvet, standing very high in front, with either feathers or flowers, according to taste. These are very becoming, and very much in favour at present.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig.* 1.—Little girl's dress of scarlet and white tartan, trimmed with a wide silk band on the skirt. Jacket of grey cloth faced and bordered with scarlet. Grey hat, ornamented with scarlet feathers and ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Walking costume of brown rep, trimmed with velvet of a deeper shade. Gipsy bonnet, trimmed with black lace and feather.

Fig. 3.—Robe of olive-green poult-de-soie, with two flounces of the same on the skirt. Mantle of gros-grain, with trimmings of satin and fringe.

PLATE II.—*Fig.* 1.—Evening dress of rose-coloured satin, trimmed with flounces and narrow velvet rosettes. Coiffure, ornamented with a rosette on the front.

Fig. 2.—Dress of lavender poplin, trimmed with bows and bands of mauve ribbon. Cap of white lace and ribbon same colour as on the dress.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of black poult de soie with trimmings of satin puffings and white Cluny lace.

PLATE III.—*Fig.* 1.—Costume dress of fawn-coloured alpaca, trimmed with emerald gimp and fringe. Coiffure ornamented with an emerald ribbon, bow on the front.

Fig. 2.—Dress of ruby-coloured taffetas, with flounces of the same fastened by bows of the same colour, the ribbon in the hair to correspond.

Fig. 3.—Costume dress of azure rep, trimmed with puffings of the same, and flounces. Coiffure, with a plaited coronet of hair across the head.

PLATE IV.—*No.* 1.—Round hat in black velvet, with turned-up brim behind. Twists of velvet are placed around the crown, and two roses, with buds and foliage, are placed in front. A black ostrich feather is carried across the top, starting from the left side, terminating on the opposite one. White aigrette on the top, and floating end of black velvet at the left side, cut obliquely and edged by fringe.

No. 2.—Paillasse hat in mazarin blue velvet, with turned-up brim at the sides. Folds of blue velvet are carried all round the hat, and in front is a double eventail-shaped quilling of blue velvet, with three large buds of the tea-rose in the centre. White ostrich feather at the top, carried round to the back.

No. 3.—Violet velvet bonnet, with crown and curtain. The inside trimming of the front consists of folds and bows of velvet with black lace, and a yellow satin rose in the centre. The outside of the front is trimmed with a similar rose, and trail of tea-green leaves, and buds. A drapery of violet velvet is carried round the bonnet, and a large ruche of velvet ribbon forms the trimming of the centre of the crown, also forming a floating end, which is trimmed with fringe. Strings of violet satin ribbon.

Nos. 4 *and* 6.—Embroidered muslin chemisettes, with sleeves to match, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

No. 5.—Lace tunic bodice, lined with coloured silk, trimmed with satin bias, and bows of ribbon.

No. 7.—Toque hat, with slightly hollowed turned-up brim, lined with green velvet. The hat is trimmed with a twist of green velvet ribbon, the top being nearly covered by green and white ostrich feathers, and a white aigrette. Bow and broad floating ends of green velvet at the back, lined with white satin, terminated by fringe.

No. 8.—Muslin collar, cut entirely crosswise of the material, trimmed with lace.

No. 9.—Evening head-dress, composed of bows of ruby-coloured velvet. It is trimmed in front with a gold rose, and bud and leaves of the same, and a white ostrich feather. Bandeau of the velvet, with white lace at the right side, and long and short floating ends, edged with gold fringe.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give this month a Model of a Corsage front, to which the usual back and side pieces can be attached; it may be made with the skirt in serge de laine, and trimmed with bows and velvet.

The Indian Secret.—An Indian Lady will send a sample bottle of the Secret Hair Dye, used by the native Indian princes for dyeing their hair black or brown. Inclose forty-two stamps to Indiana's London Agents, Baud et Lebarre, Museum Street, and 43, Hart Street, Oxford Street, W.C. (opposite Mudie's Library). The Secret is one liquid only. Colourless, harmless, and infallible. In bottles, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.

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POETRY.

WEDDING BELLS.

THAT is her picture, Will, on the wall;
How the sunbeams light up her face, old man!
I like to think, in my selfish way,
Of the days before my sorrow began.
It seems like a golden dream sometimes,
That I and my love with the golden hair
E'er sat in the dark beneath the limes,
Where the violets grow and the woodbine fair.

The artist? Well, if you care to know,
I did it myself; for I used to paint
In my salad days; but now nor brush
Nor palette I touch. Oh! it makes me faint
When I hear her name, so pass the cup,
And we'll smoke the celibate's pipe of peace,
Nor list to the bells as they chime and chime,
As though they'd never their clangour cease.

Yon come the wedding folk down the street;
Here is the husband and here is the wife,
Nestling close to each other, as though
For them there will never be woe or strife!
Well, well, old fellow, p'r'aps you know best!
I'll drop this cynical, sneering tone,
And wish them happy, and all the rest;
But let me be with her picture alone.

THE WILD ROSE.

A BOY espied, in morning light,
A little rosebud blowing;
'T was so delicate and bright
That he came to feast his sight,
And wonder at its growing.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!

"I will gather thee," he cried,
"Rosebud brightly blowing!"
"Then I 'll sting thee," it replied,
"And you'll quickly start aside,
With the prickle glowing."
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!

But he plucked it from the plain,
The rosebud brightly blowing!
It turned and stung him, but in vain,
He regarded not the pain,
Homewards with it going.
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!

THE OFFERING.

I HAVE gathered them all for you, for you,
Beloved, of the bright, the violet eye!
And I bring them hither embalmed in dew,
To strew the curls that like sunbeams lie
On brow and cheek, where the lily and rose,
Other and brighter than mine, repose.

I have brought the lilies and roses sweet,
And the bells of purple and urns of white,
And sprays of crimson, graceful and meet,
And globes of gold that are globes of light;
And odorous heliotrope, that fills
The summer air as its breath distils.

With them I garnered the light and breeze
To gladden the slow-winged hours for you;
And songs that float from the whispering trees
Are hid in this "love in the mist's" deep blue;
And the columbine, child of the rock and hill,
I have brought from its home near the singing rill.

Touch them but once to your crimson lip,
Twine them in garlands about your hair,
Pass o'er their petals your finger-tip,
Breathe in their odours and call them fair;
Then are they blessed, the fair flowers that grew
In garden, on hillside, but ever for you!

ORNAMENTING WOOLLEN CLOTH.—Weavers have long exerted themselves, remarks the "Scientific Review," successfully in the production of novel patterns to suit the taste or whims of the public; but Messrs. Roberts and Walmsley, of Mirfield, now seek to surpass all weavers' efforts, splashing cloth with a kind of colour wash. Their invention relates to the production of party colours on such cloths or fabrics of any irregular order, or without special design, by the application of colouring matter, soluble in water or spirit, suitable for dying such cloths or fabrics, which colouring matters or dyes they sprinkle over the said cloths or fabrics, by means of either a hand-brush or a cylindrical or other form of brush, capable of having mechanical motion imparted to it, and being supplied with the said colouring matters or dyes. When the dyes are thus applied to the surface of the cloths or fabrics they are then folded face to face, and either passed between a pair of embossed, indented, or irregular surfaced rollers, or pressed by similar surfaced blocks, so as to strike, spread, or further distribute the dye on the said cloths or fabrics.

WINDOW CURTAINS.—In the earlier part of this century window curtains were only made of silk or damask. The material known as "rep" was next introduced, and was in many respects superior to what had been used before. But the Germans have invented a still better stuff, a mixture of silk, wool, and cotton, called "cotelan" in the shops, which is often worked in a diaper pattern of excellent design. It is one of the most artistic examples of modern textile fabric which I know. To the French we are indebted for a heavy ribbed material, decorated with broad bands or stripes of colour running transversely to its length, and resembling the pattern of a Roman scarf. This stuff has been much in vogue of late years, particularly among artists and people of good independent taste. Another French material called "algerine" appeared for a short while in the London shops. It was made chiefly of cotton, and was also designed with horizontal stripes of colour on an unbleached white ground. In effect it was all that could be wished, and had, moreover, the additional advantage of being washable; but, of course, because it was cheap, and about the best thing of the kind which had appeared for many years, it found few admirers and but little demand.—EASTLAKE'S *Hints on Furniture.*

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REPENTANCE.

"I HOPE you will be happy, Annie."

The words stuck in Hubert Tayleur's throat, the articulation was imperfect, and his voice gave not its usual sweet monotone. To a lady he directed the wish—to a girl who stood before him in the full bloom of youth and loveliness, but whose dark, flashing eyes drooped timidly to the carpet as her mind took in the fullness of passion raging in the speaker's breast.

Yet, God knows! Hubert Tayleur's words were meant to be sincere, though his heart was embittered by the cruel shock it had just received, for Annie Saville had told him of her engagement to Henry Winstanley. Hubert had loved her long—loved her with all the intensity of passion of which his impetuous nature was capable, and the blow struck him so unexpectedly that he reeled under its overwhelming weight, for he little dreamed of finding a successful rival in his friend, Henry Winstanley. Annie Saville was a sprightly, coquettish little creature of nineteen, and beautiful as a sunbeam. Her jetty tresses clustered above her marble forehead in wavy profusion, her rosy mouth knew no other expression than a smile, her laugh echoed through the air like the silvery songs of angels, and yet "there was a worm i' th' bud," though it blossomed so sweet, for she had sold herself for wealth and position.

Winstanley was a barrister; one who had won fame and riches by innate talent and his forensic eloquence. He was, at five-and-thirty, what many men, who do not overstrain their faculties, are at sixty; his soul had ever been so bound up in his profession, that he had never thought of matrimony until he first met Annie Saville. He had been struck by the witching beauty and seeming artlessness of the young girl, and learned to love her in his own methodical way; but he was by no means surprised when he found his suit favourably accepted; he was used to victory, and had hardly contemplated the possibility of his being rejected. So, when she promised to be his wife, he thanked her, asked her to make what arrangements suited her best, and applied himself with renewed ardour to the business of his profession. Annie's wedding was a grand affair—a bevy of beautiful, envying girls surrounded her at the altar; the presents she received were costly and superb, and, if pomp and magnificence can make happiness, she should have been the happiest creature on earth. But, no! She shuddered as she took the sacred vows, for she knew that she did not love the man she was in so few short minutes to call husband—that she was marrying him only for his wealth, and the roseate hue faded from her cheeks, and her bosom throbbed with anguish, when she became aware that Hubert Tayleur's eyes were riveted upon her, as she promised to love, honour, and obey his rival.

The honeymoon had passed away, and Annie settled down amid the magnificence of the house in which she reigned as mistress. Her indulgent husband spared no expense in surrounding her with every luxury; she had carriages and jewels, opera-boxes and invitations, but she was far from being happy—she thought her husband cold. He, good, easy man, noticed not the change that had come over his wife; he loved her, after his own undemonstrative fashion, put up with her whims, and let her every wish be law to him for the first few months, and then he returned to the habits of his former self—plodding onward in the beaten track of his profession, neglecting his wife for dull tomes on jurisprudence. He did not see how she pined and fretted for his society; he had never been a "lady's man," and, out of his nescience, thought, perhaps, that she preferred the society of her own sex to his, and that in allowing her full scope to do as she pleased, he was acting toward her in a fair, true, and honourable manner.

Annie tried hard to love her husband; she tried to fulfil to the letter her matrimonial vows, but her heart grew heavier as the days rolled on, and she could not draw him nearer to her; his whole being seemed centred in his books, and she shed many a hot tear, and sighed often when she thought of the man she really loved—the gay, dashing Hubert, whom she ought to have married, instead of the cold, statue-like man she now called husband.

At last Annie took to flirting. She had been thoughtless and giddy before her marriage; then, perhaps, it was more excusable; but now, the marked manner in which she received the attentions of the butterflies that always fluttered round her, drew murmurs of astonishment and dismay from those who feared for her strength of will. Hubert Tayleur had always been upon terms of great friendship with Mr. Winstanley; true, he had not visited much at his house, shortly after the marriage, but now the old intimacy appeared to have revived, for he called very often, it seemed as if with a preconceived idea that Mr. Winstanley would be absent, and enjoyed many a *tête-à-tête* with his old love.

He was poor; that had been his great fault in Annie's eyes; but he was rich in talent, and had winning, fascinating manners, which captivated the gentler sex; and Annie had never forgotten the day on which he had avowed his love, and pleaded for her hand. One night they met at a ball, given by one of the many families they visited. Mr. Winstanley had excused himself from accompanying his wife, and she had gone in state by herself to illume the gay saloons of Mrs. Harding with her bright presence. Exquisitely beautiful she looked, as she whirled in the giddy dance, her cheeks flushed with pleasure and excitement, for the stalwart arm of the courtly Hubert encircled her taper waist.

"She is flirting shamefully with Mr. Tayleur. Her husband ought to be warned, or something unpleasant will happen, I fear," whispered that prim spinster, Miss Agatha Sorrel, to her next neighbour. And—

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"Yes; she is flirting shamefully," went echoing, *sotto voce*, round the room.

Annie and Hubert were standing in the conservatory, under the wide-spreading foliage of a choice exotic; the aroma of sweet-scented flowers which environed them filled the air; the jewels on the ivory arms of the graceful beauty flashed and shone scintillant in the mellow flood of light which streamed through the virent leaves, and Hubert stood, spellbound by her trascendent loveliness, gazing into the dark depths of her lustrous eyes.

"He neglects you, Annie! Yes! I know it—I have seen it; he does not know how to prize the treasure he has won from me. But, Annie—yes, Annie, I must call you by the old dear name—are you utterly *sans reproche?* Did you think, when you threw me over for the sake of his wealth, that he could ever love you as I could—as I have done, as I do still, for I can never love another? Wrong to talk thus! No, Annie, I have a right to remind you of all this; you trifled with me, played with me as a cat plays with a mouse prior to destroying it. You wrecked my happiness; have you no remorse?" he whispered, passionately, while his arm stole around her waist, and he gently detained her when she would have fled.

"Oh! let me go, Hubert! Do not torture me; I have much to reproach me, my conscience tells me so; but I suffer. Oh! if you only knew how I suffered, I do not think you would speak so bitterly to me. I cannot bear this from you; oh! pray let me go, ere we are noticed!" she sobbed, as she half-struggled to release herself.

"Annie, you loved me in the old days, and you love me still—nay, dearest, I know it. You sold yourself for gold, to a man whose heart is ice; you broke mine by so doing—will you repair the evil? I am rich now; my cousin is dead, and I have inherited his vast wealth—will you come and share it with me in some foreign land; will you make my future bright, as the past has been dark? Oh! you will do this, Annie, my own loved darling—you will do this for my sake, and your own."

He caught her in his arms, and showered kisses upon her burning cheek, her head sank upon his bosom, and in that moment of intense passion they forgot all—everything except the love they bore each other.

"Annie, I have been looking for you; I want you to come home with me at once, if Mr. Tayleur will excuse you."

She was just leaving the conservatory, leaning on Hubert's arm; her cheeks were hot and flushed, and her eyes swam in a sea of woe, but her face blanched, and she uttered a half-stifled cry, as her husband stood before her. She possessed an iron will, and, by a mighty struggle, quickly regained her composure.

"You here, Henry! How is this? You said business would prevent your coming," she stammered.

"My business occupied a shorter space of time than I anticipated," he said, with a sickly smile. "You will come home now, dear, please."

Annie felt relieved, her perspicacity enabled her to divine at once that her husband knew nothing of what just passed, and a spirit of pique and rebellion prompted her words as she said:

"Why should I go directly? It is still early, and I have promised this waltz to Mr. Tayleur; I shall not go yet."

"Annie, I desire that you will accompany me without delay," answered Mr. Winstanley, softly, but in a tone of authority he had never before used to his wife.

She tossed her head haughtily, and curled her coral lip in disdain:

"Am I your slave, that you order me?" she said, resentfully. "I shall *not* go. Mr. Tayleur, your arm;" and she swept past her husband into the midst of the throng of dancers.

"Think over what I asked you, darling; throw off the yoke that galls you; come to me, my pet, and we will be happy for ever; I will call to-morrow," whispered the tempter, as he placed Annie's burnoose over her fair shoulders.

Yes! she loved Hubert; that it was so, she could not conceal from herself, and as her carriage rolled homeward, she thought of what he had asked of her, and she determined that she would comply with his wishes.

"Even if after awhile he leaves me, it were better that I should enjoy a few months of unspeakable happiness, and then die, than wearily drag out existence with the cold grave man who dared to command me to-night. He came to spy, did he? Well, the action will be repaid to-morrow, when he finds me gone," she murmured to herself.

When she arrived at home, she at once proceeded to her bedroom; her husband was not there, and she concluded he was still poring over his books. She, in her pride—that temper that often makes us think ourselves injured, when really we have been the aggressors—would not condescend to make the first advances to him. "Let him sit up all night, if he likes, forsooth! It will be the last time that he waits up for me," she thought, as she drew the rich jewels from her hair, and it fell in a rippling sea of splendour down to her zone.

Suddenly her eye fell upon a little note addressed to her in her husband's handwriting. A tremor ran through her frame as she took it up and broke the seal.

"My dear Wife,—When you receive this I shall be no more, and you will be freed from the bonds which you have regretted ever since you took them upon you. I erred in marrying you; I looked for too much when I supposed it possible that one so young and beautiful as yourself could ever love a book-worm like me. It was my inexperience led me into the error. I plead this in extenuation of the wrong I have done you. More than this, Annie, I am ruined! The —— Bank has failed,

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and I am almost penniless. You only married me for my money; I heard the words from your own lips to-night, when I inadvertently became an eavesdropper in the conservatory at the Hardings'. You love Tayleur; he had possession of your heart before you wedded me. When I am dead you will be free to marry him. I cannot ask you to share poverty with me, so I remove myself from your path, and may God forgive the deed! Adieu!

"Your late husband,

"HENRY WINSTANLEY."

Annie read this letter twice ere she could comprehend its meaning. Her temples throbbed, and cold sweat stood in dewy beads upon her brow as she gleaned that her secret was known to her husband; but when she became fully aware that he meditated committing, or had committed suicide, she fell, with a stifled cry, inanimate on the floor. When consciousness returned, she at once aroused herself to immodiate action.

"Where was he? has he fled from the house to do the direful deed?" was her first thought, as a new current of feeling surged up in her heart.

She tried his dressing-room door, and found it locked. Using the tongs as a lever, she pryed it open, and, in the dim, yellow glare which streamed into the little apartment from her own room, she saw the form of her husband stretched upon a couch. Instinctively she flung herself on her knees, and buried her head in his bosom in an agony of remorse. He was still alive, though his breathing was constrained and unnatural. She might yet be in time to save him. She fetched a candle, and as her eye fell on a little empty vial which stood near a decanter of brandy, she quickly grasped it, and read the superscription on the label, "*Laudanum, poison!*" with the chemist's name underneath. But she fell on her knees again beside him.

"Oh, God! I thank Thee in that Thou hast spared me this bitter affliction!" she cried, in heartfelt tones of praise, as she recognised the vial as being one in which she had placed some harmless fluid for her hair. He had found it upon her dressing-table, and had quaffed it as nepenthe, but it had effected no change—only the brandy he had drank had cast him into a profound sleep.

For many long, weary hours through the night-watches Annie knelt beside him, with her head pillowed on his breast, praying for strength to undergo the ordeal to come on his wakening—praying for strength to tell him all her sin and folly—praying for strength to make her true to him hereafter.

The faint gray light of early dawn streaked the eastern sky, and soon the sun uprose in his splendour from a bed of violet and gold, and flooded the little room with aureous streams of light.

"What is this, Annie? where am I?" asked Winstanley, on wakening from the comatose state in which he had passed the night. "Why are you here?" he added, as some recollection of what had occurred the previous evening dawned upon his mind.

"I am here, dear Harry, to ask your forgiveness, to crave pardon on my bended knees for the sorrow I have caused you, and the injury I meditated. You heard all that passed between Hubert Tayleur and myself last night. I was mad, I knew not what I said or did, and God has chastened me for it; but while chastening, He has been merciful, and spared you from death, and your blood from being on my head. During the past night He has been with me, and has shown me the evil of my ways. He has taught me my duty to you, and by His help I will be unto you in the future what I ought to have been in the past. Let me share your poverty, let me lighten your toil; do not cast me from you as worthless, for from this hour I am changed, and will for ever be a good, true wife unto you."

"Annie, this has been like a sad and sorrowful dream, and now, in my heartfelt gratitude to the great God who spared me the commission of a dreadful crime, do I glorify Him, and take you, whom I cherish better than life, back to my bosom, to journey with me onward through life's career. As I hope to be forgiven, so do I forgive you, and ask your forgiveness in return; we will be happy together as since the dawn of our marriage-day we have never yet been."

Locked in each other's arms, they made new vows to God, and—to quote Sterne—"as the Recording Angel flew up to Heaven's Chancery with the sacred oaths, the Registering Angel dropped a tear, and blotted out all their former misdeeds."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

(*Continued from our last.*)

"DID you ever watch a game of checkers?" rejoined Ella. "Did you ever notice the false moves the players make, the chances they miss, and wonder at their blindness? The looker-on of a game of chance is always gifted with a keener vision than those engaged in it. So it is in a game at love. I could see that he did not love her, even when he was convincing her that he did."

"Do you believe there is any such thing in the world as a pure, earnest, and sincere love?" asked Celynda, suddenly.

"If you wish to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me," cried Ella, with comical gravity. "That is a question entirely beyond my capacity; and I think it would puzzle older and wiser heads than mine. Send it to the man who answers correspondents in one of the weekly papers. I have, and I dare say you have also, something tucked away in the corner of my heart which I take to be love. At all events I call it so, and it passes muster very readily under that name. Whether it is the genuine article or not, neither I nor you, nor any-

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body else, for that matter, can tell; but I guess it will answer every purpose for this world's uses. They say romance ends with marriage, and perhaps love drops off at about the same place; we settle down to practical life, and confine our attention principally to household matters and the latest fashions."

"Ella, I do believe you are heartless! I don't think you were ever in love, or ever will be. Now, I should be devoted to a husband more than to a lover; and my life would be one unceasing study to minister to his happiness."

"What a treasure you will be to the man who gets you!" cried Ella, elevating her eyebrows with an arch expression. "Won't he bless his lucky stars for six months, and shamefully neglect you for the balance of his life, or until you break your heart moping over his unkindness, and leave him free to seek another prize in the lottery of matrimony? Catch me breaking my heart for any man! As the noble Roman said (I don't remember which one, there were so many of them): 'I am made of sterner stuff.' But to come back to our mutton, as the French say: I made another discovery besides this one in the garden."

"You did—what was it?"

"Do you remember the man that spoke to Lamia on the cliff the day we went to Fort Tompkins?"

"Not particularly—I scarcely looked at him."

"I did, though, and took a good look at him, too. I scarcely ever forget a face that I have once seen. This man's impressed itself upon my mind strongly—it was such a compound of cunning and ugliness—I thought him a kind of humanised monkey, with his freckled face, little tufts of eyebrows, and squinting eyes."

"What odd ideas you do have, Ella!"

"Do I? They don't seem odd to me. Well, as I was saying, this man's face made quite an impression on me—photographed itself on my mind, as it were; and you may judge of my astonishment when I stood by the carriage door, as Lamia got into it, to see that man sitting inside of it."

Celynda was surprised at this.

"Are you sure it was the same man?" she asked, in doubt.

"I am positive of it. I saw his face distinctly. a never see a man without experiencing a desire to take I good look at him—it's a failing I have. What attracted my attention particularly to him at that time was, that he seemed to have slunk away in one corner of the carriage, as if anxious to avoid observation. Anything like mystery always excites my curiosity, and so I resolved to have a good peep at him, and I did, discovering, to my great surprise, that it was the same monkey-faced man who had spoken to Lamia on the cliff."

"It is singular!" exclaimed Celynda.

"Not at all; put this and that together, and it is easily explained. The man was the cause of Lamia's going to New York."

"Do you think so?"

"I am positive of it. There's something wrong about that girl, and Gisbet knows it—this man knows it—some dark page in the history of her life, which she keeps carefully concealed. She is not what she pretends to be; she always put me in mind of an actress at a theatre playing a part. Of course we all pretend to be something that we are not, in temper, disposition, and so on. 'All the world 's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,' as Avon's bard said; but there are different styles of acting in real life as well as on the Thespic stage. Now, to my thinking, Lamia is a fraud!"

"A fraud! What do you mean?" cried Celynda, in great surprise.

"I mean that she is something entirely different from what she pretends to be. I don't believe that her name is Randolph, or that she belongs to the Southern aristocracy."

"You don't! What do you think she is, then?"

"A consummate actress, no doubt—a skilful adventuress, who holds Gisbet Fetherstone in a net from which he cannot break away. I would give something to solve this enigma who calls herself Lamia Randolph. If one could find out why she went to New York, that would tell the story."

"But how are you going to find that out?" asked Celynda, who seemed desirous of solving the enigma also.

"I have thought of a way," answered Ella, meditatively.

"You have! What is it?" cried Celynda, in surprise, although she had a very high opinion of Ella's ready wit and inventive genius.

"It might be done by paying New York a short visit," returned Ella, evidently cogitating some scheme in her mind.

"How?"

"I'll tell you some other time," was the evasive answer. "Y—h! I'm getting sleepy—let's go to bed—our ideas will be fresher in the morning."

CHAPTER XII.

ALL transpired as had been arranged by Lamia. Hugh Preston had provided himself with a marriage license, and she went with him to a minister's house on some obscure street, and there the ceremony was performed. The minister's wife and servant served as witnesses. She took charge of the certificate. Every step was carefully observed by her, as these traces must all be covered up. She submitted quietly to the embraces of the new-made bridegroom, consoling herself with the reflection that his transports would be shortlived.

He took her to some furnished rooms which he occu-

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pied on Crosby Street, the carriage was dismissed, Lamia being called upon to defray the expenses of it, and they were at home. The wretched apartments, dingy, dirty, and dark, contrasted disagreeably in her mind with the cozy elegance of Clovernook; but she again found consolation in the thought that her stay there would be short.

The rooms that Hugh Preston had selected for occupancy were of that description which one so often sees advertised in the newspapers as "furnished apartments, with conveniences for light housekeeping." The conveniences were of the *lightest* kind. It was a three-story brick house, and Preston's rooms were upon the second floor. It seemed that he did not occupy the entire floor, the front chamber being in possession of some one else, whom he described to her as a sick gentleman, an acquaintance of his. This reduced his share to two rooms, one serving as a kitchen, the other as a bedroom.

He was very jubilant as he welcomed his bride "home," and he rather enjoyed the disdainful glances which she cast around.

"It ain't particularly splendid, I know," he said, apologetically; "but what can you expect of a fellow in hard luck? Just wait till you make your appearance at the 'Varieties,' and then we can improve matters. That puts me in mind that I must go and see Buckler, and arrange for your first appearance. If you get hungry before I come back you will find something to eat in the pantry, and you can make yourself a cup of tea."

To her great relief he left her. She did not feel the want of any food, as she had left Clovernook after dinner. She told him so as he went out. She heard a suspicious sound as the door closed after him, and she sprang to it at once and tried the handle. It was as she had surmised. He had locked the door from the outside, and taken the key with him. She was a prisoner. It was evident that his trust in her was not of the strongest.

As she listened at the door, rage flaming through every vein, to his retreating footsteps, she was surprised to find that he had not descended the stairs, but had passed along the entry to the front room, and the sound of a door closing told her that he had entered there.

Who was this sick man? A new apprehension seized upon her—when she had killed Hugh Preston, as she had firmly resolved to do, might not another possessor of the dread secret spring up before her? Or was this sick man merely a pretence to hide some female friend whom he was not disposed to put away even for a wife? He was capable of it. He had not married her for love, but profit; she was well aware of that. Even a petty scoundrel like Hugh Preston might have an infatuation for some lost creature, and live upon her shameful earnings. During her connection with the 'Melodeon,' in Baltimore, she had heard some stories about him, which went to prove that he had more than once resorted to that method to get his precarious livelihood.

She remembered that there was a door leading from the middle room to the front room. She crept noiselessly to it, and applied her eye to the keyhole. She could see nothing. A key in the lock completely obstructed all vision. Then she placed her ear to it, listening with every nerve strained to its utmost tension. She heard the low murmur of voices in conversation, but could not distinguish a single word—could not tell whether the voices were both male, or male and female.

For half an hour the low hum, muffled and indistinct, continued, and then the front-room door was opened and shut again. She hurried back to the kitchen. Was Hugh coming back to her? No. She heard him descend the stairs, whistling one of his favourite melodies gaily to himself. He had left the house this time sure.

"Now," she cried, with sudden resolution, "we will see who this *sick man* is!"

She bounded into the bedroom, and clutched the handle of the front-room door viciously. But she could not open it. The door was locked.

She knocked gently at the door, but received no answer. She knocked again more loudly, but with the same result. She repeated the knock for the third time without eliciting any response. She was satisfied.

"It *is* a woman," she cried. "Oh! she knows who I am, and she has no desire to make my acquaintance—she knows that I am her lover's wife!" She shuddered in every fibre of her frame with loathing and disgust as she uttered the word. "His wife!" she repeated, fiercely, defiantly, as if some one had cast it at her as a reproach. "God help me! I am paying dearly to make my loved one great. His wife! In *name* only, for to-night must set me free, or I shall go mad!"

The residue of the day wore slowly into evening. The gloom of the apartment settled down upon her oppressively. She found a match, and lit the gas. Its cheerful light revived her spirits. She heard a neighbouring church bell strike the hour of eight. She began to wonder why Preston did not return. She looked for his appearance impatiently, even while she dreaded it.

Weary of this dull inaction, she built a fire in the stove, and made herself a cup of tea, more to pass away the heavy time than that she cared for it. This occupation reminded her of her old life in Baltimore when Owen had so often sat at her humble table. The remembrance softened her, and she could but think how much happier she would have been had Gisbet Fetherstone never crossed her path, and the evil promptings of ambition and greed of gain urged her on to crime. But the inexorable present steeled her heart again.

In cutting some bread she had used a knife which fixed her eye with a peculiar fascination. It had a singular-shaped blade, with a sharp point, and a wooden handle. It was such a knife as sailors use on board a vessel, carrying it in a belt at the hip.

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She concealed this knife in the bosom of her dress with a gleaming of the eye that was almost fiendish in its expression. Then she drank her cup of tea and sat down to await her bridegroom. Had he known the reception she intended for him he would probably have stayed away!

She began to think he had some suspicion of her intention, for the bell tolled the hour of eleven and he had not come. A quarter of an hour more passed away, and then the street door closed with a sudden bang. He had come.

He was a long time coming up-stairs, and a longer time before he could find the keyhole, and when he did succeed in getting the door open, he pitched in head foremost, and rolled in a heap into the middle of the floor.

"H-here I am (hic), my dear!" he exclaimed in maudlin tones.

Hugh Preston's happiness had been too much for his weak mind—he had got very drunk over it. He had been fortifying his courage for the occasion, and had gone to extremes. He was helplessly intoxicated. She closed and locked the door carefully, and then assisted him to the bed in the middle room. It was rather a laborious effort, but he was a small man, and she was possessed of great strength of muscle in her graceful limbs.

"Met lot o' frens," he muttered; "glor'us chaps! All tight but me! Glor'us—g-l-o-r-'-u-s!"

And he sunk into a lethargic drunken slumber. She surveyed him with a grim smile of satisfaction. Fate had delivered him into her hands. One blow of the knife, whose handle she clutched so convulsively at the thought, and Hugh Preston's lips would be closed for ever, the dread secret made secure, her hateful bond broken, and she could return to love, and Gisbet!

She felt no compunction at the deed—his life was no more to her than some venomous reptile that had crawled into her path, and must be destroyed to secure her own safety.

She crept cautiously to the adjoining door and listened. She heard no sounds from within. Then she stole quietly into the kitchen, and listened at that door. At this moment the church clock tolled the hour of twelve. Not a sound in the house followed the echoes of the last stroke of the bell. It was midnight—fit time for such a deed.

She returned to the bedroom, in which the gas was burning dimly. She approached the bed. Hugh Preston lay like a log in his drunken slumber, breathing heavily. She felt the keen edge of the knife to try it, and then raised it for the decisive stroke. A gentle touch was laid upon her shoulder, and starting round in dismay, to her intense astonishment she beheld Gisbet Fetherstone standing beside her.

So noiselessly had he come that she had not heard his footfall. But how had he come, and why was he there? And then there was something so strange and unearthly in his appearance that she shuddered as she looked upon him. His face was deathly pale, and he was dressed only in a shirt and a pair of dark trowsers. She could but wonder at his being there—it was utterly incomprehensible to her.

"Gisbet!" she exclaimed. "Is it you? But how did you come here?"

He made her no reply, but gazed at her with a look in his dark mournful eyes that chilled her very blood.

He had stayed her in her murderous intention; she thought he was angry with her, but she was not disposed to forego it for all that.

"This man must die," she said; "he knows our secret, and we are not safe while he lives. See—it is but to draw this knife across his throat; he will bleed to death in his drunken stupor. I will place the knife beside him, and he will be thought to have committed suicide."

Still he made no reply. Her wonder increased—she could not understand his conduct.

"Do you forbid me to do it?"

He signified "Yes" with a gentle wave of his right hand.

"Why?" she demanded impatiently, vexed at what she considered his timidity.

"*Look!*" came in hollow tones from his pale lips.

She shivered, for it was not the voice of Owen Halbert that spoke. He slowly moved his hands to his breast, and opened his shirt-bosom, disclosing his chest. With horror-stricken eyes she beheld a cruel red scar in the white flesh, from which the blood appeared to be slowly oozing forth. She realised the truth then.

It was Gisbet Fetherstone himself who stood before her.

This revelation was too much even for her strong nerves, and with a cry of horror she sank in a swoon to the floor.

(*To be continued.*)

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

MDME. AGNES SCHEBEST, once a very popular dramatic singer, and afterwards the wife of Dr. Fr. Strauss, died lately at Stuttgardt.

M. MEISSONIER, who is in Paris, has just sold to an amateur of that city his great picture of 1807 for 200,000 francs (£8,000). It is as yet unfinished.

MR. YVON, the French painter of battle-scenes, has determined to take up his residence in this country permanently. He says that there will be no demand for art in France for many a year to come.

IT is affirmed that the Royal Academy is about to make some important changes in its constitution. The Council will be largely increased in numbers, and the Hanging Committee will be raised from three to six.

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ALMOST the last of the "old Adelphi favourites," Paul Bedford, died at his residence in London on the 11th ult., at the age of 79. He was born in Bath in 1792, and made his first appearance in London at Drury Lane in 1824.

THE death of Herr Ainmüller at Munich is announced. He has long been honourably connected with the stained-glass works there, and designed, amongst many others, windows in Glasgow Cathedral and St. Paul's, London.

SIR JOHN FIFE, the eminent physician, died at Reedsmouth House, near Newcastle, on the 16th ult. He took a prominent part in the suppression of disorderly gatherings during the time of the Chartist agitation.

THE restoration of the horseshoe cloisters at the west end of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, is progressing rapidly. The herring-bone brickwork of the houses, divided into panels by oak beams, will, when finished, present a picturesque contrast to the rest of the castle architecture.

WE learn that the Company of Leathersellers will issue in April a work, containing reproductions of the Ancient Charters and other historic muniments in its possession. The reproduction will be made by the Photo-Chromo-Lith process.

IT is reported that the people of Boston (Massachusetts) have decided upon holding another "Monster Musical Festival" in June, 1872. The band and chorus are to number 20,000. The hall to be erected for the occasion is to accommodate 100,000 persons.

DR. ERNEST TRUMPP, the philologist, who has been appointed to the task of translating the Sikh Granth into English, has arrived in Lahore, and will commence his important work at once. The preliminary studies have already been undertaken in Europe.

MISS AUSTEN, at her death, left a novel in manuscript, which has been held a sort of sacred treasure by her heirs. It is at length to be published, under the title which the popular author assigned to it, "Lady Susan." It is in one volume, but the book will contain some sketches, also by Miss Austen.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S ESCAPE.—Dr. Evans, the well-known American dentist, who accompanied the Empress Eugénie to this country, and who is now in England, is about to publish an account of his journey. Dr. Evans was the intimate friend of Napoleon, seeing him every day, and it was to this gentleman's house that the Empress betook herself on flying from the Tuileries. On arriving, she sank down exhausted, exclaiming, "Ah, mon Dieu: sauvée!"

LISZT has been invited by M. Bismarck to take the direction of the Berlin Academy of Music, in place of Joachim.

THE "Musical Standard" says, that in one of her performances at the Petersburg Opera, Patti met with an accident through entangling her foot in a large robe which she wore in her rôle. The lady, however, was able to go on with her part, and received only a few slight contusions on the hands and knee.

COSTUMES FOR WINTER NOW READY.

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SHOW ROOMS FOR PERSONAL INSPECTION OF THE MODELS.

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March 1871

Plate 1

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March 1871

Plate 2

LONDON AND PARIS

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 483. MARCH, 1871. Vol. 44.

Observations

ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Paris has at last capitulated, and in a few months we may hope to see the beautiful City again contributing her share of novelties for the Fashionable World, her taste purified by the baptism of fire which she has undergone, and her ideas of taste enlarged, by that temporary exile which has brought so many of her most talented artists to our hospitable shores. Some time must of course necessarily elapse after so trying an ordeal, before Paris has regained her old tranquility and brilliancy, and until then our Magazine will, as always since the siege commenced, be replete with all the latest and most beautiful novelties, produced in London by the best of those Parisian *Artistes*, whose creations, when in their native city, have given to this Publication the highest rank among the Fashion Magazines of Europe.

The prospects of the forthcoming London Season promise great activity in the Fashionable World: the return of Her Most Gracious Majesty to public life, as shown by her opening Parliament in person; the Marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne; the inauguration of the Albert Hall at South Kensington; and the opening of the International Exhibition, will all combine to render the present season one of the most brilliant on record.

In our present No. we commence the series of Costumes suited for the Spring.

For outdoor wear, black silk Paletots or *Casaques* are always in *favor*, as they may be worn with any dress: there seems to be a tendency to prefer the closer fitting styles, and the skirts will present great variety of form. The most novel trimming for these black silk *Casaques* consists of *bandeaux* of black *Moirè* silk, with bows and tabs of the same; these trimmings, accompanied by narrow *rûchings* and black lace, have a very striking and elegant effect.

Suits, or, as some call them Costumes, will be very fashionable, and will be very elaborately trimmed with frilling, *bandeaux*, broad and narrow fringe, and piping; upper skirts are of course indispensible, and the bodies are generally made with *basquines* or jacket skirts, which are rapidly becoming very fashionable.

Sleeves are almost always wide at wrist, some are left open at the back of arm, which is very appropriate for Spring and Summer wear.

Ceintures or waistbelts, though they cannot be said to be unfashionable, are less worn than last season.

The *revers* style is gradually going out of Fashion, except for some styles of tight fitting *Casaques, en suite* with the dress.

In anticipation of the numerous Balls that are given during the London Season, we have illustrated the newest styles on plate 3.

THE FULL-SIZED PATTERN.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams need NOT *be allowed for in cueting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

As we are now arriving at the commencement of the spring season, we present our Subscribers with the full-sized pattern of the high Dress Body with Basques and open sleeves, shown on plate 1, figures 1 and 3. The body is quite plain with round waist, the fronts closing by a row of buttons. The *basque* consists of two parts; the front part, which is the smallest, is sewn to the waist without fulness, except just at the back part; the back is fulled or pleated in to complete the size of waist: this back *basque* is much deeper than the front, and the side seams of both *basques*, are each marked by two small cuts near the waist; the side seam of the front *basque* is to be a little fulled or caught up towards the bottom, so as only to reach to the notch cut in the side seam of back *basque*. The bottom part of back *basque* is caught up in the middle of back by 4 or 5 horizontal pleats or folds, (indicated on the pattern by pricked lines), so as to obtain the full *bouffant* form. There may be a waistbelt, with a rosette or bow at the back, but no ends. It may be trimmed with *rûchings* and *bandeaux*, or in either of the styles shown on plate 1: if trimmed like fig. 3 plate 1, the edge of front *basques* should be a little cut off, so as to make room for the quilling.

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Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of light brown silk. The skirt is trimmed all round by alternate groups of flounces, and of *biais* bands of blue silk, occupying equal spaces, and covering about one third of its depth. The flounces as well as the bands, are five in number, and the flounces are each bound by blue silk, and the upper ones are headed by upright pleated frills of blue silk. The upper skirt consists of two separate parts: the front forms two slightly pointed pieces of silk, edged by fringe of the same color, each headed by two *biais* bands of blue silk. The back portion is square and is trimmed by three similar bands. The front of *Corsage* is trimmed *en carré*, by fringe headed by a *biais* band of blue silk. It closes by a row of blue buttons, and has deep *basques*, short in front, fulled at the sides, and forming a *bouffant* at the back. The front part is edged by fringe headed by a *biais* band of blue silk, and the back is finished by two similar bands. The sleeves ars open at the wrist, and are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Small round Hat, having a soft crown of white silk, and edged by a blue *ruche* on which is placed a garland of white *marguerites*.

This Costume is from Messrs. Gask & Gask, *We give the pattern full-sized.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of *mauve* silk. The lower skirt is cut *en train* and is trimmed by a flounce headed by three *biais* bands, each band surmounted at equal distances, by upright pleated frills of the silk, arranged over each other, so as to form groups. This trimming is carried up a short space at each side of the skirt, and fastened by bows of silk. The back of the upper skirt is cut open to the waist, and the bottom edge as well as the sides of this opening, are edged by a flounce, headed (at the bottom only), by *biais* bands and upright frills arranged like those on the lower skirt, excepting that the groups of frills are more distant from each other. A single band is carried up the sides of back opening, as a heading to the flounce. This skirt is caught up at the sides and fastened by bows of silk with floating ends. Tight-fitting *Casaque* of black silk. It forms at the back a square shaped *basque*, at the sides two points, and in front two deep square-shaped tabs, the whole edged by a flounce of black lace, headed by a bead trimming of *passementerie*, above which is a black *moiré* ribbon, which is continued up the sides of the front opening. The *Ceinture*, of similar ribbon is carried from the front to the sides only, and the *Corsage* is trimmed *à bretelles* by bands (of the same ribbon), which start from buttons of *passementerie* on the front of *ceinture*, and terminate by buttons from which start bows and pointed ends. In the centre of the *corsage* at the back, is fixed a large button, and from this point starts a double cord, which after being confined by a small button near the waist, terminates in two tassels. The upper part of *corsage* is trimmed by bands of *moiré* ribbon, which cross the shoulders near the neck, and are terminated both in front and at the back, by bows and pointed ends, The sleeves are cut open at the back of wrists, and are trimmed like the other portions of the *Casaque*. *Mauvè* velvet Hat, trimmed by white flowers and ostrich feathers.

This elegant Costume is from Messrs. Swan & Edgar, *Regent Street.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes* of grey silk. The lower skirt is trimmed at the bottom by a pleated flounce, headed by a double *biais* band, at the upper edge of which, is a *rouleau* of *cérise* silk, the whole surmounted by an upright pleated frill of the silk. Above this flounce are placed at equal distances, three double *biais* bands of silk, each having at the upper edge, a *rouleau* of *cérise* silk. Next to these bands, is a narrow pleated flounce of silk headed by a *biais* band, (with *rouleau* of *cérise* silk), and an upright pleated frill above it. The whole of this trimming is completed by two double *biais* bands of silk, narrower than those before described, and each having a *rouleau* of *cérise* silk on the upper edge. The upper skirt is open in front and square at the sides, from which points it is sloped, so as to be deeper at the back, where it is rounded. It is trimmed all round by three double *biais* bands of the silk, each edged at one side by a *rouleau* of *cérise* silk. Starting from the sides, a pleated flounce of silk trim the bottom edge. This skirt also forms a *bouffant* at the back. The *Corsage* has square-shaped *basques* at front, and short full *basques* forming *bouffants* at back, the middle of back being caught up and fastened by bows, and edged by a pleated frill put on with a heading, and a narrow *biais* band edged on one side by a *rouleau* of *cérise* silk. Above this, is another *biais* band similarly edged on one side. The *Corsage* is also trimmed *en carré* by two similar bands with *rouleaux*: it closes by a row of *cérise* buttons, and on the chest, and at the front and back of waist are placed bows of silk, edged by *cérise rouleaux*, the one at the back of waist having floating ends. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists, and are trimmed to correspond.

This dress is from Messrs. Swan & Edgar, *Regent Street. We give the pattern of Corsage and basques with our present Number.*

PLATE THE SECOND.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The under skirt is of sky-blue silk, and is entirely without trimming. The upper skirt and *Corsage* are of pale

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Havannah silk. The bottom of the skirt is edged by a fringe of the same color, headed by a *biais* band of sky-blue silk. It is caught up at the left side, and fastened by a chain of bows and a floating end of sky-blue ribbon, (the floating ends finished by pale Havannah fringe), it is also caught up at the right side, and fastened by two bows and a floating end, similarly arranged. The *Corsage* is cut *en carré* both in front and at back, and is trimmed by pale Havannah fringe, headed by two *biais* bands of sky-blue silk, and on the chest is placed a group of bows of ribbon of the same color. The *ceinture* is of similar ribbon, and is fastened at the back, by a group of bows and two floating ends. The sleeves are of sky-blue silk: they are tight-fitting and have cuffs of Havannah silk. White muslin *Chemisette*. Hat of white felt, trimmed by sky-blue ribbon and pink flowers.

This elegant Costume is from the MAISON LECLERC.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of *mauve* silk. The skirt is cut with a train of moderate length, and is without trimming. The Shawl-Mantelet is of Paris cloth, striped grey and white: it is square in front, forms a deep point at the back, and is also fastened in at the back of waist, so as to form pleats. The bottom is edged by a mixed grey and white fringe, headed by a narrow *rouleau* of black silk; and above this, is a broad *biais* band of similar silk, crossed at the point and finished by black fringe. The shoulders are covered by a round Pelerine of the same material as the Mantelet itself, similarly edged, and having a slightly pointed hood, imitated by a broad *biais* band of black velvet silk, pleated at the back only and finished like the point of the Mantelet. This Pelerine is fastened by two *papillon* bows of black ribbon, and has a small pointed black silk collar, cut up the centre of back. White straw Bonnet, trimmed by black velvet ribbon, lace and white flowers.

This Costume is designed by MADAME EDME. PARIS.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of grey *faille*. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a flounce, edged by a *biais* band of ruby-colored silk, and headed by a similar but narrower band. The front of skirt is trimmed *en chevron* by three groups of *biais* bands of ruby silk, each group consisting of three bands, and arranged to imitate a pointed *tablier*, terminated at each side by two broad, pointed tabs of grey *faille* falling over each other, and edged and trimmed like the front of the skirt, and having on each, a *papillon* bow of ruby-colored silk. The back of skirt is trimmed by a round *bouffant*, the sides of which disappear beneath the two top tabs. The *bouffant* is edged by two *biais* bands of ruby silk. The *corsage* is slightly open *en cœur*, and is trimmed *en pelerine* by a frill edged and headed by bands of ruby silk, and forming a point at the back and front, and on the chest are placed two *papillon* bows of ruby-colored ribbon. *Ceinture en suite*. The sleeves are finished at the wrists by frills headed by *biais* bands of ruby silk. White muslin *Chemisette*.

This elegant Costume is by the chief designer of the GRAND MARCHE, PARISIEN, 3, *rue Turbigo*.

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of white tarlatan, the skirt is entirely composed of horizontal *bouillons*. The *Sortie du Bal* is of sky-blue cashmere. It is of the Paletot shape, has wide open sleeves and is cut up in the centre of back; and edged all round by a silver fringe headed by *arabesques* composed of the same metal mixed with blue silk, and this trimming is carried up each side of the back opening. The sleeves are similarly trimmed.

This Costume is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower-skirt is of *jonquille* silk, and is trimmed at the bottom by a pleated flounce of white tarlatan, partially covered by a frill of white blonde, headed by a *rouleau* of *jonquille* silk, and the whole is surmounted by three upright pleated frills of white tarlatan. The front of the skirt is also trimmed by two additional flounces of pleated white tarlatan, the first headed by a *rûche* edged by narrow lace, and the upper one partially covered by blonde (like the lower flounce), and headed by two upright frills of tarlatan. The two upper flounces are terminated at each side by bows of *jonquille* ribbon with floating ends, finished by fringe. The upper skirt is of white tarlatan: it is open *en tunique* in front, rounded at the sides, and is cut with a very long train. It consists of three distinct parts, each starting from the waist: the first or train portion of the skirt is trimmed like the bottom of the under skirt. The second portion is edged by a thick *rûche* of white tarlatan finished by narrow lace. A trimming like that on the train, is carried across the bottom of this portion of the skirt. The third or upper division is similarly edged but has only two, instead of three upright frills of white tarlatan; (the *rouleau* and narrow edging of lace, being the only trimming carried up the sides), and above this are two *rûches* of tarlatan edged by narrow lace. This upper portion of the skirt is caught up at each side and fastened by bows and single fringed ends of *jonquille* ribbon. The *Ceinture* is of *jonquille* ribbon and is fastened at the back by a *Princesse* group of bows with ends finished by fringe. The *Corsage* is trimmed *en bertha* to correspond with the skirts, and on the chest is placed a group of bows of *jonquille* ribbon with fringed ends.

This Costume is from the Establishment of MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

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BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes* of white tarlatan. The lower skirt is trimmed by six flounces falling over each other, and bound at the bottom by *cérise* ribbon. The top flounce is headed by a double upright frill of tarlatan similarly bound. The bottom of the upper skirt is trimmed by a flounce put on with a heading, which is as well as the bottom edge, bound by *cérise* ribbon. This skirt is caught up *en draperie* at the sides and at the back, and fastened by chains of bows of broad *cérise* ribbon, which terminate at the bottom of the skirt by single fringed ends, and are carried to about one third from the waist, where they are finished by *papillion* bows, having in the centre of each a *bouquet* of white roses with a short trail, and from these bows, bands of narrower ribbon of the same color, are carried up to the waist. The *Corsage* is pointed both in front and at the back, (the last named point being slightly rounded). It is trimmed *en berthâ* by a double frill of white tarlatan, the edges of which are bound by *cérise* ribbon, and these frills are headed by a band of ribbon of the same color, and at the back, as well as on each shoulder, are *papillon* bows of ribbon with a rose in the contre of each. On the chest is placed a larger group of bows with a *bouquet* of roses.

This elegant Ball dress is designed by MADAME BREANT CASTEL.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress and tight-fitting *Casaque en suite*. The dress is of pale violet silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a flounce, which is partially covered by a much narrower one, headed by a band. Above this is a similar band headed by an upright pleated frill. The *Casaque* is of light brown cashmere. The bottom of the skirt is edged by a fringe of the same color, headed by a *biais* band of pale violet silk. It is open to the waist in front, is square shaped, and is caught up at each side, slightly towards the back, so as to form folds. The back of the *corsage* is trimmed by a sort of *Plastron* or double pointed piece of the cashmere edged by pale violet silk, and continued underneath the *ceinture* so as to form a Jockey. This double piece, is separated in the centre of back, where are placed five *papillon* bows of pale violet ribbon. From under the jockey, start bows and long floating ends of pale violet ribbon. The front of *corsage* is trimmed by pointed *bretelles* of the same material as the *casaque*, and edged by *biais* bands of pale violet silk. These *bretelles* diminish in width as they approach the waist, and the *corsage* is closed by three *papillon* bows of violet ribbon. The neck is trimmed by a small turned down collar of the violet silk. *Ceinture* of pale violet ribbon. The sleeves are open at the wrists, and are edged by fringe headed by a *biais* bands of pale violet silk and of the brown cashmere. Above these is a row of stitching, the whole surmounted by three other *biais* bands, one of brown cashmere and the other two of pale violet silk, the two latter terminating in puffings, from which start single floating ends of the cashmere edged by fringe and headed by *biais* bands of pale violet silk. Small round Hat of black velvet, trimmed by lace of the same color, lilac flowers, and black velvet ribbon.

This elegant Costume is designed by MADAME LESIRE.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à trois jupes*. The lower skirt is of *cérise* silk. It is trimmed at the bottom by a broad *bouillon*, a little distance from which is a similar but narrower one, both these *bouillons* being arranged in transverse pleats. The second skirt is of black silk. It is hollowed out *en cœur* in front, and is edged by a rich fringe of *cérise* silk, headed by a *biais* band of silk of the same color, above which is a narrow upright edging of black lace. The third, or upper skirt is also of black silk, and is similarly trimmed. It is open to the waist in front, and is square shaped at the sides and back. The *ceinture* is of *cérise* ribbon and is fastened at the back by bows and long floating ends, trimmed by narrow black lace, and finished by fringe. The *corsage* is open *en cœur*, is trimmed by a *cérise* fringe headed by two *biais* bands of silk of the same color, between which is one of black silk covered by narrow lace. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists and are trimmed to correspond.

This very elegant Costume is designed by MADAME ROSSIGNON.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of light green silk. The bottom of the under skirt is trimmed by a flounce, headed by a *biais* band of green *Poult de soie*, of a darker shade than the dress, The upper skirt consists of two distinct parts: the front forms a sort of round *tablier*, is caught up at the sides, disappearing under the *bouffant* which forms the back portion: both the *tablier* and *bouffant* are edged by a sort of fringe composed of leaf shaped tabs of green silk, and headed by a *biais* band of the darker green *Poult de soie*. At the back of waist is a group of four bows, two of green silk and two of the darker green *Poult de soie*, and two floating ends of the silk, slightly rounded, and falling over the *bouffant*. The *corsage* is closed by a row of green silk buttons. It is trimmed *à bretelles*, by bands of the *Poult de soie*, edged on one side by pointed tabs of green silk, and it has square shaped *basques* cut up at the sides and in the centre of back, and trimmed at the bottom and up the sides of openings by the pointed tabs headed by a *biais* band of *Poult de soie*. The sleeves are finished by large cuffs *à la mousquetaire*, indicated by *biais* bands of *Poult de soie*, edged by pointed tabs of green silk.

This elegant dress is designed by MADAME BREANT CASTEL.

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PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1 is a white muslin CAP. It is composed of a square band of muslin edged by a narrow frill of lace put on with a heading. The front forms a point, in the centre of which is placed a knot of rose-colored ribbon with a group of four ends. At the back are two long floating ends of similar but broader ribbon, finished by fringe. This cap is from the MAISON COLDBERT.

No. 2 is an Evening HEAD-DRESS, composed of bows and knots of crimson velvet, strings of pearls and white *blonde*. At the top is a white ostrich feather, starting from which a chain, formed of squares of velvet edged by narrow *blonde*, falls over the back portion, which is of white *tûlle*. This elegant head-dress is from the MAISON COLDBERT.

No. 3 is a violet velvet BONNET, of the *Fanchon* shape; it is bound by black ribbon, and the inside of front is trimmed by a *bandeau* composed of folds of black ribbon, having in the centre a white narcissus, with buds and leaves. The *bandeau* is partially covered by black lace, which starts from a *rûche* of black silk on the top of the bonnet. The left side is trimmed by a group of four bows of black ribbon, surmounted by two white narcissi, with buds and leaves, and accomponied by a violet-colored ostrich feather, which starts from the right side. Strings of black ribbon. The back of the bonnet is covered by black lace which also forms a lappet. This bonnet is suitable for a Lady of advanced years: it is from HAYWARD'S, 80, *Oxford Street*.

No. 4 is a *Toque* HAT of sky-blue satin, trimmed by bows of black velvet and of silk of the same color, mixed with black lace, by which the brim is covered. At the right side is a sky-blue *papillon* bow, composed of ostrich feathers, and also a parrot's wing of the same color. At the back is a group of black velvet bows, on which is placed a large knot of black lace, with two long floating ends. This hat is by MDME. BRIE ET GEOFFRIN.

No. 5 is a *mauve* silk BONNET, having a low crown and a curtain. It is surrounded by a pleating of white silk, with a little black lace, and inside the front is a *bandeau* composed of folds of *mauve* ribbon with bows in the centre. The top and side of the bonnet are trimmed by bunches of *mauve* and white lilac mixed with foliage, and bows and loops of *mauve* ribbon, a floating end of which, falls at the back. The *brides* are also of *mauve* ribbon. This bonnet is by MADAME JENNY NAVARRE

No. 6 is a round shaped PELERINE-FICHU of white muslin. It is open *en cœur*, in front and the opening is trimmed by a frill of white lace headed by a band of *jonquille* ribbon, and above this is a narrow upright edging of lace, which is continued round the neck. The bottom edge is also trimmed by a lace frill, headed by a *rouleau* of *jonquille* ribbon. The *Fichû* is divided into sections marked by bands of *jonquille* ribbon, between which are bands of lace insertion, and on the shoulders, as well as in front and in the centre of back, are chains of bows of *jonquille* ribbon, each chain finished by a single end. This Pelerine Fichû is from the MAISON LESIRE, *Boulevard des Capucines*.

No. 7 is the SLEEVE belonging to the *Fichû* (No. 6). It has a deep cuff composed of lace insertion, frills, and bands of ribbon to correspond with it.

No. 8 is a pink *crépe* BONNET of the *Fanchon* shape. The inside of front is trimmed by a draped *bandeau* of pink satin ribbon having in the centre a group of bows. On the top of the bonnet is a rose with buds and foliage, having at one side a group of bows, and at the other a quilled trimming of pink satin ribbon, the whole mixed with white *blonde*, and this trimming is united to the *brides*, by draped bands of pink satin ribbon. The *brides* are of pink *crèpe*, and are continued from the back of the bonnet, which is also trimmed by two floating ends of pink satin ribbon. This bonnet is by MADAME LABOURIN.

No. 9 is a BONNET of sky-blue silk, having a crown and curtain. Inside the front is a *bandeau* formed of folds of ribbon of the same color, with bows in the centre. The bonnet is trimmed by *bouffants* and bows of sky-blue ribbon, and on the top is placed a salmon-colored rose with a profusion of buds and leaves. At the back are two bows of sky-blue ribbon with a broad end, accompanied by a trail of rose-leaves and buds. The *brides* are of broad blue ribbon. This elegant bonnet is designed by MADAME PERROND.

No. 10 is a grey silk BONNET, having a very low crown. The back is hollowed out, and the brim is turned up in front, and lined by grey silk. The bonnet is bound all round by black silk. The inside of front is trimmed by a *rûche* of black silk bound at each edge by grey silk. At the left side is a group of four bows of black ribbon, having in the centre, an *agraffe* of jet, and starting from which is a black *aigrette*. From the top of the bows, a white ostrich feather is carried inside the front of the bonnet, accompanied by a grey feather, which also forms the trimming for the right side, mixed with bows of grey ribbon and twisted bands of black ribbon. At the back is a knot of black lace with long floating ends, and the *brides* are of grey ribbon. This bonnet is from MADAME LOUISE, *Regent Street*.

No. 11 is a black silk BONNET with a crown and curtain, and having the brim turned up in front, and lined with blue silk, by which the bonnet is also bound all round. The inside of front is trimmed by a knot of blue ribbon, having on each side, a puff of black ribbon. At the left side are two blue ostrich feathers, one of which is carried across the top of the bonnet, and forms the trimming of the right side, mixed with a black ostrich feather and some bows of blue and of black ribbon. On the top is a brown bird, with a white *aigrette*, and at the

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back is a lappet of black silk edged by blue silk, and terminated by fringe. *Brides* of black silk edged by blue silk. It is from MESSRS. GASK and GASK.

No. 12 is a round HAT of black *tûlle* having the brim turned up at the back. It is (with the exception of the crown), covered by black lace. At the left side is a *bouquet* of violets, starting from which a trail of violets and leaves, is carried entirely round the hat. At the back of the *bouquet* are bows of black and violet ribbon with a single end. The top of the hat is entirely covered by a violet-colored ostrich feather, which starts from the bows just named, and opposite which is a group of bows of black ribbon and violet colored ribbon, (partially covering the opening), and a single floating end of black ribbon edged by violet fringe falls at the back. This elegant Hat is by MDME. MARIE BOIREAU.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER XIII.

One ray of consolation, like a star in the night, shed its bright light along the gloomy path Gisbet's feet were forced to tread. He had filled the place of the true Gisbet in this gentle mother's heart. No suspicion of the fraud had ever penetrated her mind; and he loved her as fondly as if she had indeed been his mother. He had tried to pierce the mists that clouded his infant years, he had given his imagination scope, and striven to call up the image of his own mother like a phantom from the tomb, but vainly. But whenever he breathed the sacred name of *mother*, the pensive face, the holy blue eyes, and fair hair of Mrs. Fetherstone rose vividly before his mind's eye, and no other image came to displace her.

Having no news of Lamia, he resolved to go to New York and ascertain what had become of her. Mrs. Fetherstone had repeatedly urged him to open an office in New York, and resume the practise of his profession. He had put her off with various excuses. What did he know of the law, except to tremble at its power? How could he pretend to be a lawyer? He might look wise and shake his head as doctors do, and perhaps be as good as some lawyers he knew, whose only knowledge was an ingenious method of swindling their clients.

This would be a good pretext however, for visiting New York. He would tell her that he wished to find a suitable office. He could then find Lamia. Why he so greatly wished to see her, Gisbet could scarcely tell himself; or rather he would not yet own that he desired to be free of the chain which bound his life to that of this strange girl. The love which had sprung in his heart for Ella Lavelle was quickly maturing, while the memories of the awful past made him shudder, at the thought of taking to his bosom the woman he deemed a murderess.

There was no thought of the desperate revenge she might take, if he turned back her worshiping love with scorn and neglect, and further still from his mind lay any conception of such a love as hers, high as heaven, but ready to dare the abyss of perdition for him. He was vaguely planning some means of freeing himself from the chain which bound their fates, and then placing himself at the feet of Ella Lavelle.

CHAPTER XIV.

"My dear," said Ella Lavelle, a few days after, "I have something to tell you."

"Have you?" replied Celynda.

"Yes, prepare to be astonished."

"Why must I be astonished?"

"Gisbet Fetherstone has proposed to me," cried Ella triumphantly.

Celynda started, and turned deathly pale. The information seemed to fall upon her with stunning effect. With all her gratified female vanity, which was but natural under the circumstances, Ella could but feel pity for the disappointment of her friend.

"There, there," she said soothingly, "don't take it so much to heart, you know one of us was doomed to be disappointed, we could'nt both have him."

"When was this?" asked Celynda suddenly

"The night before last," answered Ella.

A little more conversation ensued between the friends, which we will not intrude upon, but rather listen to Gisbet's confession of his choice to Mrs. Fetherstone. He found his mother alone in her room, and in a few words informed her of Ella's acceptance of his proposal. She congratulated him with motherly warmth, and even told him how great her wish had been that he should select one of the fair girls she loved as his wife.

"Have I made *your* choice too, mother?" he smiled,

"I had no choice, Gisbet, either was acceptable to me."

"I am glad of that, mother," he answered.

"Now you will marry, Gisbet, and stay with me, I shall have two children instead of one. And may your wedded life, my dear son, be happier than your mother's." A sudden thought struck Gisbet Fetherstone.

"How came Colonel Fetherstone to leave you?" he asked, "what is the mystery of his long absence, and his death amongst strangers?"

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Mrs. Fetherstone mused for a moment.

"You have the right to know, Gisbet," she answered, "and no better opportunity will present itself for telling you. Listen attentively."

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Fetherstone nerved herself for the task before her, as if it cost her heart many a bitter pang to make this revelation of the past, but she persisted, deeming it a duty she owed to her son.

"In our wedded life," began Mrs. Fetherstone, "your father and myself had but one serious cause of difference. He was inordinately jealous, a defect in his character which time could not eradicate. From this failing in his character arose the dark cloud which shut out the sunshine of happiness from our domestic circle. That he loved me sincerely there could be no doubt, but he could not bear that any other man should pay me attention.

"No woman who has the slightest claim to personal attraction, can escape flattery, or the pursuit of brainless fools, whose vanity prompts them to achieve the conquest of every woman they meet, without any regard to the social ties by which she may be bound. It is scarcely necessary to say that I never gave the slightest encouragement to these insane attempts, but when he perceived them, it drove him into a frenzy that bordered on madness, and he would upbraid me in most bitter terms.

"It was for the purpose of withdrawing me as much as possible from the world, and what he deemed its dangers, that he fixed on this place as a home and brought me hither. I never repined at the seclusion. His society was sufficient for me, and I could have been happy in his love, if he would only have allowed me to be so.

"Shortly after we had taken up our residence here, we received a visit from the nearest and dearest relative I had living, my cousin, Cyril Rayner. He had been long abroad, travelling in Europe, for he was possessed of ample means, and could play the gentleman at leisure. He was a man whose mind was well stored, elegant, refined, of polished manners, and most amiable temper, he was also very handsome. I was so glad to see him, that I insisted upon his taking up his abode with us during his stay at home, for he purposed shortly to join an expedition to explore the wilds of Africa. Travelling was a mania with him, and the sole delight of his life seemed to be in wandering through strange countries.

"Though my husband made no objection at the time, I thought he was not very well pleased at the idea of Cyril becoming domiciled beneath our roof, but the fact of his being a relative, prevented him from expressing his dislike to the arangement. For my part, I was so overjoyed in the unexpected presence of Cyril. who had ever been like a brother to me, and whose visit was such a relief to the secluded life I had been leading, that I gave myself up to the enjoyment of his society.

We were much together, as my husband's profession confined him to New York during the day. He went at nine in the morning, and returned at five in the afternoon. Cyril and myself passed the days together. We read, we sang, we rode, we sailed. But no word of love ever passed between us. Cyril Rayner was the soul of honor. It was not in his nature to insult any woman, or outrage any man's roof tree. But the most innocent actions can be misconstrued. I confess it never entered my mind that Josselyn could be jealous of Cyril; knowing the infirmity of his temper as well as I did, I had never given him credit for a foolishness as great as that; when the explosion came, it took me entirely by surprise. He insulted Cyril in the grossest manner, and drove him from the house. Cyril bore the insult for my sake, though he was not a man who submits to insults tamely.

"'I am very sorry this has happened, Albertine,' he said to me at parting, 'had I dreamed of such a thing, or suspected your husband's infirmity, I would never have come here, much as I longed to see you, and now for the peace of all concerned, I had better go. As I set forth very shortly for the wilds of Africa, from which I may never return, I hope your husband's jealousy of me will be as short lived as it was sudden in its birth.'

He went, and from that day to this I have never heard of him. I have always thought he died in that far distant country. I acknowledge to feeling very angry at this affair, and did what I had never done before in his jealous frenzies, I recriminated with my husband, I upbraided him in unstinted terms, and laughed scornfully at his folly. Thus was I, in a measure, culpable of the catastrophe which followed, as he considered my just indignation a proof of guilt. We wrangled incessantly for a month after Cyril's departure, and he generally had the worst of the argument. All this was wrong, I know, but few women can submit to an unjust accusation in silence, and I do not pretend to be more faultless than the rest of my sex.

(To be continued.)

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The Theatres.

The LYCEUM theatre has been opened for an Operatic season by an excellent Italian Opera Buffa Company, under the able direction of that talented musician Signor Tito Mattei. The great attraction has been the Signor Botessini's new opera *Ali Baba*, a version of the favorite Arabian story, the Forty Thieves. The music is bright and sparkling, and admirably rendered by the company. The DRURY LANE pantomime proved so great a success as to keep its place in the programme for more than two months, but was at last withdrawn to give place to Mr. Halliday's great historical drama *Amy Robsart*, in which Miss Victoria Vokes gives a most charming impersonation of the interesting heroine. At the ADELPHA Mr. Webster has produced a new sensational drama, entitled *Deadman's Point, or the Lighthouse on the Carn Ruth*. The plot is full of interest, and affords opportunities for some admirable scenic effects, among which we will name the "Wreck of the Curlew," and "the Battlefield at Inkermann." We have to announce the opening of the new COURT THEATRE in the Belgravia district, which will, if conducted with the spirit evinced by the present management, soon become a great favorite, from the facility which it may be reached from all parts of London by means of the Metropolitan Railway, as it is immediately adjoining the Sloane Square Station. A new comedy by Mr. W. S. Gilbert was selected as the opening piece; it is called *Randall's Thumb*, it is constructed with great skill, and the characters are well drawn and contrasted. The company is very strong, including Mr. Hermann Vezin, Belford, and F. Matthews, and Misses Brennan, K. Bishop, and Kate Manor.

Notice to our Readers.

The Proprietors of "THE LONDON AND PARIS MAGAZINE OF FASHION," have much pleasure in calling the attention of their Subscribers, to the great and permanent improvements which are inaugurated with the present Number.

In future this Magazine will always contain FIVE COLORED PLATES OF FASHION, instead of two or three colored and two uncolored plates. These five plates will all be engraved on steel by first rate engravers, and will be colored in most brilliant and artistic style. Our readers by comparing the present with our former Numbers, will at once see how great are the improvements.

The Fashions contained in these five plates are all drawn by artists of the highest reputation, from actual model—(or some call them pattern)—Dresses, Mantles, Jackets, Costumes, Bonnets, Hats, &c., designed by all the first *modistes* of London and Paris.

The present unhappy state of Paris, of course prevents our obtaining at present, designs direct from the beautiful capital of France, but a great many of the first *Artistes des Modes* left Paris for London just before the siege commenced, and we have taken advantage of this circumstance to secure their talented productions for this Magazine, both now, and after their return to Paris. Our readers will thus perceive, that all the Fashions contained in the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine will be quite new; forming a strong contrast to those issued by some other Fashion Books.

The Full-sized Paper Patterns will in future form one of the most important features of this Magazine. They will always consist of the latest novelties, selected with especial care to suit the requirements of our fair Subscribers during each month. In the course of every season, the series of patterns will comprise the principal and most useful styles in all garments, both for Indoor and Outdoor wear, such as *Paletots*, *Casaques*, Jackets, Costumes, Skirts, Bodies for morning and evening dress, Childrens' Costume, &c. &c.,

These patterns are by one of the most eminent *Coutourieres;* they are all cut from Models that have been actually made up, and will therefore be sure to fit. Being cut out on paper, they can at once be used for making up a garment, without any previous trouble or preparation.

Each Number will contain a leading Article on Fashion, by the most talented and experienced writers, giving really useful information on all changes, and showing all the principal features of the Fashion of the day. The information in these articles may be implicitly relied on, as being obtained direct from the very highest sources.

A much larger portion of our space, will in future be devoted to the Description of our Colored Engravings; every detail of the making up and the trimming will be explained with the greatest minuteness, and will be described from an actual garment before the eyes of the writer, so as to ensure such accuracy and precision, that any one, by the aid of the colored engraving, can make any Costume contained in our Magazine, without the least difficulty: thus entirely removing the objection so often found with other Magazines, viz.—that the Fashions in their plates are mere fancy sketches, impossible to make up.

As the developments of Fashion may require, extra plates will occasionally be given, either colored, or printed from beautiful line engravings, on India toned paper.

In conclusion, the Proprietors, in asking from their fair Subscribers the favor of their kind recommendation of this work, beg to assure them that they are determined to spare no expense, to render "The London and Paris Ladies' Magazine," really the best and Cheapest Book of Fashion published in Europe.

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April 1871

Plate 2

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 484. APRIL, 1871. Vol. 44.

Observations
ON
LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Since the issue of our March Number, we have visited Paris, and found that City a complete desert as regards the Fashionable World: all the Aristocracy, as well as the *Artistes des Modes*, had left Paris before the Siege commenced, and they are hardly likely to return for some time, owing to the dread of Civil War, and revolution. Not a single novelty in Dress, Mantle, Bonnet, or any other article of Fashion, has been produced during the whole time of the siege. No Fashion plates have been published nor will be probably for some time; for the Magazines had ceased publication, and the workmen engaged in producing them, have all been drafted into the National Guard. As was only natural, there has not been a single thought in Paris for the last six months, except for defence while the Siege lasted, and for revictualling the City since the Armistice and treaty of Peace. We did not find a single article of Fashion, excepting what had been left remaining from last Summer's Stock.

We therefore consider ourselves extremely fortunate, in having arranged for all our staff of Artistes and Designers to leave Paris before the commencement of the Siege, and in having retained their services in London, where they have devoted themselves to the production of a series of novelties, superior to anything that has been produced in Paris for many years past, as a glance at our plates will at once prove.

We may indeed say with truth, that the development and progress of Fashion in Europe, has for the last few months been represented and carried on solely by this Magazine, and its talented staff of *Artistes* and designers.

We will now refer to a few facts in support of our remarks. This Publication is the *only* Fashion Magazine that has appeared every month at its usual time, and with its proper complement of plates, produced by our regular staff of Artists, from designs even more novel and elegant than they were before the War commenced. Other Fashion Books have appeared days, and often weeks, after their usual time. Some have been obliged to issue badly executed copies of old French prints: others have only been able to obtain inferior German plates, utterly unsuited to the English taste. Some again have had resort to mere fancy sketches, made by inferior artists who are only amateurs as regards Fashion. An attempt has been made in Belgium, to continue the publication of Fashions, but instead of pourtraying the real progress and development of the Fashionable World, they have, from want of knowledge and absence of authentic information, merely been reproducing in an exaggerated form, the very worst features of a corrupt taste, which for a time prevailed under the Imperial *regime*.

A comparison of our March and April Nos. with other fashion plates, will at once justify the strongest observations that could be made on this subject.

This year, London promises to be the head quarters of the Fashionable World, as the Aristocracy of all Europe will be attracted hither, by the opening of the Exhibition and the other numerous and important Public Ceremonials of 1871, so many of which will be graced by the presence of Her Majesty in person.

The principal characteristics of the present fashion, are great elegance and purity of taste, combined with variety of form, and much elaboration in the trimming, with perfect neatness of style. The enormously large, exaggerated form of *Bouffant* or *Panier*, has gradually gone out of favor, and although upper skirts, forming *Tabliers* or *Tuniques* at front and sides, and *Bouffants* at the back, are, we might almost say, indispensable parts of every dress, yet the *bouffants* are more moderate in form, only just enough fulness being retained to give grace and elegance to the figure.

One great feature of the present Fashion, is

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the change in the form of sleeve. The plain tight-fitting coat sleeve, without cuff or trimming, has gone quite out of Fashion, and we now find the greatest variety of shape. There are the Pagoda sleeves, very wide at wrist; other Sleeves are of more moderate width at wrist, and left open at back of arm as far as the elbow; these two forms are alike suited for Dresses, or for outdoor Jackets. Another style, only used for dresses, is plain as far as the elbow, and terminates in a deep frill or flounce that reaches nearly to the wrist. Some of the plain tight-fitting sleeves are still worn, but are always trimmed at the wrists by quilling, frills, or ornamental cuffs.

There are three different styles of Paletot or Jacket, which are equally fashionable for outdoor wear: the first is the *Casaque*, fitting tight to the figure, and having the front part of skirt plain and square in shape, while the back part is deeper, and is moderately *bouffante* in a great variety of forms. The second style is the short square cut Paletot or Jacket, with openings in the middle of back and at the sides, extending nearly to the waist level. The third style is of medium width, slightly defining the waist but without fitting at all tight: this style has the skirt a little longer, and is also left open at the bottom of back. These three garments may be made either of black silk or *en suite* with the dress. For black silk the most fashionable trimmings are black lace and fringe, with narrow *passementerie* or satin *rouleaux*.

Suits or '*Costumes*,' this season will probably be more worn than ever, and will be trimmed in a variety of ways, as indicated by our plates. In some toilettes narrow lace accompanied by *biais* bands or *rouleaux* will be very freely used, and quillings are just now extremely fashionable, although fringe is beginning to be preferred to the quilling by some ladies, because, although it costs a little more, the fringe requires much less time and trouble in making up, than is necessary for the elaborate quilled trimmings.

Flounces are fashionable, especially at the bottoms of skirts, where they may be either loose or pleated according to taste.

A very elaborate Suit is given on plate 2 fig. 3, and a quieter style will be found on plate 1.

In the form of Dress Bodies, there is not much change. For the early part of the Spring, some bodies will still be made plain and high; but the favorite styles for this Spring and Summer will be the *Watteau* bodies with square-openings, and the pointed openings *en cœur*, like fig. 3, plate 2, and fig. 2, plate 4. Many bodies are now made with *basquines* or Jacket skirts.

Our May Number will contain the most superb series of novelties, that we have yet had the pleasure of presenting to our subscribers.

THE FULL-SIZED PATTERN.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams need NOT *be allowed for in cueting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

We this month present our readers with TWO full-sized patterns, namely, the LOUISE CORSAGE A REVERS, and the TABLIER AND BOUFFANT shown on fig. 6 of our fifth plate, and designed specially for H. R. H. the Princess-Marchioness of Lorne; forming a complete Costume for out-door wear.

The *Corsage* consists of back, sidepiece, front, *revers*, and sleeve. The body fastens by buttonholes, and the places of the buttonholes are marked on the pattern: we have not given the pattern of the sleeve *revers*, but have marked its form by a row of pricking. It is for a lady a little under the average size, measuring about 33 inches round the chest.

The Upper skirt, consists of a *Tablier*, which fastens by a row of buttons in front, and a full *bouffant*, forming the back part of skirt. The *Tablier* is sewn quite plain to the waist without fulness, and lays over the *bouffant* at the sides for about an inch, as marked by the notch. The *bouffant* is pleated or gathered in at the top to complete the size of waist, the side seam being laid just under the edge of *tablier* as named above, so that the notch near the middle of this side seam of *bouffant*, just comes under the round hole near the edge of *Tablier*. That part of the side seam of *bouffant* which is below the notch, is then gathered or pleated up, and joined to the short line of pricking on the *Tablier*, which is below the round hole, and thus produces that slightly full *bouffant* form, which is characteristic of the modern style.

From these *Tablier* and *Bouffant* patterns, our readers can, by slight changes or modifications in the form, obtain patterns for many other styles. For instance, the upper skirt on fig. 1 plate 4, may be cut from this pattern, by laying the side of *bouffant* so as to overlap the *tablier*, slightly rounding off the corner of *bouffant*, and pleating or gathering up the corners of *tablier*.

By cutting the *tablier* longer, rounding off the sides of *bouffant* still more, and widening it at front so as to bring this part more forward, the upper skirt of fig. 2 plate 1, will be obtained. In fact, almost all the fashionable upper skirts, which consist of *tabliers* and *bouffants*, may with great ease be cut from these patterns.

Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of sky-blue silk, and is entirely without trimming. The upper skirt is of brown-colored *foulard*. It consists of two distinct parts. The front is rounded, and forms a draped *tablier*, the drapery being arranged in a succession of folds. The sides of the *tablier* are covered by

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those of the back portion of the skirt, which is round, and is caught up *en bouffant* in the centre. Both portions of this skirt are edged by black lace, above which is a *biais* band of black silk, edged at each side by a *rouleau* of similar silk. The *Veston* is of black silk: it is hollowed out at the sides, so as to leave an open space under the arm, shewing the dress. It is also cut up in the centre of back; and all the edges are trimmed by black silk fringe nearly covered by lace of the same color, headed by a *biais* band of black silk, having at each side a *rouleau* of similar silk. The open spaces at the sides (before described), are each crossed by two *biais* bands of silk edged by *rouleaux*, and finished by fringe and lace. Below the edges of the Veston, both in front and at the back, appear loops and single floating ends formed of *biais* bands of silk, the ends terminated by fringe: each of the square divisions being trimmed by three of these. The Veston is slightly open at the front of neck, at which point is placed a knot formed of a *biais* band of silk. The sleeves have cuffs composed of similar bands, each finished by a bow and short floating ends, and accompanied by a double frill of lace, and on the uppermost frills are groups of bows with short ends. Bonnet of sky-blue silk, trimmed by white *marguerites*, and having a black velvet *bandeau*.

This Costume is by the Artiste of the MAISON DIEULAFAIT.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of pale green *Faille*, shot with green of a darker shade. The lower skirt is trimmed by three pleated flounces each headed by a *biais* band of the same material. The upper skirt forms two distinct portions, the front is rounded *en tablier*, and is edged by a pleated flounce, similar to those on the lower skirt, but rather narrower, and headed (like them,) by a *biais* band: starting from *papillon* bows at the bottom of the *tablier*, two pleated frills of silk (with the *biais* bands), are carried up nearly to the waist, disappearing under the *basques* of the *Corsage*. The sides of the *tablier* are concealed by those of the back portion of the skirt, which is *bouffante* and is edged by a pleated flounce headed by a *biais* band. The *Corsage* has a square shaped *basque* in front, and at the back is a sort of Jockey of similar shape, but forming a few pleats. It is trimmed *à bretelles* by pleated frills headed by *biais* bands, which trimming is continued along the edges of the *basques* and of the Jockey. The centre of *Corsage* in front, is trimmed by a pleated frill headed by a *biais* band, on which are placed four *papillon* bows, and on each shoulder is a similar bow. A frill is also carried round the neck. The sleeves are tight-fitting, and are trimmed by *epaulettes* formed of pleated frills headed by *biais* bands; and at the wrists are similar frills.

This Costume is by MADAME CAMILLE. *This upper skirt may be cut from the* Tablier *and* Bouffant, *given with our present Number, by adding to the side of* bouffant *and rounding it off, so as to make it overlap the* Tablier.

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of violet silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce, headed by a double *biais* band, in the centre of which are two narrow *rouleaux*. At a certain distance above, is a similar trimming, and the space between, is crossed at equal distances by oblique bands similar to the two outer ones already mentioned. The upper part of the skirt is trimmed by four deep pointed tabs of violet silk, two in front and two at the back; each edged by a frill of black lace, headed by four *rouleaux* of silk; those at the back are partly concealed by two small *bouffants* similarly trimmed, and divided by a puff of silk which starts from the waist. The *Corsage à basques*, is hollowed out in the centre of back, and is also cut up at the sides; and all the edges are trimmed by black lace, headed by four *rouleaux* of violet silk, which extend slightly above the back of waist, so as to form a small square. The neck is trimmed all round, by the *rouleaux*, which are partially covered by black lace, and this trimming is continued down the front edges of the *corsage*. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists, are hollowed out at the back, and are trimmed by black lace and *rouleaux* of silk. White straw Hat, trimmed by pink ribbon and flowers.

This Costume is designed for the MAISON BOUDET.

PLATE THE SECOND.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of striped rose-colored and white silk. The skirt is entirely without trimming. Tight-fitting *Casaque* of rose-colored silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a fringe of the same color. The *Casaque* is without sleeves, (which are supplied by those of the dress), and the arm-holes are trimmed by rose-colored fringe. A similar fringe is carried round the neck. The front is closed by a row of buttons, and the *ceinture*, of striped silk like the dress, is fastened at the back by a group of bows with floating ends. Straw Hat, trimmed by rose-colored ribbon and flowers.

This elegant Toilette is by MADAME LECLERC

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—This dress consists of a *jupon* and *tunique à train*, both of pale Havannah silk. The *jupon* is trimmed *en tablier* by five narrow flounces each put on with a heading. The *tunique* is edged by a similar flounce. The *Casaque* is of black silk. It is round at the back, and the edges of this portion of the skirt, are gathered to the outer edges of two square-shaped tabs which form the fronts. The bottom is trimmed by black lace, headed by a fancy hanging fringe of *passementerie*, a row of which is carried up the front edges, The fronts of the *Casaque* are trimmed by groups of bows of black ribbon, with floating ends finished by fringe. At the back of waist is a group of bows of broader black ribbon, having two floating ends. The *Casaque* is drawn in by the *ceinture*, so as to form pleats, or it can be worn loose in front

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and drawn in at the back only: the *ceinture*, in this case, passes through holes at the sides, and is fastened invisibly inside. The shoulders are covered by a large round *Pelerine*, edged like the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves are short and loose, and are similarly edged, and in front of each, is placed a group of bows of black ribbon, with floating ends finished by fringe. White straw Bonnet, trimmed by black lace and ribbon, and pink flowers with foliage.

This Costume is by MADAME EDME PARIS.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of light grey silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by oblique *biais* bands of *mauve* silk, each edged at one side, by white lace; and the whole headed by a horizontal band of the silk, similarly edged. This trimming covers one third of the depth of the skirt, which, from this point, is fastened in front by a row of *mauve* and grey buttons. The upper skirt is open in front, and is trimmed by a *biais* band of *mauve* silk edged by white lace. It is fastened back *à revers* at the sides by rosettes of *mauve* ribbon, and forms a *bouffant* at the back, which is rounded. The *revers* are covered by *mauve* silk. The *Corsage* is open *en cœur* and has a small collar and *revers* lined by *mauve* silk, and edged by white lace: it also has in front, two deep square *basques à revers*, similarly lined and edged. *Biais* bands of *mauve* silk edged by lace, are carried along the bottom of the *basques*; the fronts of which have the bands only, and these pass under the *ceinture* and are carried up the front of *Corsage*, disappearing beneath a group of bows of *mauve* ribbon on the chest. The *ceinture* is of *mauve* ribbon. The sleeves are tight-fitting, and have pointed cuffs of *mauve* silk, edged by white lace. Grey felt Hat, trimmed by *mauve* velvet and flowers.

This Costume, to which a shawl may with propriety be added for the promenade, is by the chief designer of the GRAND MARCHE PARISIEN.

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes* of white tarlatan. The front half of the lower skirt is trimmed at the bottom by three *bouillons* of white tarlatan, surmounted by a *rûche* bound by sea-green silk. At the back part of the skirt, two of the *bouillons* are replaced by three pleated flounces, each bound by light green silk, and to which the upper *bouillon* forms a heading, (accompanied by the *rûche*). The upper skirt is *bouffante* and is edged by a pleated flounce bound by sea-green silk, and headed by a *rûche* of white muslin, similarly bound. In the centre of the skirt at the back, is a *papillon* bow of green ribbon. The *Sortie du bal* is of sea-green silk: it is a sort of *Mantelet a Capuchon*, and forms in front, two deep square-shaped tabs, while the sides and back are short. It is raised over the arms, and is hollowed out in the centre of back, so as to form two points. The edges of the *Sortie du bal* are trimmed by gold braid, which forms at intervals, a sort of trefoil twist, and describes in each corner, an *Arabesque*. The hood is trimmed by a large *Arabesque* and at the point is placed a gold tassel. Round the neck is a narrow upright quilling of green silk.

This elegant Costume is from MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR, *Regent Street.*

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower-skirt is of pearl grey silk. It is cut with a train, and is trimmed at the bottom by a broad *gauffred* flounce of white tarlatan, headed by a *biais* band of rose-colored satin edged at each side by a thick *rûche* of white tarlatan. The upper skirt consists of two separate parts; the back, which is deeper than the front, is caught up *en bouffant* in the centre, and fastened by bows and floating ends of rose-colored satin ribbon: it has at each side two pointed *revers* lined by rose-colored satin, and edged by *rûches* of white tarlatan. The front of this skirt forms a sort of square *tablier* of white tarlatan, edged at the bottom by a *gauffred* flounce headed by a *rûche*. It is fastened to the back portion of the skirt by bows and ends of rose colored satin ribbon, bands of which are continued up to the waist. The back of the skirt is also trimmed by two square-shaped tabs of rose-colored satin, rounded at the ends, and edged by *gauffred* frills of white tarlatan headed by *rûches*. The *Ceinture* is of rose-colored ribbon and is fastened by bows and floating ends at the back. The *Corsage* is trimmed *en berthâ*, by a frill of white lace, headed, both at back and in front, by a pointed band of rose colored satin, edged by a *rûche* of white tarlatan. On each shoulder is a *papillon* bow of rose-colored ribbon, and on the chest is a group of bows.

This Ball Toilette is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The under skirt is of sky-blue *crèpe*, and is trimmed at the bottom by a *bouillon*, partly covered by a flounce of white lace: above this flounce is a drapery of sky-blue *crepè* which is (with the flounce), caught up in festoons and fastened by two *bouquets* of strawberry blossom, with foliage. Above this drapery, are four narrower flounces of white lace, three of which are headed by a chain of small *bouillons* of sky-blue *crèpe*; the upper flounce reaches to the waist. The upper skirt is of Amber satin: it is open *en tunique*, and is edged by an undulating flounce of white lace. At the sides of this skirt are *revers* extending about half its depth and bound by a drapery of sky-blue *crèpe*. The front edges of these *revers* are fastened to the sides of the lower skirt, by *bouquets* of strawberry-blossom, three at each side. The *corsage* is of amber satin: it is pointed in front, and is trimmed *en bertha* by a frill of white lace, headed by a chain of *bouillons* of sky-blue *crèpe*; and on the chest is a *bouquet* of strawberry blossom. On each shoulder is placed a smaller *bouquet*.

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This elegant Ball Costume is by MADAME BREANT CASTEL.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

COSTUME FOR HOME OR PROMENADE.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes.* The lower skirt is of violet colored *faille.* It is trimmed by a broad pleating, fixed near the bottom by a row of stitching; and headed by a *biais* band, above which are three narrow upright pleated frills. The upper skirt is of very pale violet cashmere. It is composed of two distinct parts: the front forms a rounded *tablier,* the sides of which are gathered into those of the back portion of the skirt; this portion is deeper and caught up *en bouffant* at each side, by a *rosette* of violet-colored ribbon. The edges of the *tablier* and also of the back part of the skirt, are trimmed by a pleated flounce, headed by a double *biais* band of violet *faille,* above which is an upright pleated frill. The *Corsage* is closed by a row of violet buttons: it has in front two pointed *basques* edged by the pleated frills and *biais* band, and at the back is a round *postillion* similarly edged. At the back of waist is a rosette of violet-colored ribbon, The sleeves are cut open at the back of the wrists, and are trimmed like the other portions of the dress.

This Tablier and bouffant *may be made from the full-sized pattern given with our present Number, by gathering up the sides of* tablier, *and adding to the sides of* bouffant *so as to make them overlap the sides of* Tablier; *the gathering at the sides of the* bouffant *should be omitted.*

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes,* of Metternich green silk. The lower skirt is *en train,* and is trimmed at the bottom by a flounce partially covered by a frill of white lace, above which is a *rûche* of green silk, with a narrow upright frill of white lace. The bottom of the upper skirt is edged by a frill of white lace similarly headed; it is caught up at each side, and fastened by a knot of green silk, causing the back part of the skirt to be *bouffante.* The *Corsage* is open *en cœur,* is trimmed by white lace, and by a *ruche* of silk. The sleeves which are finished by *engageante* frills, are similarly trimmed. The *ceinture* is of green silk; it is finished both in front and at back, by bows or loop, those at the back being the largest. Black velvet Hat, trimmed by white lace and lilac flowers. For the carriage or promenade, a lace shawl or mantle would be added.

This elegant Costume is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes* of cream colored silk. The lower skirt is trimmed by two pleated flounces each put on with a heading. The upper skirt is hollowed out both in front and at the back, so as to form four points edged by fringe, and surmounted (at the back), by a *bouffant.* The Mantelet is of scarlet cloth. It is half tight-fitting at the back, (the bottom edge of which is slightly hollowed out), and it falls loose and square in front. It is trimmed all round, by black silk fringe, headed by gimp of the same color, which is carried up the sides, over the shoulders and down each side of front. The edges of front opening are similarly trimmed, and a narrower gimp is carried round the neck. Sleeves are imitated by large loose pieces edged by fringe and gimp. Hat of cream-colored felt, trimmed by black ribbon, and scarlet ostrich feathers.

This Mantelet is designed for MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1 is a HAT of Italian straw, the crown of which is slightly conical, the brim of the hat is trimmed by three double *biais* bands of ruby-colored satin and the crown is trimmed by folds and bows, of similar satin; to which are added a white ostrich feather and an *aigrette*; the tip of the feather fall at the back of the hat, accompanied by a floating end of ruby colored satin finished by fringe.

No. 2 is a HAT of black *tûlle,* having a low crown, and a broad brim trimmed by three *rouleaux* of black satin. Inside the front is a *rûching* of black lace. The hat is trimmed by a garland of ivy, with red and green berries, and in front is a small bird with a tuft of moss. At the back, is a large puff and lappet of black spotted *tûlle,* edged by lace. The *Brides* are of similar *tûlle* and there are also strings of black ribbon.

No. 3 is a BONNET of coarse white straw: having a flat crown and a curtain. The inside of front is trimmed by a quilling of black lace, crossed by a band of *mauve* ribbon. The left side is trimmed by black lace with bows of *mauve* ribbon, and the right side, by bows of ribbon only; at the top is a rose with buds and leaves. Starting from the top of the crown, a black lace lappet falls at the back, accompanied by a floating end of *mauve* ribbon, and a trail of rose-leaves with buds.

No. 4 is a rice straw BONNET, with a flat crown and a curtain, having the brim turned up in front, and lined by black spotted *tûlle.* The trimming of the inside of front, consists of bows of rose colored ribbon. This bonnet is trimmed at the right side by black spotted *tulle* edged by lace, and on the top, are bows and ends of black velvet ribbon and some *Marguerites* with crimson centres. At the back is a puffing with a lappet of black spotted *tûlle,* edged by lace, and accompanied by two floating ends of black velvet ribbon. *Brides* of similar ribbon. This and Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are from the establishment of MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

No. 5 is a round HAT of Italian straw. The brim is cut open at the sides, and the back portion thus forms a sort of curtain. The front part of brim is bound by black velvet, and the sides are turned up and lined by similar velvet.

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The front of the hat is trimmed by a sort of *rûche* of black ribbon, which forms a group of four bows at the back. At the top is a white ostrich feather, with some lilac and lilies of the valley, and a trail of lilac falls at the back. Strings of black ribbon to fasten under the *chignon*. This elegant Hat is from FORCE's, 79, *Oxford Street*.

No. 6 is a CORSAGE, with a *Tablier* and *Bouffant* of grey silk. The *Corsage* is cut open *en cœur*, and is trimmed by pointed *revers*, edged by quillings of the silk, above which are *biais* bands of scarlet satin. The *Tablier* is rounded at the sides, to which are gathered those of the *bouffant*: both the *tablier* and *bouffant* are edged by a pleated frill of grey silk, headed by two *biais* bands of scarlet satin, the uppermost of which, is surmounted by an upright quilling of the silk. The *Tablier* may be cut open in the centre, and fastened by scarlet buttons, corresponding with those on the lower part of *corsage*. The sleeves are wide at wrists, and have *revers*, to correspond with the trimming of *Corsage*.

We give the full-sized pattern of this Corsage and sleeve, and also of the Tablier *and* Bouffant.

No. 7 is an Evening HEAD-DRESS, composed of rose (or salmon) colored ribbed ribbon; the front forming a coronet. At the left side are bows and knots of the ribbon, and at the right, is a *bouquet* of *Marguerites* with foliage and a trail, which falls at the back accompanied by knotted ends of ribbon, finished by fringe. This Head-dress is from FORCE's, *Oxford Street*.

No. 8 is a round HAT composed of perpendicular *bouillons* of white *tûlle* divided by sprays of *Myosotis* (forget me not), and edged by a quilling of *tûlle*. The top and sides of the hat (near the back), are trimmed by large puffings of white *tûlle*, on which are placed, at the left side, sprays of *Myosotis* mixed with lilies of the valley. A large lappet of *tûlle* falls at the back This elegant HAT is from MDME. SWINSTEAD, 84. *Oxford Street*.

No. 9 is a HAT entirely covered by *bouillons* of black *tûlle*. At the edge of brim, are three *rouleaux* of black satin, covered by the *bouillons*. The inside of front is trimmed by a *rûche* of black lace, and on the top is a bunch of green leaves. At the left side, near the back, are two large bows of black velvet, in the centre of which is placed a yellow rose with buds and foliage. The right side of the hat is trimmed by black lace, and at the back is a loop with a floating end of black velvet ribbon. *Brides* of black lace. There are also black ribbon strings.

No, 10 is a rice-straw BONNET with a flat crown and a curtain, and having the brim turned-up in front, and lined by sky-blue velvet, the curtain is bound by similar velvet, The inside of front is trimmed by a draped band of sky-blue velvet, having in the centre, a *bouquet* of crocuses and violets. The side and top of the bonnet are trimmed by bands and bows of sky-blue velvet, at the top are *bouquets* of crocuses and violets. At the back are two floating ends of sky-blue velvet, and the *brides* are of satin ribbon of the same color. This Bonnet is from MESSRS GASK & GASK.

No. 11 represents the left side of the BONNET No. 4; this side is trimmed by a group of bows of black velvet ribbon, in the centre of which is placed a bunch of ivy-leaves.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

(Continued from our last.)

"An event, however, was about to happen, which softened my bitter feelings towards my husband, and brought back the old love and tenderness again. I expected shortly to become a mother, I looked forward to the day with joyful anticipation, and although Josselyn was strangely morose and thoughtful, I deemed that his jealousy would for ever be put to flight when hie child was placed in his arms. I little meditate the dreadful vengeance he was planning, or dreamed that his heart was implacably closed against me.

"At length the hour came that I was a mother, and of *two* beautiful boys.

"To surprise my husband, I ordered the nurse to carry one first to him, and leave it with him, without saying a word, and then return to astonish him with the second.

"She obeyed me, but a few seconds after she had departed with the second child, she reappeared in terror and confusion, saying that my husband had leapt upon his horse and ridden wildly away, taking the first child with him, without ever knowing he had a second son."

Gisbet interrupted his mother for the first time.

"But it was never known that you had two children?"

"No, for I bound the nurse to secresy, and I now, for the first time reveal the fact. I could not believe that Josselyn would forsake me altogether. I thought his mad passion would subside, and that he would return, but he never did, as you know; after that night I never again set eyes upon his face."

"But the child?" cried Gisbet breathlessly, "what became of that?"

"Poor infant," murmured Mrs. Fetherstone sadly, "at that tender age it must have perished. I have often thought, Gisbet, that if my first born had lived, he would have been your counterpart."

Gisbet shuddered at the words. Could it be that he was an accomplice in the deed that shed his brother's blood? The mark of Cain seemed burning on his forehead.

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He must see Lamia at once, and obtain from her the ruby ring. It was the only proof he had of his parentage. And this gentle lady was his mother after all. Nature had proclaimed it. It was that alone had made his fraud successful.

"Mother," he cried, "my father was a brute, and you are a patient and long-suffering angel. Oh! when I think of all we might have been spared but for his mad jealousy. But there is no remedy for the past. We can never bring the dead to life. Would that we could!"

"Amen to that," she responded. "But Gisbet, this secret must be kept between us."

"Trust me, mother, my lips shall never breathe it. Tell me, had the boy lived, what would you have named him?"

"Josselyn, for his father."

What would he have given to have thrown himself into her arms and said "I am Josselyn, your eldest-born." But then he must have added, "Gisbet is dead. These arms consigned his bleeding body to a watery grave." He was wild with impatience to see Lamia, and obtain the ring. If it had a story to tell, it must tell it now. If Mrs. Fetherstone recognised it as having been the property of her self-exiled husband, that was sufficient. He now felt that Lamia would be loathesome to him for evermore. For was she not guilty of his brother's blood? Lamia's crime had been worse than useless.

CHAPTER XVI.

The course of our story now carries us back to the fortunes of the wayward and unhappy Lamia. The love this strange girl bore to the false Gisbet Fetherstone was the ruling passion of her life. For him as we have seen, she had stained her soul with crime. But now he demanded a greater sacrifice from her, she was called to relinquish the hope of her life, to give up the man she loved, and share the destiny of one she despised. She had no longer the disposition to kill Hugh Preston. His life was sacred in her hands. But what a lot was before her! She was caught in her own web. She had willingly become this man's wife, and she had now no alternative but to live with him. This was the inevitable fate her crime had brought upon her, and she bowed her neck to the yoke, submitting with what resignation she might. This man, her husband now, her lord and master in one sense,—had proposed that she should resume her profession as a dancer. She hailed with joy the prospect of returning to the old exciting, stimulating life. She sat passively for two hours after the strange appearance of Gisbet Fetherstone, the bitter tears slowly rolling down her cheeks, as she saw the wreck of her life's happiness go down in the vortex of crime before her vision, and then she dashed away her tears fiercely, and braced herself to meet the new existence.

"No more crime," she cried, "I pay too dearly for *that*. You can live, Hugh Preston, till a natural death frees me from you, but I fear my release will not be a speedy one. Love is denied me for evermore, let ambition fill my heart. I will become the world's idol." These words were like the inscription on a stone, they told of hopes buried and forgotten. With them she put the past utterly from her, striving to forget both its joys and sorrows, and turned her face hopefully towards the uncertain future. The last act, before that page of her life was quite turned over, was to write a letter. It was to Gisbet Fetherstone. This is what she wrote:—

"Dear Gisbet,—When I left you I thought the danger which threatened us might be easily put aside, and I purposed speedily to rejoin you; but I was mistaken. Your safety requires that I should separate myself from you for a long time, perhaps for ever. A gulf has opened between us which may prevent us from ever being reunited. I have but one course to pursue. I release you from any claims I may have upon your heart, though it nearly breaks mine to do so. I give you up for ever. It is not because I love you less, but because an inexorable fate tears me from you. Another love will console you for the loss of mine. Turn your thoughts to Celynda Gilfoyle, or Ella Lavelle, both of them are worthy. Seek not to trace me in my future life, forget me, and all the glad and bitter past; it will be better for us both. I shall watch over your career, and rejoice at your prosperity and happiness. Let no timid fear or false reasoning turn you aside from the path you have chosen. Should you waver and draw back from your purpose, the fearful sacrifice I have made will have been made in vain. Think of that and be firm. Do not add to my present misery by an act that would bring lasting wretchedness upon us both. I have no more to say. Heaven guard you ever, and keep green in your memory the thought of your own loved, Lamia."

She sealed this up, enclosed the ruby ring he had given her, and sent the packet to Clovernook. When it had gone, her life's dream was over, and she turned her face resolutely toward

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the stern realities of her destiny. The prospect before her was not a pleasant one. Her sin had found her early, and she was paying the bitter penalty of crime as the wife of Hugh Preston, a man she thoroughly detested and despised. After the dreadful visitation that stayed her murderous hand on the wedding night, the superstition so inherent in her blood and nature, made her quail before this man in a way that surprised herself. Her faculties seemed under the influence of some lethargic spell that no power of her will had the strength to cast off.

Lamia's surprise however, did not equal Hugh Preston's. Not being brilliantly gifted with brains, he failed utterly to comprehend her. He had fully expected she would prove a tigress when he married her, and was prepared to tame her. To his surprise she proved as docile to his will as a lamb. The change bewildered him, and made him treat her with much more gentleness than he had purposed. Having forced her to marry him, he had conceived the idea that he could force her love him.

The man really wanted to be loved. In his eyes Lamia was the perfection of her sex, his regard for her was as strong as was consistent with the inveterate selfishness of his nature. He was proud of her beauty and grace, and vain of the title of her husband. Under these circumstances they agreed together better than might have been expected. Lamia's return to her theatrical life was a source of great comfort to her. Its bustle and excitement allayed, in a measure, the idle repinings she could but feel, contrasting what was with what might have been. She gave herself up, heart and soul to her profession, taking ambition into her heart in place of love. She was determined to be great, the idol which a giddy world would worship and applaud. Her *début* was a great success, and she immediately took high rank as a favorite with the *habitués* of the theatre, and no one enjoyed her success more than Hugh Preston. He did all he could to advance her in her profession; she realised this, and tolerated him as a useful tool.

Though she saw no turning-point in the dark lane she was treading, she looked forward to the hour that would free her from him: this was now the first hope of her life. Though she had renounced Gisbet entirely, or thought she had done so, in one little corner of her heart lurked the second hope of her life, that being free again they might once more be re-united. Poor girl! she could not help this. It was the essence of her life, the oil that fed its fire, and its destruction could only be brought about by death itself.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Theatres.

The regular Italian Opera Season commenced on the 28th, at COVENT GARDEN, with an admirable rendering of Donizetti's favourits opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The Italian opera Buffa Company have given some excellent performances at the LYCEUM Theatre: the *Conerentola, L' Elisir d' Amore*, and Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte*, have been represented with great ability. DRURY LANE, has been engaged by Mr. Mapleson for the Italian Opera, and he has engaged a very powerful company with Sir M. Costa for conductor. The sensational and scenic drama is well represented at the ADELPHI, by Mr. Burnand's last and most successful production *Deadman's Point*.

Notice to our Readers.

The Proprietors of "THE LONDON AND PARIS MAGAZINE OF FASHION," have much pleasure in calling the attention of their Subscribers, to the great and permanent improvements which were inaugurated with the March Number.

In future this Magazine will always contain FIVE COLORED PLATES OF FASHION, instead of two or three colored and two uncolored plates.

The Fashions contained in these five plates are all drawn by artists of the highest reputation, from actual model—(or some call them pattern)—Dresses, Mantles, Jackets, Costumes, Bonnets, Hats, &c., designed by all the first *modistes* of London and Paris.

The Full-sized Paper Patterns will in future form one of the most important features of this Magazine; they are all cut from Models that have been actually made up, and will therefore be sure to fit. Being cut out on paper, they can at once be used for making up a garment, without any previous trouble or preparation.

Each Number will contain a leading Article on Fashion, the information in which may be implicitly relied on, as being obtained direct from the very highest sources.

A much larger portion of our space, will in future be devoted to the Description of our Colored Engravings; every detail of the making up and the trimming will be explained with the greatest minuteness, so that any one, by the aid of the colored engraving, can make any Costume contained in our Magazine, without the least difficulty: thus entirely removing the objection so often found with other Magazines, viz.—that the Fashions in their plates are mere fancy sketches, impossible to make up.

As the developments of Fashion may require, extra plates will occasionally be given, either colored, or printed from beautiful line engravings, on India toned paper.

In conclusion, the Proprietors, in asking from their fair Subscribers the favor of their kind recommendation of this work, beg to assure them that they are determined to spare no expense, to render "The London and Paris Ladies' Magazine," really the best and Cheapest Book of Fashion published in Europe.

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May 1871

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 485. MAY, 1871. Vol. 44.

Observations

ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FOR MAY, 1871.

The course of events in France, has fully justified the remarks we made in our last month's No., after our visit to Paris, viz:—that War and Revolution would for some time, be the sole ideas occupying the thoughts of the once bright and gay Parisians. The publication of journals of Fashion in Paris had ceased since the siege commenced; the attempts that were made to recommence publishing were rendered useless by Revolution and Civil War, and this Magazine is still, as it has been for the last six months, the only journal that has been able to record the real progress of that combination of taste, elegance, and novelty, which is called Fashion.

At an early stage of the war, as soon as we perceived the disastrous turn that events were taking for France, we made our arrangements in the event of Paris being invested. At the approach of the Prussian Army, our staff of Artists, and all the best *Artistes des Modes*, quitted Paris, and have since remained in London, giving their assistance to all the best houses in the metropolis, and all their choicest novelties in design have been recorded in this Magazine exclusively, since the commencement of the memorable siege.

We will now make our Observations on the prevailing styles, and will indicate the principal novelties of the season.

In sleeves an entire change has taken place; they are made in an immense variety of form, as shown on our plates: the general style is half tight to the elbow, finishing in the Pagoda or Venetian forms, or with frills, sometimes called *engageantes*; or left open at the back of wrist as far as the elbow.

The extremely short waists and *Ceintures* have almost disappeared, or at least will only be retained for some morning dresses in muslins, *grenadines*, or similar thin materials.

In place of the *Ceinture* style, we find pointed bodies, *basques* of every variety of length, and "*Postillions*," or Jacket-skirts at back, of every variety of form and size. These *Postillions* indeed, have now taken the place of the enormously large and exaggerated *bouffants*, which are gone out of favor.

Almost all dresses are made with double skirts, the upper skirts often consisting of a *tablier* in front, and a moderate *bouffant* at the sides and back; our April full-sized pattern gives the general style. Over these upper skirts, the bodies should have short *basques*, or a *postillion* at back and a long point in front, like fig. 2, plate 3; this last is the characteristic style of the present season, and we give the pattern full-sized.

The trimmings of dresses are very elaborate, but are distinguished by great purity of style; quillings of various widths have been and still are very much used, but fringes seem to be gradually taking their place. Frills of the same material as the dress, headed by *rouleaux*, are coming into favor, and have a charming effect. Some dresses of light brown colors, are trimmed by frills of a darker shade, and have a novel appearance; to be in perfect taste however, the contrast between the tones of the two colors should not be too great.

For outdoor wear, close fitting *Casaques* of black silk are very fashionable. Suits will be more worn than ever, some being made with tight-fitting *Casaque* bodies, as shown on our plates. The loose short Jacket, left open at the sides and back, is another very fashionable style.

In the lengths of dresses and trains there is no change.

For the newest styles in Hats and Bonnets, we refer our readers to our colored plates. Hats will be much worn, in fact the difference of form between the present shapes of Hats and Bonnets is really very slight.

An elegant selection of all the latest novelties in Ball and Evening dresses, will be found in our March and April Numbers.

We this month present our Subscribers with with an Extra Plate, of the latest and most useful Fashions, engraved in the best style, and printed on beautiful India toned paper.

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THE FULL-SIZED PATTERNS.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams NEED NOT *be allowed for in cutting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

This month we again present our Subscribers with TWO full-sized patterns, of the newest style and most excellent fit.

The *first* pattern, is the latest and most elegant form of OUT-DOOR JACKET or PALETOT, for summer wear. It is very short, falls almost square, and is slit up in the middle of back and at each side, to a little above the waist, so as to make room for the fulness of the back *basque* or *Postillion*. This pattern consists of a back, side-piece, and front, each marked by a small round hole. We have indicated by a notch, the height of the opening in the middle of back, and the opening at the sides is indicated both on the side body and back. The *sleeve* serves both for this and the following pattern: for this pattern it should be cut to its full size, without taking any notice of the pricked lines: except that the under part of sleeve should of course have the armhole hollowed out as shown by the pricking.

Our *second* pattern is the MARCHIONESS CORSAGE, A PETITS BASQUES POSTILLIONS, shown on fig. 2 of plate 3. The body is cut with a square opening *a la Watteau*, and the waist is lengthened *a la Princesse* so as to form a long point in front; at the sides the *basques* are very short, not reaching more than an inch or an inch and a half below the usual waist. Starting from the seam under the arm, the *basque* deepens out, so as to form a large rounded tab or *basque*, with full pleats at the back, generally called a "Postillion." The pattern consists of front, side-piece, back and sleeve. The side-piece has a notch near the waist, to show where the pleated part of back is joined to it: the back is to have no seam down the middle, it is cut with a large square piece at the bottom, to form the pleats which give that graceful fulness required in this style. The side-seams of the back and side pieces, are joined together as far as the notch at the waist. The edge of the square piece, or back pleat as it is called, is joined to the part of side piece below the notch, and is then pleated over, as shown by the pricked lines, and is fastened down at waist only, so as to lay half under the side piece and half under the back, or altogether under the back, according to taste. For this dress body, the sleeve will require to be cut a little narrower at top, as shown by the notch, and the pricked lines: the form of the bottom part of the sleeve is also indicated by pricking.

This pattern can be used as the base for cutting many fashionable dresses for the ensuing season. For instance, an elegant style may be obtained, by simply lengthening it in front in the form of tabs, or lengthening the point and increasing the length and size of the *Postillion*, which can then be pleated up in many varieties of form. If a high body is preferred, the square opening may be filled up, by continuing the front edge in a straight line and hollowing out the neck as required.

Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The underskirt is of striped violet and white silk, and is edged by a band of *jonquille* silk. The upper skirt and *corsage* are of violet silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a narrow band of *jonquille* silk, the upper edge of which is scalloped out, and it is caught up at each side, and fastened by bows and ends of *jonquille* ribbon. The back portion of this skirt is slightly *bouffante*, and falling over it, are floating ends of *jonquille* ribbon, which start from bows at the back of the *ceinture*. The *corsage* is open *en carrée*, and is trimmed *à bretelles*, by bands of *jonquille* ribbon like that on the upper skirt, at the top of square is a similar band, on which is placed a group of bows. These bands of ribbon, after passing under the *ceinture*, are continued a short distance down the upper skirt and are united by a similar band, thus imitating a small *tablier*. The sleeves are tight fitting and have *epaulettes* and cuffs of *jonquille* ribbon, White straw Hat, trimmed by *jonquille* colored flowers and ribbon.

This Costume is from the MAISON CHARAVEL.

MORNING PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* and Veston *en suite*, of grey *batiste*. The lower skirt is trimmed at the bottom by a broad pleated flounce headed by a narrow *biais* band, edged at each side by a still narrower *biais* band of white muslin, above which is an upright pleated frill, also of white muslin. At equal distances above this trimming, are three similar frills, but reversed in position, and each headed by *biais* bands like those already described. The upper skirt is open in front, and rounded at the sides and back, where it is slightly *bouffante*: it is edged by a pleated frill of white muslin, headed by *biais* bands similar to those on the lower skirt. Falling over the *bouffant* are two broad, square-shaped ends, edged all round by the *biais* bands, and finished by pleated frills of white muslin. The *Veston* is cut up in the centre of back, and at each side, and all the edges are trimmed by *biais* bands like those on the dress; the bottom being finished by a pleated frill of white muslin. It has a round hood. the edge of which is trimmed by a sort of *rûching* of white muslin, and in the centre is a group of bows with floating ends of black velvet ribbon. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists, and are edged by pleated frills of white muslin, headed by the *biais* bands, and this trimming is carried up the back of the sleeves, to the arm-holes. Grey felt Hat, trimmed by pink and black ostrich feathers, flowers, and pink ribbon.

This elegant Morning Toilette *is from the* MAISON BOUDET. *We give the pattern of* Veston *full-sized.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of sky-blue silk, and is trimmed at the bottom by a broad flounce headed by a *bouillon* put on with a narrow pleated frill. At a little distance above, is a similar *bouillon*. The upper skirt and *corsage* are of cream colored Sultana. This skirt is open in front and round at the back, and is edged by a frill of the same material put on with a heading and a *rouleau*

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of sky blue silk. The sides are caught up and fastened by groups of bows of sky-blue ribbon, with a cream-colored edge, and beneath which appear floating ends of similar ribbon, finished by fringe. *Ceinture* of the same ribbon, fastened at the back by bows and floating ends finished by fringe. The *Corsage* is open *en cœur*, the opening being trimmed by a frill like that by which the upper skirt is edged, and this frill is carried round the neck. The lower part of the *corsage* is fastened by blue buttons, and at the point of the opening are placed two bows of sky-blue ribbon with a cream-colored edging. The sleeves are wide and open, and are cut up to the back of the elbow, and edged like the upper skirt, small groups of bows of blue and cream-colored ribbon being placed at the points of the openings. Small round straw Bonnet, trimmed by *Marguerites*.

This Costume is from the MAISON DU PETIT ST. THOMAS. *The body may be cut from our April full-sized pattern, omitting the revers.*

PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of cream-colored *batiste*. The skirt, which is without a train, is trimmed by three pleated flounces, each edged by narrow white lace, and headed by a double *biais* band of the *batiste*, having at each side, a narrow *biais* band of white muslin, the whole headed by a narrow upright pleated frill with an edging of white lace. The upper part of the skirt is covered at the back, by a *bouffant* edged by a pleated flounce, but narrower than those on the skirt, and similarly edged and headed, excepting the upright frill. The sides of this small *bouffant* fall over, and partly conceal the outer edges of two pointed *basques*, similarly trimmed. The *biais* bands are carried up the front edges, and after passing under the *ceinture*, are continued up the front of *corsage*, disappearing beneath a small pointed cape by which the upper portion of the *corsage* is covered. This cape (which has also a point at the back) is trimmed by a narrow frill edged by lace, and headed by the *biais* bands. The sleeves are rather large at wrists, and are trimmed by pleated frills edged by lace, and headed by *biais* bands surmounted by narrow upright frills. Hat of white straw, having the edges turned up at the sides, and lined by pink silk. It is trimmed by ostrich feathers, and pink flowers,

This Costume is by MADAME BREANT CASTEL. *The basque and bouffant may, by a slight alteration, be cut from the full-sized pattern given in our March Number.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of lilac silk. The lower skirt is trimmed at the bottom by a broad flounce headed by a *biais* band, at each side of which is a *rouleau* and a scalloped trimming of the silk. The upper skirt consists of two distinct parts: the back part is round, and slightly *bouffante*; the front is also round, and falls nearly plain. The bottom edges of both portions of this skirt are trimmed by a flounce headed by a *rouleau*, above which is a scalloped trimming like those on the lower skirt. The Mantelet is of black silk. The bottom edges are trimmed by a frill of black lace, headed by four *rouleaux* of silk of the same color. It is hollowed out in the centre of back, where it forms a group of three deep pleats which are all united at the top into one flat pleat, and fastened near the neck, by a rosette of *passementerie* having two tassels. The *Mantelet* is also hollowed out at the sides, where it is arranged to form only two, instead of three pleats, and which are fastened (on a level with the elbow), by *papillon* bows of black silk. The fronts fall perfectly plain and form two deep points, to correspond with those caused by the hollowing out of the back, and they are closed by three groups of bows of ribbon. The neck is trimmed by black lace put on plain, and the sleeves which are very large at the wrists, are cut up at the back, and edged by black lace headed by four *rouleaux* of silk. At the top of each opening, is formed a small pleat at the back of sleeve, surmounted by a *papillon* bow of black ribbon. Straw Hat trimmed by black lace, ribbon, and roses.

This Costume is from the MAISON BOUDET.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à trois jupes*. The under-skirt is of striped rose-colored and white silk, and is without trimming. The second skirt is composed entirely of pleated flounces of white muslin, falling over each other, and each edged by a *biais* band of rose-colored silk. The third or upper skirt, and the *corsage*, are also of white muslin. The skirt is open to the waist in front, *bouffante* at the back, and rounded at the sides, and is finished by *revers* lined by rose-colored silk, and fastened back by small bows of ribbon of the same color; it is also edged by a *biais* band of rose-colored silk. The *Corsage* is open to the waist in front, and is edged by a *biais* band of rose-colored silk, which is carried over the shoulders and across the top of back. On each shoulder is placed a *papillon* bow of rose-colored silk. The open space in front, is filled in by a sort of *corset* of rose-colored silk, above which is a white muslin *Chemisette*. This *corset* is closed by white buttons. and it extends below the waist, terminating in two small points. *Ceinture* of rose-colored ribbon, fastened in front by a *papillon* bow. The sleeves are wide and open, and are pointed at the back: they are edged by *biais* bands of rose-colored silk, and are finished by *revers* lined with similar silk; and above which are small groups of bows of rose-colored ribbon.

This very elegant Costume is designed by MADAME FLADRY.

PLATE THE THIRD.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of violet silk. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a flounce, the top of which is partly covered by a

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tassel-fringe of the same color, having a heading of scarlet and violet colored *passementerie*. The upper-skirt is edged by a similar fringe. It is square in front, and forms a point at the back, and at each side, where it is slightly raised *en bouffant*. It is also caught up at the back and fastened by a tubular-shaped piece of silk, finished by fringe, and starting from the waist; underneath it, appear bows and floating ends of violet silk edged by scarlet. The *Corsage* is *à basques*, those at the back deep and square, and those in front much narrower, terminating in points: they are finished by fringe, and at the back of waist is a group of bows of violet silk edged by scarlet. The *Corsage* is slightly open in front, and has *revers* edged by fringe which is carried round the neck; and on the chest is a *papillon* bow. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists, and are edged by fringe, and in front of each are bows and ends of violet silk edged by scarlet.

This Costume is from the Establishment of Messrs. Gask & Gask, 65, *Oxford Street.*

COSTUME FOR A FLOWER-SHOW OR FOR THE CARRIAGE.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of white muslin. At the bottom of the lower skirt is a tassel-fringe of rose colored silk, having a heading of *passementerie*, and surmounted at equal distances by three bands of rose-colored ribbon. At a short distance above, is a second row of fringe, with two (instead of three) bands of ribbon; the whole of this trimming covering one third of the skirt. The upper skirt is open in front, and is much deeper at the back, where it is caught up *en bouffant*. It is edged by rose-colored fringe, above which is a single band of ribbon of the same color. Falling over the sides of this skirt, are two long, square-shaped tabs of white muslin, edged all round by bands of rose-colored ribbon, and finished by fringe. These tabs are also trimmed by several horizontal bands of the ribbon. The *corsage* is open *en carrée*, and is trimmed in accordance with the skirts. It is pointed in front and has a postillion Jacket at the back, falling over which, are bows and floating ends of rose-colored ribbon. The sleeves are wide at wrists, slightly rounded, and cut open at the back of the arm; and they are trimmed by fringe and single bands of ribbon. Straw Hat trimmed by rose-colored ribbon and white lace, having a spray of white flowers and a small ostrich feather in front. A white lace shawl or Mantelet may be added to this Costume, which is also from the Establishment of Messrs. Gask & Gask.

We give the pattern of this Corsage with its Basques Postillions.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The under skirt is of striped white and blue silk, and is entirely without trimming. The upper-skirt is of pale Havannah-colored Sultana. The back of this skirt is hollowed out, as far as the waist, the sides of the opening are rounded, and are (with the whole of the bottom of the skirt), edged by a flounce, bound with blue ribbon, and headed by two bands of similar ribbon. The back of this skirt is also caught up, so as to form folds, fastened by bows and floating ends of broad blue ribbon, which also form the fastening of the *ceinture*. The *corsage* has small square *basques*, edged by bands of blue ribbon; and it is cut *en carrée* both in front and at the back, and similarly edged. Two bands of the blue ribbon are also carried down the centre of both back and front of the *corsage*. Short sleeves hollowed out at the top, edged by the bands of blue ribbon, and surmounted by *papillon* bows. *Chemisette* and long sleeves of white muslin. Straw Hat, trimmed by a garland of *Marguerites* finished at the back by bows and floating ends of blue ribbon.

This Costume is from the Maison Charavel.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes* of *jonquille* silk. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a flounce of the same material, the upper part of which is covered by a pleated flounce of black silk, headed by a narrow band of white *guipure* lace, above which is a row of *passementerie* accompanied by a narrow edging of black lace. Above this, is a rather narrower flounce of the *jonquille* silk similarly headed, the whole of this trimming covering about a third of the depth of the skirt. The upper-skirt is composed of two distinct parts; the front is round, and is slightly raised by the back part, which is also round; both portions of this skirt are edged by a pleated flounce of black silk, headed like those before described, that on the back portion of the skirt being carried up to the sides of waist. The Mantelet is of black silk. It is cut open to the back of waist, to which it is fastened by a large group of bows and two floating ends of black *moiré* ribbon. The front is open *en cœur* and falls loosely to the bottom of skirt, forming on each side two large flat pleats which start from the chest, on which is placed a group of bows and ends of black *moiré* ribbon. All the edges of the Mantelet are trimmed by a narrow quilling of black lace, headed by *passementerie* and by white *guipure* lace. The sleeves are large at the wrists, and are cut open at the back of the arm, and trimmed like the other portions of the Mantelet. A white muslin *Chemisette* is to be worn on the chest. Hat of white chip, trimmed by black velvet and *jonquille* colored flowers.

This Costume is from Messrs. Gask & Gask. *The upper skirt may be cut from the second pattern given in our April No.*

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of grey *faille*. The lower skirt is cut with a long train, and is trimmed at the bottom by two rows of fringe, each headed by a chain of bows formed of *biais* bands of the *faille*, all bound with scarlet. These two rows of trimming are carried up the

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front of the skirt, so as to form a deep point. The upper skirt is short, and is slightly open to the waist in front. It is hollowed out to form points at the sides, and is round at back; it is caught up at the angle of each back point, and fastened by bows and floating ends of the *faille* edged by scarlet and finished by fringe, thus forming a *bouffant* at the back of the skirt. At the angles of the front points, are *papillon* bows which also slightly raise the skirt, between the front edges of which are placed (on the lower skirt), three *papillon* bows of *faille* bound by scarlet. The bottom of this skirt is trimmed by fringe headed by a chain of bows like those already described, and they are carried up the front edges. At the back of waist are bows and two floating ends finished by fringe. The *Corsage* is open nearly to the waist, and is trimmed by the fringe and chain of bows; and the sleeves, which are large at wrists, are similarly trimmed. Black lace bonnet trimmed by scarlet ribbon. A black lace shawl or Mantelet should be added to this Costume, which is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

MORNING PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of pale Havannah-colored Sultana. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a broad *biais* piece of the same material, the upper edge of which is cut in points and bound by narrow ribbon of the same color: between each vandyke is a fluted pleat, and the bottom part of the band is hollowed out in a point between each pleat, and the edges of these openings are trimmed by a double *biais* band of the same material, on which is placed a narrow ribbon: this band is continued above each opening so as to describe a sort of *arabesque*, and it is also carried across the bottom of each pleat, which is thus rendered flat. The back of the skirt is covered by two very long deep pieces of the Sultana, which are square at the back, rounded at the sides, and are arranged in pleats starting from the waist: they are edged by a trimming similar to that on the bottom of the skirt, but of much smaller proportions, and having the fluted pleats omitted. This trimming also forms a sort of *tablier* at the front of skirt. This *Corsage* forms an open *Veston à basques*, and is loose in front, and tight-fitting at the back. The *basques* are cut up on the hips, the back being square and partially covered by pointed tabs, and the portion of the *basques* in front of the openings, is rounded at the sides, and pointed in front of waist: the whole trimmed to correspond with the other parts of the dress. At the back of waist, are bows and pointed ends of Sultana, edged by the double *biais* bands of narrow ribbon. The sleeves are rather large at wrists, and are cut up at the back of the arm: they are (with the neck and fronts of the *Corsage*), trimmed *en suite* with the other parts of the dress. Bonnet of white lace, trimmed by bows of blue velvet ribbon.

This Costume is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1 is a round HAT of Italian straw, having the brim turned up and lined by black velvet, edged at each side by a narrow band of white satin. The hat is trimmed all round by black velvet similarly edged, and which is terminated at the back by a long floating end finished by fringe. In front are bows surmounted by a large rose with foliage, starting from which, a long white ostrich feather is carried over the top and falls at the back of the hat. At the left side are three bows of the velvet, edged by white satin. This Hat is from MESSRS. JAMES & CUBISSON, 39, *Oxford Street.*

No. 2 is a BONNET of rice straw, with a flat crown and a curtain, and having the brim turned up in front and edged by black velvet. The inside is trimmed by a *rûching* of black lace. The front and left side of the bonnet are trimmed by black lace, to which is added in front, a *bouquet* of yellow flowers, and at the side, a group of leaves with a white *aigrette*. The flowers in front are carried to the right side. The black lace forms lappets at the back, mixed with a spray of yellow flowers. *Brides* of black ribbon. This Bonnet is by MADAME LOUISE, 252, *Regent Street.*

No. 3 is a rice straw BONNET, with a small flat crown and a curtain, and having the brim turned up in front, and lined by rose-colored silk. The inside is trimmed by a *rûche* of rose-colored *tûlle* with bows of ribbon in the centre. The bonnet is trimmed by bands and bows of rose-colored ribbon and green leaves, a spray of which starts from a bow at the left side and is carried to the back of the bonnet. At the left side is also placed a white *aigrette*. At the back are bows and a long loop of the ribbon. *Brides* of rose-colored *tulle*, and also ribbon strings of the same color. This bonnet is by MADAME AGNES ELLIS.

No. 4 is a BONNET of rice straw, edged by violet silk, and having, inside the front, a drapery of velvet of the same color, knotted in the centre. The outside is trimmed by violet-colored lace, which is carried all round the bonnet; and at the left side are some white flowers and an *aigrette*, starting from which point, a violet ostrich feather is carried across the top, and forms the trimming of the right side. At the back are two floating ends of violet ribbon, of which the *brides* are also formed.

No. 5 is a rice straw BONNET, having a flat crown and a very small curtain. The inside is trimmed by a *rûche* of black lace, on which is placed at the left side, a half open scarlet rose with a bud, some leaves, and two ears of corn. A large full-blown rose of the same color, accompanied by foliage and ears of corn, is placed at the left side of the bonnet, mixed with black lace, which is carried across the front, and forms folds at the right side, terminating at back, in lappets. At the back, but slightly towards the right side, are bows of white ribbon with two long floating ends. *Brides* of similar

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ribbon. This elegant bonnet is from MADAME BARCLAY, 104, *Regent Street.*

No. 6 is a BONNET of Italian straw, with a flat crown and a curtain, and having the brim turned up and lined by sky-blue velvet. A band of similar velvet is carried round the bonnet. The front is trimmed by a *bouquet* of corn flowers, mixed with bows of sky-blue ribbon, and sprays of green and brown leaves, the bows and sprays of leaves extending also to the sides. At the back, slightly towards the right side, are bows and floating ends of sky-blue ribbon. The inside of front is trimmed by sky-blue ribbon with a *bouquet* of corn flowers and some green leaves. This Bonnet is from the same Establishment as the preceding.

No. 7 is a white muslin CANNEZOU for a Dinner dress. It is open *en cœur* and is trimmed by white lace, and muslin insertion, with quillings of rose-colored ribbon. A band of insertion is carried down the front to the waist, terminated by a rosette of rose-colored ribbon, a similar rosette being placed on the chest and one at the neck: the shoulders and wrists are trimmed like the neck of the *Cannezou*, the trimming on each shoulder being finished by three rosettes, and that at the wrists (which is in the form of double cuffs) by two rosettes.

No. 8 is a white Cashmere CORSAGE for a Morning robe: the centre of front is trimmed by a band of sky-blue silk, on which is an ornamental stitching of the same color, edged at each side by narrow white lace. Similar bands are carried partly up the sides. The upper portion of the *Corsage* is covered by a small cape having square corners in front edged by narrow white lace, headed by a band of blue silk like those on the front. *Ceinture* of blue ribbon. The sleeves are slightly full and are gathered into cuffs at the wrists.

No. 9 is a *Toque* HAT of white *crèpe* having the brim turned up the back. The edge is trimmed by two narrow bands of blue ribbon, and the hat is also trimmed by a garland of ivy leaves and berries, and by a white ostrich feather which surrounds a large scarlet poppy placed in front. At the top is some black lace which terminates in lappets at the back, accompanied by loops of blue ribbon, of which the *brides* are also formed. This Hat is from LITTLE'S, 42, *Oxford Street.*

No. 10 is a *Toque* HAT of rice straw, edged by a *rouleau* of pink ribbon, accompanied by narrow white lace. Above, is a quilling of pink silk headed by white lace, and the crown of the hat is covered *en bouffant* by pink silk. At the left side are three white *Marguerites* with foliage, an *aigrette* and two bows of pink ribbon accompanied by a long floating end, finished by white fringe, which falls at the back. At the right side are two ostrich feathers, one pink and the other white, and some bows of ribbon. This Hat is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

No. 11 is a *Fanchon* BONNET of sky-blue *crêpe*, having the back very much hollowed out. The inside of front is trimmed by a quilling of blue *tûlle*. At the left side are bows of sky-blue satin ribbon mixed with blue convolvoli, by which the front also is trimmed, with the addition of puffings of *tûlle* of the same color, and which also fall at the back. At the left side is also placed a white *aigrette*, and the right side is trimmed by puffs of blue *tûlle* and convolvoli. There are lappets of *tûlle* to be knotted at the back, and the *brides* are of blue ribbon, This Bonnet is from MADAME AGNES ELLIS, 210, *Regent Street.*

No. 12 is a BONNET of white Crinoline, having a flat crown and a curtain. The inside of front is trimmed by a *râche* of pink *tûlle*, and by two sprays of rose leaves with buds. The outside of the bonnet is trimmed by similar sprays (the roses being full blown), and by bows of pink ribbon, and at the left side is also placed a white *aigrette*. At the back are two long loops of pink ribbon, and a trail of leaves; *Brides* of pink ribbon, and there are also lappets of *tûlle* of the same color. This Bonnet is also from MDME. ELLIS.

PLATE THE SIXTH.

EXTRA PLATE.

COSTUME FOR HOME

Fig. 1.—Dress of light brown silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce headed by an upright frill. The *corsage* is tight fitting, and closes to the neck by brown buttons. The waist is lengthened to form long points in front, *basques* about 1½ inches at the sides and a deep rounded postillion Jacket skirt at the back; the bottom edge is trimmed all round by a broad frill with an upright pleated heading, and this trimming greatly increases the apparent depth of the points, the *basques*, and *postillion*. At the back of waist is placed a large bow. The sleeves are wide at wrists, and are trimmed by broad frills with pleated heading.

This Costume is by MADAME BAZIN. *The Jacket can be cut from the second full-sized pattern, by filling up the square opening as named in the description of pattern, and adding a deep frill all round the bottom edge of* basque,

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of violet silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a flounce, above which is a narrow upright pleated frill. The body is open *en cœur* and has Postillion *basques* at the back, partly covered by a bow and floating ends attached to the *ceinture*. The Jacket is of black silk. It is rounded at the back, is rather deep, and forms points in front. It is edged by fringe above which are three narrow *rouleaux*. The Jacket is open on the chest, and has pointed *revers* trimmed by the *rouleaux*, which are carried along the edges of front opening, The sleeves are wide at wrists and form points at bottom; they are edged by fringe headed by the *rouleaux*. A Hat or Bonnet should of course be added, for the Promenade.

This Costume is by MDME. BREANT CASTEL.

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MORNING PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes* and Cape *en suite*, of grey Cashmere *de Chambery*. The skirt is without a train, and is trimmed by three triple bands of bright green ribbon; this trimming covering about one third of the skirt. The upper skirt is open *en tunique* in front, forming two deep points. The back is much deeper and is raised *en bouffant* at the sides, where it is fastened by bows of green ribbon, it is trimmed at the edges by three bands of green ribbon. The *ceinture* of green ribbon; is fastened in front by a large bow, and the sides of the *tunique* are united just below the waist by similar bows. The *Corsage* is open *en cœur* and the chest is covered by a white muslin *Chemisette*. The sleeves are trimmed at wrists by bands of green ribbon, and edged by white lace. For outdoor wear, the *corsage* is covered by a large round cape, trimmed to correspond. It is slightly open on the chest, and is fastened by a bow of green ribbon. Black lace Bonnet, trimmed by green ribbon and having a *bouquet* of flowers at the left side.

This Costume is by MADAME ROSSIGNON.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Ella had named the day, and the preparations were commenced for the wedding. She had written to her relations and obtained their sanction; indeed no reasonable objection could be raised to so excellent a *parti* as Gisbet Fetherstone. To gratify Mrs. Fetherstone, it was arranged to have the wedding take place in a quiet manner at Clovernook, and then the new-married couple were to visit Ella's home on their bridal trip. But they were to return to Clovernook to live, for Mrs. Fetherstone could not be parted from her son.

Time flew by, until the wedding-day came, and they assembled in the cozy parlour for the ceremony. No guests had been invited, Gisbet being of the opinion that love is too sacred to be paraded to the public gaze. The minister of Mrs. Fetherstone's church, the Rev. Mr. Grahame, had been solicited to perform the ceremony, and he cheerfully consented.

Ella looked charming in her bridal costume, and Celynda was resplendent as bridesmaid. Space will not allow us to describe their elegant costumes. We are now approaching the end, and must hurry onward.

"Does any one forbid this marriage?"

"*I do*," said a voice.

All turned round to see the true counterpart of Ella's bridegroom.

"*Look on the true Gisbet Fetherstone*," said the stranger, "Mother, do not you know me?"

This sudden revealment astonished them all, but to the false Gisbet's breast it brought a flood of joy.

"*Alive!*" he gasped. "Thank God for that!"

Mrs. Fetherstone gazed with distended eyes from one to the other.

"I do not know which of you is Gisbet," she said, "I know you are my sons, both of you. Oh! day of joy! I never hoped for this."

"What does she mean?" exclaimed the true Gisbet bewildered in his turn, "dare you assert any longer that you are Gisbet Fetherstone?" he asked of the impostor.

"No, I gladly yield that name to you," replied the other, "and I rejoice to find you still alive. But I have as much right here as you."

"You have? Who are you, then?"

"I am *Josselyn Fetherstone*, your brother, elder by some ten minutes."

Gisbet shared in the general astonishment these words created, for, it must be remembered, he had never heard the story of the past.

"See, mother, look upon this ring; do you recognise it?" cried he who called himself 'Josselyn Fetherstone,' as he drew forth the ring he obtained from the old fisherman, and showed it to Mrs. Fetherstone.

"Yes," she answered, at once; "it was my husband's. My boy, my boy, how strangely have you come back to me after all these years. But what does it all mean, and why are you here in Gisbet's place? I cannot comprehend it at all."

"Nor I, exclaimed Gisbet, "I came to unmask an imposter, and discover a brother. I am mystified in my own plot. Pray explain."

"All shall be explained in due season," replied Josselyn, but now we have other matters before us. We are keeping the minister waiting. I trust you have no objection to the ceremony."

"Not the slightest."

"How is it, Ella?" said Josselyn, "I hope the change of name will make no difference to you."

"Not a particle," responded Ella, readily, "It was you I was to marry, not your name. Gisbet or Josselyn it is all the same to me."

The interupted ceremony was resumed and completed, and Josselyn Fetherstone and Ella Lavelle were made one. After the ceremony the whole party adjourned to Clovernook, where the true Gisbet Fetherstone told his story, part of which is already known to our reader, and the other will be readily guessed. When his his tale was ended, Josselyn Fetherstone exclaimed,—

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"Well, we have reached the end of our mystery, and the future looks propitious. I will see Lamia once more, and lighten her heart as mine has been lightened, by the revelation that her hands are free from the stain of blood, and that what she so dreaded was no apparition. A bright career is before her, and her genius will lead her to the highest pinnacle in Fame's dizzy temple. She shall never lack my aid, for knowing the virtues, I can forgive the vices of of her character. I shall never forget that through her I found a mother's arms and love."

THE END.

THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1871.—Her Majesty's Commissioners propose to make the International Exhibition a permanent institution of the country, giving to industrial art the same opportunity that is afforded to fine art by the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and by reducing the various industries into groups, and taking certain of these each year, they will bring the entire industry of the World under review every seven or eight years, fine art being a standing division of the programme. They also make all articles undergo a preliminary sifting and exclude all works that do not possess sufficent merit to warrant their exhibition. The manufactures exhibited this year are woollens and pottery, in addition to fine art of every description. The Commisioners have entered into arrangements for the printing and publication of the official catalogues by Messrs. J. M. Johnson and Sons, of Castle Street, Holborn, London.

Notice to our Readers.

The Proprietors of "THE LONDON AND PARIS MAGAZINE OF FASHION," have much pleasure in calling the attention of their Subscribers, to the great and permanent improvements which were inaugurated with the March Number.

In future this Magazine will always contain FIVE COLORED PLATES OF FASHION, instead of two or three colored and two uncolored plates. These five plates will all be engraved on steel by first rate engravers, and will be colored in most brilliant and artistic style. Our readers by comparing the present with our former Numbers, will at once see how great are the improvements.

The Fashions contained in these five plates are all drawn by artists of the highest reputation, from actual model—(or some call them pattern)—Dresses, Mantles, Jackets, Costumes, Bonnets, Hats, &c., designed by all the first *modistes* of London and Paris.

All the most talented *Artistes des Modes* having left Paris for London just before the siege commenced, we have taken advantage of this circumstance to secure their choicest productions for this Magazine, both now, and after their return to Paris. Our readers will thus perceive, that all the Fashions contained in the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine will be quite new; forming a strong contrast to those issued by some other Fashion Books, which too often issue old Plates and Woodcuts that have been published long before on the Continent, and which often are in consequence, quite opposite to the actual Fashions of the day.

The Full-sized Paper Patterns will in future form one of the most important features of this Magazine. They will always consist of the latest novelties, selected with especial care to suit the requirements of our fair Subscribers during each month. In the course of every season, the series of patterns will comprise the principal and most useful styles in all garments, both for Indoor and Outdoor wear, such as *Paletots*, *Casaques*, Jackets, Costumes, Skirts, Bodies for morning and evening dress, Childrens' Costumes, &c. &c.,

These patterns are by one of the most eminent *Coutourieres;* they are all cut from Models that have been actually made up, and will therefore be sure to fit. Being cut out on paper, they can at once be used for making up a garment, without any previous trouble or preparation. Our readers will at once see the advantage these patterns possess, over the complicated pattern sheets given with other periodicals, which take so long a time to trace off and to cut out, and when cut out are so often found perfectly useless from their bad fit.

Each Number will contain a leading Article on Fashion, by the most talented and experienced writers, giving really useful information on all changes, and showing all the principal features of the Fashion of the day. The information contained in these articles may be implicitly relied on, as being obtained direct from the very highest sources.

A much larger portion of our space, will in future be devoted to the Description of our Colored Engravings; every detail of the making up and the trimming will be explained with the greatest minuteness, so that any one, by the aid of the colored engraving, can make any Costume contained in our Magazine, without the least difficulty: thus entirely removing the objection so often found with other Magazines, viz.—that the Fashions in their plates are mere fancy sketches, impossible to make up.

As the developments of Fashion may require, extra plates will occasionally be given, either colored, or printed from beautiful line engravings, on India toned paper.

In conclusion, the Proprietors, in asking from their fair Subscribers the favor of their kind recommendation of this work, beg to assure them that they are determined to spare no expense, to render "The London and Paris Ladies' Magazine," really the best and Cheapest Book of Fashion published in Europe.

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 485. JUNE, 1871. Vol. 45.

Observations

ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Our fair Subscribers, in looking over our plates for this month, will find that the observations we have made in our past few Numbers, as regards the progress of Fashion in England, have been fully verified. Since the blockade of Paris, our English Ladies have felt that great responsibilities have been attached to them, and they have evidently selected their costumes with great care and with great taste. Our Magazine now stands before the World as the reflection or exponent of this taste, and even if the unsettled state of things in Paris should continue for some time, we have no doubt that Fashion will be found to have made great progress, and have added still more elegance and refinement to Ladies' Costumes.

The Costumes which are given in this Magazine, are exact copies of Dresses, Mantles, &c. designed by the very first *Artistes*, and worn by Ladies of the highest rank and Fashion: the Toilettes worn at the opening of the International Exhibition, at the Albert Hall, and at the various Floral Exhibitions, Morning Concerts, Evening Parties, and other *reunions* of the London Season, will all prove the correctness of our Observations in this respect.

As the fine weather advances, Suits will be found to be more in favor than ever: in fact we may say that taste seems to run very much in this style, which is capable of great variety and elegance, and also of novelty.

Mantles and *Mantelets* are again coming into favor, and we have likewise noticed a few of the tight-fitting *Casaque-Mantelets*. Some of the Mantles are made like fig. 2 plate 2, and may be worn with any dress, and we have seen one very elegant *Mantelet-Bournous*, striped blue and white, that has a most *distingué* effect when worn with a silk dress of the same blue.

The principal features of the present fashion for Dresses, may be summed up in a few words.

Sleeves are in every variety of form, except the tight-fitting or close-fitting sleeve, which style has gone quite out of Fashion, and we may say the same of *Ceintures* and of *Epaulettes*, which will only be worn in the very lightest Summer materials.

The bodies of Morning Promenade Dresses are always made with *basques* in some form or other, and these *basques* are generally pleated at back to form the "*Postillion*."

Upper skirts are still fashionable, and are made in a great variety of form, as shown on our plates.

Trains are extremely moderate in their length, except for Ball and Evening dresses.

In Evening dresses, we notice a tendency to replace the *tablier* and *Bouffant*, by a large *tunique*, open in front like figs. 1 and 3, plate 3. These dresses are generally very elaborately, but at the same time simply, trimmed; the trimmings consisting of quillings, *rûchings*, and *bouillons* of white tarlatan, and white lace. Flowers are very sparingly used.

THE FULL-SIZED PATTERNS.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams NEED NOT *be allowed for in cutting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

We again present our Subscribers with TWO full-sized paper patterns.

The *first* is a FASHIONABLE BASQUINE, or Corsage with *basques*, forming a pleated Postillion Jacket at the back, and left open at the sides as far as the waist; this elegant *basquine* is represented on our 1st colored plate, fig. 2. There is no seam across at the waist, and the side piece is cut in one with the back, so that the pattern consists of three pieces only, viz:—back, front, and sleeve. The opening left in the *basque* at the sides, is wide enough to give room for the frill with which the edges of *basque* are trimmed. At the bottom of back a large piece is left on, to form the pleated Postillion, and these pleats are to be laid outside, (not underneath), on the short line indicated by pricking in the middle of back at waist. The top of these pleats is to be finished by a bow or a frilled *rosette*. The sleeve is of a very novel form; the small projecting part, a little below the elbow, is to be gathered in as shown by the pricked lines: see also the colored engraving fig. 2 plate 1.

Our *second* pattern (indicated by two round holes pierced in the centre of each piece), is an OUTDOOR JACKET OR PALETOT, FOR A LITTLE GIRL ABOUT 8 or 9 YEARS OF AGE: it is left open at the side, and in the middle of back, nearly to the waist, and consists of 4 pieces; back, front, sleeve, and narrow stand up collar.

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Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of pale grey *batiste*. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a flounce, the top of which is covered by a pleated frill, headed by six *rouleaux*: this trimming is twice repeated, and the whole headed by an upright pleated frill, so as to cover about a third of the depth of skirt. In front, starting from the waist, are two rounded pieces, edged by a narrow flounce headed by four *rouleaux* and an upright pleated frill, and at the back is a deep square-shaped piece similarly trimmed and having large *revers* also edged by *rouleaux* and pleated frills. This square piece is caught up in the centre of back, and fastened by two fan-shaped bows, formed of the same material as the dress, doubled; and above, are two similar bows, the uppermost of which is placed at the back of waist. The *rouleaux* and pleated frills, by which the rounded pieces in front of skirt are trimmed, are continued up the front of *corsage*, after passing under the *ceinture*. The back of *corsage* is trimmed by a deep point formed of the *rouleaux* and pleated frills, which are carried to the front of the neck to meet the trimming of the fronts. The sleeves are large and open at wrists, are slightly rounded at the bottom, and are edged by frills headed by three *rouleaux* and by upright quillings, and this trimming is continued up the front, to the arm-holes; the sleeves have also pointed *revers* trimmed to correspond. Small round Hat of white lace, trimmed by sky-blue velvet and flowers.

This elegant Costume is from Messrs. Gask.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of light brown *batiste*. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce headed by two upright pleated frills, one of the same material as the dress, and the other of brown silk, of a much darker shade, and beneath which are five *rouleaux*, two of which are of the dark brown silk. At the bottom of the flounce are three frills of dark brown silk edged with light brown, the uppermost frill headed by a very narrow upright quilling. The upper part of the skirt is covered in front by a round *tablier*, edged by a flounce of brown silk, headed by a narrow quilling, above which are four *rouleaux*, two of the *batiste* and two of brown silk; the back portion of the skirt is covered by a large round piece, slightly *bouffante* and similarly edged: at each side are three long loops and floating ends of brown ribbon, each end finished by three tassels. The *Basquine* has deep *basques* cut open at the sides, (the back portion forming a sort of *postillion*), and they are edged like the pieces before described, *biais* bands being continued up the front, and round the neck. The upper part of *corsage* is also trimmed by three groups of these *biais* bands, which are carried across the back, and the dress is fastened (on a level with these groups of trimming), by three *agraffes* of *passementerie*. The sleeves are open at wrists and are gathered up at the back so as to form pointed cuffs, which are trimmed like the other portions of the dress. Straw Hat, trimmed by black velvet, roses, and a long white ostrich feather.

This Costume is from Messrs. Gask & Gask. *We give the full-sized pattern of the* Basquine *and sleeve. The Tablier pattern was given in our April No., and the back portion of upper skirt may be cut from the* Tablier *pattern, by making it much wider and a little deeper.*

COSTUME FOR THE CARRIAGE OR FOR A FLOWER SHOW.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of rose-colored silk, and is trimmed at the bottom by a broad pleated flounce, put on with a heading. The upper skirt is of pale maize-colored foulard, studded with rose-buds. It is edged by a flounce with a heading. This skirt is caught up at each side and fastened by bows and floating ends of rose-colored ribbon, thus rendering it slightly *bouffante*. The *Casaque Mantelet* is composed of black silk and lace. The skirt is round at the back and consists of rows of narrow frills of black silk, alternated with flounces of black lace. The fronts form deep square-shaped tabs of black silk, edged by a flounce of black lace, above which is a *biais* band of silk and an insertion of black lace, placed upon a band of black *tulle*. The upper part of the *Casaque* body is trimmed by a pointed collar composed of an edging of narrow black lace, a *biais* band of silk and an insertion. This collar forms a point on the chest, and is terminated by bows and ends of black ribbon. At the back of *ceinture* are bows and ends of black ribbon and in front are similar but smaller bows. The sleeves are wide at wrists and are trimmed in accordance with the other portions of the *Mantelet*. White straw Bonnet, trimmed by field-flowers, black velvet ribbon and lace.

This elegant Costume is from the Establishment of Peter Robinson, *Oxford Street.*

PLATE THE SECOND.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of maize colored Sultana. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a succession of scollop-shaped pieces, placed at equal distances, and having the edges cut into small square shaped tabs, one corner of which is turned back *à revers*. One side of each piece, is turned over and fastened by a *papillon* bow of the same material, and these bows, occurring at equal distances, are placed upon a *biais* band of the Sultana, edged at each side by two *rouleaux*. The bands (similarly edged,) are repeated three times up the front of the skirt, each band terminated at both extremities by *papillon* bows. The back of the skirt is trimmed by *paniers bouffantes*, edged by the square tabs, and having *revers* at the sides. The *cor-*

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sage has *basques* edged in accordance with the other portions of the dress, and it also forms several pleats. The front is trimmed by three *papillon* bows. The sleeves are very large at wrists, and are cut open at the back, and edged by the square tabs, and trimmed by the *papillon* bows. The arm-holes are encircled by *biais* bands edged like those on the front of skirt.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. GASK.

COSTUME FOR THE CARRIAGE OR FOR A FLOWER SHOW.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of lilac silk. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce, edged and also headed by a band of black velvet ribbon covered by white *guipure* lace. The upper skirt is similarly edged; it is round both in front and at the back, and is caught up at the sides, causing it to be slightly *bouffante*. The Mantelet is of white cashmere. It is round at back and forms points in front, and may be raised over the arms like a shawl. It is edged by a trimming similar to that on the dress, below which is a flounce of white *guipure* lace terminated by fringe. From the centre of this lace flounce are suspended long tassels of white silk, each edged by two narrow floating ends of black velvet ribbon. The back of the Mantelet is trimmed by two bands of similar but narrower trimming, which start from the neck, and the bottom part of which is finished by tassels like those already described. White chip Hat, turned up at the back, and trimmed by a long spray of pink flowers.

This Toilette is by MESSRS. GASK, *Oxford St.*

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of white muslin. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a pleated flounce headed by a narrow insertion with openings, through which runs a pink ribbon. The insertion is surmounted by a narrow edging of white lace. Starting from the top of the flounce towards the left side, a similar insertion and ribbon edged at each side by white lace, is carried in an oblique direction up to the waist, and (passing over the *ceinture*), is continued up the front of *corsage*, which it crosses obliquely, terminating in front of the right shoulder. The *corsage* is entirely composed of *gauffred* folds of white muslin, and is edged by the insertion and lace. The sleeves are edged by a similar trimming, but have a double row of lace below the insertion. *Ceinture* of pink ribbon, fastened at the right side, by bows and long floating ends. White straw Hat, having the brim turned up. It is trimmed by white flowers and pink ribbon.

This elegant Toilette is by MDME. CHARAVEL.

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes* of white tarlatan. The under skirt is trimmed by three groups of pleated flounces arranged horizontally, the lower group consisting of six flounces, and the second and third groups containing respectively five and three flounces, each group headed by a *rûche*, having in the centre a narrow *rouleau* of *jonquille* ribbon, studded at equal distances by small bows. The second skirt starts from the sides and forms a train: it is edged by a pleated flounce of the tarlatan, partly concealed by a narrower one of *jonquille* silk, headed by a tarlatan *rûche* similar to those on the under skirt. This train is trimmed by groups of flounces corresponding with those before mentioned, and falling over which, are two sash ends of *jonquille* silk, which are long and square-shaped with vandyked ends: above these are three short and rounded tabs: all these tabs and the sash ends are edged by a pleated frill of white tarlatan, with the *rûches* like those on the other portions of the dress. The *Corsage* is trimmed in accordance, and on the chest is a group of bows of *jonquille* ribbon.

This elegant Ball dress is designed for the establishment of MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of pale grey silk. The *Sortie du Bal* is of white muslin, lined by rose-colored silk. It is of the *Mantelet* form, and is cut up in the centre of back, and trimmed at the bottom, and up the sides of the opening, by a tassel fringe of rose-colored silk, headed by *passementerie* of the same color, which is continued up the sides of front opening. It is slightly caught up, in the centre of back, (just above the opening) and is fastened by a group of bows of rose-colored ribbon. The upper part is covered by a pointed hood, lined by rose-colored silk, and edged by fringe, and having in the centre, bows and floating ends of rose-colored ribbon. The front is fastened at the neck, by similar bows.

This Ball Costume is by the principal dessgner of the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE.

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 3.— *Jupon* or under-skirt of sky-blue silk. Dress of white tarlatan, trimmed at the bottom by a pleated flounce, the upper part concealed by a flounce of white lace. A band of sky-blue ribbon forms the heading of this lace flounce, and is surmounted by a sort of *gauffred bouillon* of white tarlatan, having at each side, a *rûche* of the same material. At a little distance above, is another pleated flounce fastened near the bottom by a row of stitching, and surmounted by a thick *rûche*. Above this, is a trimming similar to that at the bottom of the skirt, but of smaller dimensions; the whole reaching nearly to the waist. Between the first and the middle group of trimming is placed at each side, a *bouquet* of field-flowers, and above the uppermost group is placed at each side, a very small *bouquet*. The second or upper-skirt forms a *tunique à train*, and is also of white tarlatan: it is edged by a trimming corresponding to that at the bottom of the second skirt, excepting that the flounce is narrower. A group of similar trimming is carried across it at a little distance from the bottom. This skirt is surmounted by a large square piece of sky-blue silk which forms pleats at the back of waist, and is caught up *en bouffant* at the sides, and fastened by *bouquets* of field-flowers. This

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pièce bouffante is edged at the bottom by a trimming *en suite* with that on the other portions of the dress, a narrow edging of white lace headed by sky-blue ribbon, being carried up the sides. *Ceinture* of sky-blue ribbon, fastened at the back of waist, by bows and floating ends. The *Corsage* is of white tarlatan lined by sky-blue silk: it is trimmed *en bertha* by a pleated frill of white tarlatan, partly covered by lace, and above which is a band of sky-blue ribbon, and a narrow edging of white lace. On the chest is placed a *bouquet* of field-flowers.

This Toilette is by MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of cream-colored silk. The lower skirt is trimmed by a flounce, near the bottom of which is a trimming of white lace, and above and below it, are narrow bands of lace insertion. Above the flounce is a row of lace accompanied by a single band of insertion. The upper skirt consists of two distinct portions: the front forms a round *tablier* edged by white lace, with a band of insertion above it. The back part of the skirt consists of a deep square-shaped piece of silk, similarly edged, and caught up in the centre, so as to form a large *bouffant*, beneath which the remainder of the piece of silk hangs in a deep double pleat. The *bouffante* is fastened by a large group of bows of the silk edged by white lace insertion. The upper edge of this *bouffant*, is turned down so as to form a deep fluted frill at the back of waist imitating a Postillion, and edged, like the whole of this skirt, by white lace and insertion. Falling over the frill, are bows and floating ends of silk edged by lace insertion. The *Corsage* is open *en cœur*, and is trimmed in accordance with the skirts; and the sleeves which are wide and open at wrists, are cut up in front and turned up, so as to form deep *revers*, edged by white lace.

This Costume is from the MAISON CHARAVEL.

COSTUME FOR THE CARRIAGE OR FOR A FLOWER SHOW.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The under skirt is of rose-colored silk, and is quite plain. The upper skirt is of white muslin. It consists of five distinct pieces: the front forms a round *tablier* and is trimmed by a pleated flounce, which is edged at the bottom by narrow lace, and headed by an insertion, (under which is placed a rose-colored ribbon), the whole surmounted by an upright frill of narrow lace. The side portions of this skirt form deep points and fall nearly plain: the back pieces also form deep points, are *bouffante*, and gathered up, the outer edges being fastened to the pieces at sides. The skirt is (as will be understood), open to the waist in the centre of back. The side and back portions of the skirt are trimmed (like the *tablier*), by pleated flounces, headed by insertion, which is edged at each side by pleated frills finished by narrow lace. Starting from the back of waist, is a round Postilion of white muslin slightly *bouffante*, and edged by a pleated frill, above which is a *râche*. *Ceinture* of rose-colored ribbon, fastened at the back by bows and floating ends. The *corsage* is open *en cœur*, and is trimmed in accordance with the upper skirt, and on the chest is placed a group of bows of rose-colored ribbon. The sleeves are large and open at the wrists, and are trimmed by broad pleated frills edged by lace, and headed by the insertion, having at each side a narrow frill edged by lace. Just above the elbows are bands of similar trimming, which are again repeated in the form of *epaulettes*. White chip Hat, trimmed by lace, ostrich feathers and flowers. A white lace shawl or Jacket may be added to this Costume.

It is designed by MDLLE. BATAILLON, 14, *rue Chabannais. The tablier may be cut from the full sized pattern given in our April No. The Corsage may be cut from the body pattern in the same Number, by omitting the* revers.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of grey *batiste*. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a flounce, both the lower and upper edges of which are scalloped and bound by violet-colored silk, and the flounce is put on by a *rouleau* of similar silk. Above the flounce are *biais* bands of violet silk and of grey *batiste* (sixteen in number), arranged alternately, and put on horizontally, the upper one scalloped and put on with a *rouleau* of violet silk. This trimming covers about half of the depth of skirt. Falling over the back, is a deep *bouffant*, the edges of which are scalloped and bound by violet silk, and above are two *biais* bands, one of each material, headed by a violet silk *rouleaux*. The front of the skirt is covered by a drapery which is united to the sides of the *bouffant*, and is trimmed in the same way. The *corsage* forms a *veste à basques*, rather loose in front and tight-fitting at the back; the *basques* being cut up at the sides and in the centre of back, and trimmed like the other portions of the dress, (the proportions being rather smaller), and the trimming is carried up the edges of front opening. The top part of *corsage* is trimmed by a sort of small pointed hood, imitated by scallops and *biais* bands, which terminate in a round form in front. At the point are bows and floating ends, the latter finished by scallops. The inside space is filled by perpendicular *rouleaux* of violet silk. Straw Hat, trimmed by violet-colored ribbon, and flowers.

This Costume is by the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1 is a BONNET of Italian straw, trimmed at the sides, by broad *jonquille* ribbon, which also forms the *brides*. At the back are small bows of *jonquille* ribbon, two full-blown roses with buds and foliage, and a trail. The inside of front is trimmed by a *râche* of black lace, a

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frill of which is carried across the top, and falls as a lappet at the back. This Bonnet is from MESSRS GASK & GASK.

No. 2 shows the back of a pink *crépe* Bonnet, the front and side views of which are represented by No. 10. It has a crown and a curtain, the crown is encircled and entirely covered by double quillings of pink *tûlle*, and in the centre are bows of ribbon of the same color, with a short end which is attached to the curtain. All the edges of the bonnet are trimmed by two *biais* bands, one of *crépe*, the other of pink silk.

No. 3 is a BONNET, of rice straw. The crown is trimmed by a *rûche*, and a broad frill, and several bows, all of violet silk, to which is added a white ostrich feather and also two *bouquets* of white *Marguerites*, one accompanied by a trail. A floating end of the violet silk, finished by fringe, falls at the back of the bonnet, and the *brides* are of ribbon of the same color. It is from BARCLAY'S, 104, *Regent St.*

No. 4 is a round HAT of rice-straw having the brim turned up in front, and bound all round by black velvet, a narrow *rouleau* of which crosses the front. Inside the turned up portion in front is a *rûche* of black lace having in the centre a *papillon* bow of black ribbon, with a green and yellow edging. The top of crown (which is high), is composed of black *tulle*, and falling from it, are several sprays of gold flowers with long leaves; a trail of similar flowers hanging at the back of the hat. Behind these sprays of flowers appears a large double quilling of black *crèpe-lisse*, which also forms a large lappet, edged by tassel fringe. The *brides* are of black *crèpe-lisse*. This Hat is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

No. 5 is a *Toque* HAT of rice straw, having the brim bound by black velvet. It is trimmed by folds of sky-blue *tûlle*, which also forms, at the top, two large bows separated by a *bouquet* of corn-flowers, and by a white ostrich feather. The *tulle* also forms long lappets at the back of the hat, which is from SMYTH'S 109, *Oxford St.*

No. 6 is a square-shaped FICHU of white *tûlle*. It is edged by *Valenciennes* lace, above which is an insertion and narrow frill of similar lace. The Fichû has pointed *revers*, covered by *valenciennes* lace and edged by the narrow lace and insertion, the lace continuing round the neck, accompanied by a band of rose-colored ribbon, which, after passing under the *revers*, terminates in bows and floating ends. A small group of bows is placed at the right side of neck. This Fichu is from the MAISON LESIRE.

No. 7 is an Evening HEAD-DRESS, composed of white lace and Metternich green ribbon. At the top, on a foundation of white lace, quilled in front, is placed a large full-blown blush rose with leaves and buds, and also a white ostrich feather which falls towards the left side. At the right side, under the lace, are bows of the ribbon, with a twisted end finished by a small bow. At the opposite side (near the feather) is a similar twisted end, but finished by a lappet of ribbon, at the extremity of which is a fringe of pearls. At the back is a broad lappet of the lace, finished by *chevrons* of pearls. This Headdress is from MITCHELL'S, 94, *Oxford Street.*

No. 8 is the SLEEVE belonging to the FICHU, (No. 6.) It has a broad square-shaped cuff of white *tûlle*, edged by *valenciennes* lace with insertion and a narrow frill above it; and has also a pointed *revers*, beneath which appears a band of rose-colored ribbon terminated by bows and floating ends.

No. 9 is a white *crèpe* BONNET, edged by two *biais* bands of *jonquille* satin, falling over each each other. The inside of front is trimmed by a *rûche* of black lace. The outside is trimmed by bows and draped bands of *jonquille* ribbon, and at the left side is a sort of tab formed of jet beads, fastened by a button, and carried round to the opposite side, where it is similarly arranged. At the right side (near the back), is placed a scarlet poppy with leaves and a bud, and having also a trail, (terminated by buds), hanging down the back, accompanied by a floating end of *jonquille* ribbon edged by a *biais* band. The bonnet is also trimmed by some black lace,, and the *brides* are of *jonquille* ribbon. It is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

No. 10 represents the front and left side of No. 2. It is a BONNET of pink *crèpe*, trimmed at the left side by a full-blown rose, with buds and leaves, and at the top, by a pink ostrich feather, the tip of which falls slightly to the right. Inside the front, is a *rûche* of pink *crèpe* edged by white lace, and having at the right side a rose-bud with leaves. The *brides* are of pink ribbon, and are edged by double *biais* bands of *tûlle* and by a stitching of pink silk. This elegant bonnet is by MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

No. 11 is a *Fanchon* BONNET of sky-blue silk, edged all round by white lace. The silk is arranged in *bouillons*, and on the top is a *bouquet* of field-flowers and wheat ears, with a long trail of leaves and golden buds, which falls at the back, accompanied by two floating ends of sky-blue ribbon, starting from two puffs. The *brides* are of sky-blue silk edged by *rouleaux*, and (on one side only), by white lace. This bonnet is from the Establishment of MADAME LOUISE, 292, *Regent Street.*

No. 12 is a BONNET of rice straw, hollowed out at the back, and turned up in front, the inside trimmed by bows of brown velvet, (by which the turned up portion is also bound). In front, slightly towards the left side, are bows of rose-colored and of brown ribbon. The sides are trimmed by narrow folds of rose-colored velvet, and by a large square piece of black spotted *tûlle* edged by lace, which covers the crown of the bonnet and hangs down at the back, accompanied by two loops, one of brown and one of rose-colored ribbon. The back of the bonnet is also trimmed by a *bouquet* of three roses, one scarlet, one pink, and one white, with buds and a long trail of foliage. One string is brown and the other of rose-colored ribbon. This bonnet is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

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AFTER THE RAIN.

The welcome summer rain has passed away,
The royal sun reigns o'er blue realms once more;
Though here and there a patch of sober grey
Reminds us of the storm so lately o'er.
The queenly rose resumes her native grace,
And shakes the rain-drops from her blushing cheek,
The pure, white bindweed lifts her happy face,
And turns towards the sun with glances meek.
'Neath heaven's blue canopy soft breezes pass,
On scented wings, still sweetening as they move,
And whisper to the happy meadow grass -
And happier flowers, their tale of changeless love,
And birds burst forth the freshened woods among,
Lark, merle, and mavis in a gush of song.

So when the rain of grief has passed away,
And joy's glad sun has made life's picture fair,
(Though in the firmament some tints of grey,
Some pleading fears and galling doubts may share),
Then rosy pleasures hand in hand arise,
And summon pride to lay the dead past low,
And pure white hope looks up with happy eyes,
As if on earth were no such thing as woe.
Then dreams and yearnings o'er the future years,
Spring into being from the busy brain,
And wondrous fabrics fairy fancy rears,
Peopled with forms as beautiful as vain,
And melodies where Hope and Love takes part,
Ring through and through the chambers of the heart.

LEX.

HOW I MARRIED MY GRANDMOTHER.

It may prevent mistakes, and avoid the possibility of my character being prematurely viewed in an unfavorable light, if I at once state, that I am a clerk in holy orders, and that when I, as above stated, married my grandmother, the act simply consisted in my uniting her to a gentleman, known to us both. In order to tell the story properly, it will be necessary to go back to the time when I was ordained. A few days after that event, I was robbed by death of my dear mother, my only remaining parent, my father having died in my boyhood. Being promised a curacy in the west of England, on my taking orders, and the said curacy at the same time becoming vacant, I was at once to leave my home and enter on my new duties. A week after I saw the turf placed on my dead, I was quietly falling into my new manner of life at Berriedale. The vicar, under whose superintendance I worked, was growing old, and was unable to devote much actual labour to his parish, but I found a warm helper in Mr. Manners, the master of the Hall. This gentleman, who was a fine, hale man of sixty-five, had recently come into the property, which, failing a direct heir, had been bequeathed to him by a nephew, on condition that he took the family name. He had, some years before his accession, adopted a poor far-away cousin, whom he found friendless and dependent, and had announced his intention, now that he was rich, of making her his heiress. A more lovely girl than Adela Manners at seventeen, (her age when I first saw her), cannot be imagined. To my inexperienced and boyish eyes, she seemed the incarnation of perfectness, and on my guileless imagination she dawned like some marvellous conception of olden romance.

She was not infrequently her guardian's messenger to me, with instructions in carrying out the numerous benevolent schemes, with which he glorified the Giver of his substance. Her bright blue eyes, her golden hair, and innocent face, coupled with the sweetness of her manner, and the earnestness of her well-doing, made me often think that in conversing with her, I entertained an angel "unawares." My readers, if you have no first love to look back upon, you will think all this prosy and commonplace, but if ever a like revelation came to you in your youth, you will know how sacred for ever is the remembered beauty of the first-beloved face.

Thus, through the blinding sunshines, the damp rains, the dense fogs of all the days of a lifetime, yet comes to me the face of Adela Manners.

A year passed in my quiet life. New interests, had grown in the new place, new feelings had sprung for the new faces, and calm content already repaid ardent labouring in the vineyard.

Each day passed like its fellow, until one singled from the rest, brought an event, destined to change the life of more than one in my narrow circle. The event came in the modest shape of a letter. It was from my grandmother. I will say a few words concerning her, before I disclose its contents. She was my mother's mother, and as she and my own mother had both married very young, my grandmother had only numbered sixty years, when I was twenty-five. At the period of my mother's death, she had been many years a widow, and was residing with her only surviving child, a daughter, then in delicate health. She had a very small income, barely sufficient for her living, and when on reading the letter above-mentioned, I found her daughter was dead, and she left quite alone, I wrote immediately, placing my simple home at her disposal. It was quickly and thankfully accepted, and in a fortnight

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from the time I received her letter, my grandmother was safely settled in my cottage. Miss Manners had superintended the furnishing of the two small rooms which I contrived to set aside as her own, and Mr. Manners, would take no refusal to a generous proposition of bearing the charge, "for a time" as he said, of a second domestic for Mrs. Preston's more assured comfort.

"You can easily repay it," he said gaily, "when that ponderous book is published." For, be it known to the reader, I, like so many of my class, must needs dabble in literature, and was writing a very learned treatise on something or other. At this distance of time I forget the exact subject. All memories, you see, are not so vivid as Adela's face.

When Mrs. Preston arrived at Berriedale, Mr. and Miss Manners were in London on a visit; their absence continued for nearly a month after her entire domestication. The day they returned Mr. Manners called upon me, but Mrs. Preston was walking. Later in the day, Miss Manners called, and became speedily acquainted with my grandmother. How well I remember coming in from my rounds, and finding Adela's golden hair and light dress making a sunshine in our toy drawing-room. Her gipsy hat was lying carelessly by her side on the carpet, and she was listening with pleased interest to something Mrs. Preston was saying. I cannot choose a better moment to describe my grandmother. She was a tall, fine woman, her appearance would have been too stern and awe-inspiring but for the extreme sweetness of her face. Her hair was smooth, and well-sprinkled with silver, though broad bands of the sable-hued yet remained to show what a glory it had been to her. Her eyes, black as her hair, yet held fiery sparks, though a tender softness usually dwelt in them. Her face was but slightly wrinkled, but a shadow of sadness often rested there. Its habitual expression however, was of peace, the resting after the fight of sorrow, the settled calm which only comes when the poor mutable, human will has struggled its last, and suffered the palm to be given to the victor, the Immutable Will. All this I read alone on her face, for no confidences of this kind had as yet passed between us.

Adela came to bring an invitation to us both, to dine the next day *sans ceremonie* at the Hall. This invitation was warmly accepted by Mrs. Preston, and for myself, I eagerly caught at any chance of spending an evening in the society of Adela Manners. The time appointed came, and Mrs. Preston, and myself went to the Hall, which was not many minutes' walk from our cottage.

Adela received us in the drawing room, a spacious apartment looking south, a large bay window bowered with clematis opening on the lawn. I never used to fancy Adela more charming, than when she sat in the window recess, half in, half out of the room, the trailing clematis wreathing round her, and often in blossom-time covering her fair head with showers of its fragile stars. On this evening she was in her old place, looking in her white dress and green ribbons, as fair a flower as any among them. So thought Mrs. Preston, for she smiled lovingly upon her, as she rose to meet us.

Right queenly too, looked Mrs. Preston in her black silk dress, a few, old diamonds gleaming here and there, according as brooch or rings caught the evening sunlight. We had made what seemed to me a charmed circle, when into it broke a fourth person, Mr. Manners. I introduced him to Mrs. Preston. He took a chair near her, and joined in the conversation. I observed him once or twice look searchingly at her, until he caught her eye. A strange look passed between them, and a faint blush stole over Mrs. Preston's cheek. He leaned forward, and putting one hand out to her, he said,

"Eleanor!"

"Robert!" she answered, placing her hand in his. Adela touched my arm, and we stole out by the bay window, and walked on the lawn. Strange as it may seem, neither of us ventured a remark upon the scene which had taken place within the drawing-room. I dared not, the sight of love which had lived through years of separation and estrangement, had laid bare at last the true love in my own heart. Until I could dare to tell her all, love must be a forbidden topic in my talks with Adela Manners. Then was born the terrible Giant Despair, he made his advent in my heart full-grown, yet side by side with him sometimes, and sometimes behind, was a Great-heart called Hope, who looked a pigmy indeed, yet had valiant stuff in him, These two fought a brief and terrible battle in my heart, during that short walk in the summer twilight over the lawn at Berriedale Hall, and to this day, I know not which was the victor, when Mr. Manners appeared at the bay window, and called us in. Mrs. Preston was setting in an arm-chair by the fireplace, and Mr. Manners led us both to her.

"I want to introduce Mrs. Preston to you in a new light. She was my dearest friend for a

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time, when I was poor Robert Graham, and she has promised to be my dearest friend again, now I am rich Robert Manners."

Mrs. Preston did not speak, but smiled upon us both. Dinner was here announced, and Mr. Manners, giving his arm to my grandmother, lead her to the seat at the head of the table. I shall ever remember that dinner. It was not a feast of corporeal dainties, but a one of heart and soul. Great-heart Hope, fought Despair manfully in my heart, encouraged and strengthened by the kind looks cast upon me from time to time by Mr. Manners, and the shy, tender smiles accorded me from Adela. At length the ladies left us, and Mr. Manners, drawing his chair closer to me, told me in a few words the story of his life. He had loved Mrs. Preston in her young days. but having no means to give her the position a mercenary father expected her to take, she had been unwillingly compelled to part from him. He plodded on his way, as a merchant's clerk, and she, to rescue her father from prison, became an unloving wife. Two daughters were born to her, then her husband died, leaving her contrary to all anticipation, almost destitute. Her husband's father had settled upon her a trifling annuity, and she had, as I have stated, lived with her second daughter, until her death, when she came to share my home.

Mr. Manners meanwhile had unexpectedly become the owner of Berriedale hall, and now that he had met his old love once more, and as he had hitherto lived single for her sake, they had agreed for the rest of their days, "to live together according to God's holy ordinance."

A few words more, and my story ends.

When the wheat was lying in shocks, and the nuts were brown in the husk, when the earth was resting from her labours, and gathering her fruit, I married them. It was a quiet, solemn wedding, with only Adela, and an old friend of my grandmother's present. It was a joyful wedding too, for Mr. Manners had promised it should be the forerunner of my own. And it was. The fair girl, who acted as bridesmaid on that autumn morning, and looked so lovely in her white dress, with a few Michaelmas daisies lying in purple state against her golden curls, in a month from then wore the richer dress, and lace veil of a bride. Moreover, it was to the spacious rectory, and not the tiny cottage, I brought my bride, after our long wanderings in search of fair and famous things in classic Italy. The old rector had died during our absence, and as the living was in the gift of Mr. Manners, it came in due course to me. Years have passed since these happy days, and only memories are left to me, but the days *have* been, and the past whispers hope to the future, of the mansions where Faith is crowned by sight, and Love perfected for evermore. L. S.

The Theatres.

At the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, the great feature has been the performance by Mdlle. Adelina Patti, of Desdemona in Rossini's opera of *Otello*, in which she made a most decided success, due alike to the beauty of her execution and the perfection of her acting: the programmes during the past month have included *Fra Diavolo*, *Le Nozze de Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Somnambula*, and *Il Barbiere*. At HER MAJESTY'S OPERA DRURY LANE, Mdlle. Titiens has been delighting the lovers of opera by some of her finest impersonations, and Mdlle. Marie Marimon has made a most successful debut in *La Somnambula*: mention must also be made of the *Ballet*, which is now made an important feature at this house. The French Drama has proved a decided succes, there now being French companies at the LYCEUM, at the NEW OPERA COMIQUE, and at the CHARING CROSS THEATRE.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

The great progress which England is year by year making in the Musical Art, is displayed to the greatest advantage by the triennial celebrations of Handel's genius at THE CRYSTAL PALACE, and we believe that on the present occasion this progress will be observed in a very marked degree. The managers of this popular place of entertainment are making great efforts, to perfect the acoustical arrangements of the building, and to add to the comfort of the visitors. The *Messiah* will be performed on June 19th, a *Miscellaneous Selection* on June 21st, and *Israel in Egypt* on the 23rd, the *Grand Rehearsal* being fixed for the 16th inst.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Our readers will find many things of the highest interest in this, the first of a grand series of International Exibitions. In the *Picture Galleries* may be seen most of those works of art which have formed the chief points of attraction in the Exhibitions of our Royal Academy for several seasons past, in addition to works of great importance, by all the best Foreign Artists. In *Pottery* and *Porcelain* also, the works of our best English Manufacturers may be seen contesting the places of honor with all the choicest productions of of the first Continental *Ateliers*; while a special interest is given to this department by the very complete manner in which all the processes of manufacture are represented. The influence that the Schools of design have had in the development of Art among the Ladies of Great Britain, is well displayed in the results of the "*Fair Competition*," while the *Lace*, *Jewellery*, and *Furniture*, are deserving of the highest praise, alike for perfection of workmanship and beauty of design. We regret that our space will not permit us on this occasion, to give a more lengthened description of so varied and attractive an Exhibition, but we purpose giving a separate review of each department, in our future Numbers.

THE FOLLOWING FULL-SIZED PATTERNS have been given for the past few months.

MARCH.—DRESS BODY with BASQUES and OPEN SLEEVES,

APRIL.—*Two Patterns.* The LOUISE CORSAGE with *revers.* Tablier and Bouffant forming an upper skirt.

MAY.— *Two Patterns.* An OUTDOOR JACKET or PALETOT, and the MARCHIONESS CORSAGE, a petits basques postillions.

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July 1871 Plate 1

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Plate 3

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Plate 2

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 487. JULY, 1871. Vol. 44.

Observations

ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FOR JULY, 1871.

In our March, April, May and June Numbers, we have given such full and detailed observations on all the changes of Fashion, that there is very little left for us to say on the present occasion, without useless repetitions, so we refer our readers to our Colored Plates for this month, which give specimens of the development and progress that is taking place in Ladies' Costume. There has rarely been a London Season in which so much elegance and taste have been displayed, as in the Costumes which are now shown at *réunions* and *fêtes* of all kinds, at Flower-shows, and in the Wednesday Promenades at the International Exhibition, and all the choicest of these *toilettes* have appeared and are still appearing in this Magazine. The season indeed has been altogether rather unfavorable for the lightest materials, but the great beauty and novelty both of form and color so characteristic of the present fashion, have amply compensated for the absence of those light, airy *toilettes* which are considered so appropriate for summer wear.

The *Costume en suite* is still a very favorite style. The *Casaques* are generally made with *basques*, of almost every variety of form. It is, as a rule, only for the lighter materials and for evening dresses that the bodies are made with *ceintures*. We have to remark that the *Bournouse* Mantelet is again coming into favor.

The tight-fitting *Casaque* given in our 4th plate, is the style which has met with most favor, it has both a skirt and a *basque*; the *basque* is cut open at the back and sides in a similar manner to the loose Jackets that have been so fashionable.

A new style of black silk Mantelet is given in our first plate, it is well suited for the hot Summer weather.

THE FULL-SIZED PATTERNS.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams NEED NOT *be allowed for in cutting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

We give Two full-sized paper patterns with our present Number.

The *first* is the very ELEGANT OPEN CORSAGE PRINCESSE with *basques*, forming a Postillion at the back with long points and fluted pleats, shown on figure two of plate four. It is for a lady rather above the average size, measuring about 37½ inches round the chest and 29 round the waist. This pattern consists of 5 pieces, viz:—front, sidepiece, back, top part of sleeve, and frill of sleeve. This body is open on the chest *en cœur*, is cut rather low in the neck, especially at the back, where it is hollowed out to form a point: being in the Princesse style, there is no waist seam, the figure being defined by the fishes taken out in the fronts, and by the curved forms given to the seams of back and sidepiece: the level of the natural waist is indicated by a notch cut in the seam under the arm.

The pleats which are left on at the bottom of side seam, both in back and sidepiece, are to be laid underneath so as to form fluted folds, and are to be fastened down at the top only, so that the middle of each flute may be just under the bottom of side seam. In the middle of back at waist is to be placed a bow, edged with lace like those on the front skirt of the dress: the back should have no seam in the middle. The sleeves are composed of a plain close piece as far as the elbow, to which is added a deep frill put on with a heading; the front side of this frill is indicated by a notch, and the heading is denoted by a row of pricking.

Our *second* pattern is a LOW WATTEAU BODY for an EVENING DRESS, with square opening both back and front, and made without sleeves like fig. 2, plate 3. This pattern is for a lady of the usual or average size, and consists of front, sidepiece, and back, all of which are marked by a round hole in the centre.

Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

MORNING PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes* of white muslin. The lower skirt is trimmed by two pleated flounces, one of white and one of *mauve* muslin, each edged by narrow white lace. Above these two flounces is a broad band of *mauve* muslin, having in the centre a *rûche* of white muslin, and surmounted by a white and a *mauve* flounce similar to those before described,

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the *mauve* one being rather narrower. The upper skirt forms a large *bouffant* and *tablier*: the *bouffant* is rounded at the sides and is trimmed by two pleated flounces of white muslin edged by narrow lace and headed by quillings of *mauve* muslin, in the centre of which are white muslin *rûches*. The *tablier* is square shaped, and is trimmed by a flounce like those on the *bouffant*. The *ceinture* is composed of double bands of *mauve* muslin, edged by white lace and fastened at the back by a group of four bows, starting from which, is a small square *eventail* shaped tab of white muslin: below this, are two rounded ends of *mauve* muslin trimmed like the other portions of the skirt, but in smaller dimensions. The *Corsage* is open *en cœur* in front, and is edged by a trimming like that on the *bouffant*; the sleeves are similarly trimmed round the arm-holes; they are wide and open at the wrists, and are finished by the same trimming, they are also caught up in pleats at the back of the arm, and fastened by small *papillon* bows of *mauve* muslin edged by white lace. Bonnet of *mauve tûlle* and white lace, trimmed by *marguerites* and a white ostrich feather. A white lace Shawl or Mantle should be added to this Costume, which is designed for MESSRS. GASK and Gask, *Oxford Street*.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of pale cream-colored Sultana. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a broad pleated flounce headed by a *biais* band, finished at the upper edge by a narrow *rouleau*. The skirt is also trimmed by alternate *rûches* and *biais* bands, two of each, the upper ones more distant from each other than the lower ones. The upper portion of the skirt is covered at the back by two deep pointed pieces, slightly *bouffantes*, and in front by a piece which forms a single but shorter and less deep point, the sides are joined to those of the back pieces. Each piece is trimmed by a *biais* band and narrow upright frill, and the whole upper-skirt is edged by a flounce of black *tulle* worked over the bottom edge by black silk, and embroidered by silk of the color of the dress. The *corsage* has *basques* similarly trimmed; they form pleats at the back, (starting from a large cut rosette), and are open and square in front. The upper portion of *Corsage* is trimmed by the flounce of *tûlle* headed by a *biais* band and pleated frill; this trimming forms a point at the back, and after crossing the shoulders it terminates on the chest in the form of a reversed heart: the *biais* band and pleated frill on the *basques* being carried up to this point, unaccompanied by the flounce of *tûlle*. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists, and are round and slightly pointed at the upper sides, while at the under sides they form deep points. The round part is trimmed by the frill of *tûlle*, *biais* band, and pleated frill, and the points have no frill of *tulle*.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR, *of Regent Street. The Corsage may be cut from the second full-sized pattern in our May No. by filling up the square opening in front.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The under skirt is of sea-green silk, and is trimmed at the bottom by a flounce put on with a heading. The upper-skirt is of striped white and sea-green silk. It is round in front, forms a slight point at each side, is square at the back, and is edged by a band of black silk and by a flounce of black lace. The Mantelet is of black silk. The back portion is loose, and is caught up in the centre so as to form a large deep pleat fastened near the top by a rosette of bows mixed with lace. This part of the Mantelet terminates in broad square-shaped openings at the sides, extending to the front of the shoulders and imitating loose sleeves, and at the top of these openings, are placed rosettes of lace and bows. The front part of the Mantelet is fastened in by the *Ceinture*. It has rounded *basques* which disappear under the loose part of the Mantelet, the edges of both portions of which, are trimmed by a frill of the black silk put on nearly plain, having a round turned-up hem, and headed by a *rouleau*, with a narrow *rûche* of lace; the *rouleau* and lace are continued from the *basques*, up the front of the Mantelet, which is open *en cœur* and has a turned down collar, pointed at the back, and broad and rounded in front; it is edged by a frill of lace headed by a *rouleau* and narrow *ruche*. An upright frill of lace is carried round the open portion. Hat of white straw, trimmed by sea-green ribbon, roses, and a white ostrich feather.

This Costume is from MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR.

PLATE THE SECOND.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of white silk, and is trimmed by three flounces, each headed by a narrow band of rose-colored ribbon. The upper skirt is of white Scotch Cashmere. It is open at the sides, and is trimmed by three bands of rose-colored ribbon, which are carried up the edges of the side openings. The bottom is trimmed by a rose-colored tassel fringe, with a narrow heading of *passementerie*. The *corsage* is open *en cœur* and has small *revers* trimmed by two bands of ribbon, which are also carried round the neck. The *corsage* has deep *basques* which are open at the sides, have *revers*, and are trimmed by two bands of ribbon, and by the tassel fringe. At the back of waist is a *papillon* bow, starting from which, a square-shaped tab (trimmed by the bands of ribbon and fringe), falls over the *basques*. The sleeves are large and open, and are trimmed by the fringe. Straw Hat trimmed by rose-colored ribbon, and white flowers with foliage.

This Costume is from the MAISON LESIRE, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of sky-blue *Poult de Soie*. At the bottom of the skirt is a *rouleau* edged by narrow white lace, and at about one third up

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the skirt, are vandykes formed by the same material, one vandyke occupying each breadth of *Poult de Soie*. These are filled in by flat double folds of white muslin, five in each vandyke, between each of which an interval is left, shewing the skirt itself: and near the point of each vandyke is placed a rosette formed of bows edged by white lace. The Mantelet is of striped blue and white Scotch Cashmere. It is of the shawl form, and is caught up in the centre of back, and fastened by an *agraffe* of blue and white silk cord, from which is suspended a white floss silk tassel. Above this point it is again caught up, and fastened at the neck by similar cord, with a tassel. It is edged by a white tassel-fringe, and below the point at which it is caught up, appears a plain piece of the Mantelet, similarly trimmed, and the cord by which it is fastened up at the back of neck, is carried round to the front, where it forms an *agraffe*, and serves to close the Mantelet, terminating in two tassels. Bonnet of sky-blue *crêpe* trimmed by an ostrich feather of the same color, and by black lace, and having at the left side a full-blown rose with foliage.

This costume is designed for MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR, *Regent Street.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes* of pale brown *Poult de Soie*. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed all round by a succession of long loops and floating ends of the *Poult de Soie*, bound by a much darker shade of brown. These loops are headed by two upright pleated frills, each bound by dark brown *Poult de Soie*, and put on with a *rouleau* of a similar color. The upper-skirt is square and open to the waist, in front, is rounded, and slightly *bouffante* at the back, and forms small *bouffants* at the sides. Both parts of the skirt are edged by a pleated frill put on with a *rouleau* of dark brown *Poult de Soie*. The sides of the front opening are trimmed by bows and single ends, bound by dark brown *Poult de Soie*. Beneath the large *bouffant* appears a square-shaped piece of the light-colored *Poult de Soie* edged by dark brown tassel fringe, and trimmed at the bottom by bows with single ends, bound by the dark brown. The *corsage* is closed by dark brown buttons, and is trimmed by a pleated frill put on with a dark brown *rouleau*. This frill forms two points on the chest, and is carried across the shoulders and back. On the chest and at the neck are bows and ends bound by the dark brown *Poult de Soie*. The sleeves are open at wrists, and are trimmed *en carrée* by pleated frills edged at the outside by dark brown fringe, and in each square space are placed three bows. The *Ceinture* is fastened in front by bows and a single end; and at the back of waist is a *papillon* bow finished by dark brown fringe, and above it appears a group of upright pleats formed by a double *biais* band of the pale colored *Poult de Soie*,

This Costume is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of white *tûlle*. The skirt is composed entirely of horizontal *bouillons*. The *Sortie du Bal* is of white *Poult de Soie*. It is of the Paletot form, half tight-fitting, and is cut up in the centre of back. The sleeves are very long, and are cut open in front nearly to the arm-hole, and at the back, as far as the elbow, thus forming deep square pieces. The edges of the *Sortie du Bal* and of the sleeves, are trimmed by a tassel fringe of white and gold, placed upon a plain fringe, and headed by a chain work of narrow gold braid. Above this chain work are two undulating bands of the gold braid, which also describe *Arabasques* on the sleeves and the centre of back, terminating at the front of neck, where the *Sortie du Bal* is closed by two gold and white buttons, from each of which is suspended a gold tassel.

This Costume is from MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR, *Regent Street.*

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The under skirt is of white tarlatan. It forms a long train, and is trimmed at the bottom by a cut *rûche*, above which is a *bouillon* surmounted by a flounce of white blond. The skirt is also trimmed by eight narrow pleated flounces of white tarlatan forming vandykes in the front, and each edged by a band of pink ribbon, the uppermost headed by a similar band of ribbon, and by a narrow upright frill. The upper skirt is open *en tunique* in front, and is of pink silk; it forms three points; one at each side, and a deeper one at the back, and is caught up so as to form three horizontal *bouillons*, separated by garlands of white roses. This skirt is edged by a flounce of white blond put on with a heading and a narrow ribbon. The *corsage* is of pink silk. It is trimmed by a *bouillon* of tarlatan, headed by narrow lace and edged at each side by a band of pink ribbon, and crossed by similar bands. Below this trimming is a frill of white blond. The sleeves are replaced by broad bands of pink silk, edged by narrow lace, (and marking the square form of the *corsage*). On the chest are two white roses, and the *ceinture* is of pink ribbon.

This Ball Toilette is from MESSRS. GASK and GASK, 69, *Oxford Street. The pattern of body is given with our present Number.*

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of white tarlatan. The front of the under skirt is trimmed by four groups of *gauffred* flounces, the three lower groups each containing three, and the upper one two flounces; each group headed by a double *biais* band of sky-blue silk. The upper-skirt is open *en tunique*, and cut with a long train. It is edged by a broad *biais* band of sky-blue silk, which is arranged to form, at each side, a sort of *eventail* consisting of six *flûted* pleats, united by a group of bows with floating ends formed of double *biais* bands of

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the silk. The lower portion of this skirt is covered by flounces of white blond, six in number, and arranged so as to follow the *coutour* of the skirt. The upper flounce is headed by a double *biais* band of sky-blue silk, and from this point the other half of the skirt is covered by *gauffred* puffings of the tarlatan put on perpendicularly. The *ceinture* is of sky-blue silk, and is fastened at the back by a knot with floating ends, formed of double *biais* bands of the silk. The *corsage* is trimmed both at back and in front, by folds of tarlatan, terminated by a double *biais* band of the blue silk, and below it is a frill of white blond, which is (with the *biais* band) carried over the shoulders. On the chest is a *bouquet* of cornflowers with leaves, and on each shoulder is a small group of bows.

This elegant Ball Dress is designed for MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of Sultan brown silk, the skirt is entirely without trimming. The *Casaque* is of black silk. The skirt is cut open to the waist at each side, where it is hollowed out, the back portion is rounded and is deeper than the front, which forms a point. The centre of back also forms a deep pleat, and the bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a black lace flounce, headed by two satin *rouleaux*, which are continued up the edges of front openings. The sides are united by groups of bows of black silk, each having a single end, in the centre of each group is placed an *agraffe* of *passementerie* with two tassels. Falling over the skirt are *basques*, cut open at the sides and front, and edged by narrow lace and by two *rouleaux*. The front of *corsage* is open *en cœur* and has square-shaped *revers*, edged like the *basques*, and continued round the neck to form a turned down collar similarly edged. The collar is pointed in the centre of back, and below the point is a group of four bows, having in the centre an *agraffe* of *passementerie*, from which a double *cordon* is carried down the back, and fastened just above the waist, by a large worked button with two tassels. The sleeves are cut open at the back nearly to the elbow, and are trimmed by black lace and *rouleaux*, an *agraffe* with two tassels being placed at the top of each opening. White straw Bonnet. trimmed by Sultan-brown ribbon and white roses.

This Costume is by MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR.

COSTUME FOR HOME

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of pale violet-colored *faille*. Both skirts are cut *en train*, and the under-skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce, at the lower edge of which, is a pleated flounce of the same material, but of a much darker shade. This pleated flounce is partly covered by a frill of white *blonde*, headed by two *biais* bands of the dark violet *faille*, the whole extending half up the broad flounce, which is put on with a narrow heading, surmounted by an upright double frill of dark violet *faille*, fastened down at equal intervals. The front of this skirt is trimmed by two festoons composed of white *blonde*, and each headed by a double *biais* band of the dark *faille*. Below the *blonde* appear at intervals, flat tassels of white silk. In the centre of each festoon and at their extremities, are placed rosettes, each formed of an *agraffe* of *passementerie* with a single bow of ribbon, and surrounded by white *blonde*, a double frill of which is carried round the top of the *agraffe*; beyond this are two bows of ribbon, the bottom of the rosette being finished by two short ends, and to the two rosettes at the extremities of the lower festoon, are added two additional and longer ends finished by fringe. The upper skirt is open *en tunique*; it is *en train* and is edged by a frill of white *blonde*, headed by a double *biais* band of the *faille*. The edges of the *tunique* are turned back, so as to form pointed *revers*, lined by dark violet *faille*. The *corsage* is cut open in a round form in front, and is also slightly open at the back, forming a point. It is edged by a frill of lace headed by the double *biais* band of dark violet *faille*, above which is a narrow upright edging of white *blonde*. The *corsage* has also *basques*, short and square in front, hollowed at the sides, the back forming a deep piece, hollowed out into two points, and caught up in the centre, so as to form a deep pleat fastened to the waist by a rosette composed of an *agraffe* with bows and ends of ribbon. These *basques* are edged by white *blonde* with tassels like those on the front of the under-skirt, and are headed by the double band of dark violet *faille*. At the front of waist, and on the chest, are rosettes formed of *agraffes* and ribbon. The sleeves are finished by frills edged and partly covered by *blonde* accompanied by tassels; above this, are three *biais* bands, two of dark, and one of light colored *faille*, the whole surmounted by a trimming of the dark *faille*, similar to that by which the broad flounce on the lower skirt is headed, but of much smaller dimensions.

This Costume is from the Establishment of MESSRS. GASK & GASK, 65, *Oxford Street. The full-sized pattern of the* Corsage á Basques *is given full-sized.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of cream-colored Sultana. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by three flounces each edged by a *biais* band of brown silk. The upper flounce is headed by a double *biais* band of the brown silk, narrower than those before mentioned. Above this, is a thick double *rûching* of brown silk, surmounted by another narrow band, and the whole is finished by an upright trimming consisting of vandykes of the Sultana bound by brown silk. The upper skirt is round both in front and at the back, (where it is slightly *bouffante*). It is hollowed out at the sides, and is edged by three *biais* bands of brown silk, and at the right side only, are placed two very large bows and floating ends, of brown silk edged by the Sultana. The front of *corsage* is of brown silk, it is closed by buttons, and is con-

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tinued below the waist, forming *basques* deep and square in front and narrow at the sides. The brown silk is carried over the shoulders, and forms a deep point in the centre or back, reaching nearly to the waist. The remaining portion of the *corsage* is of the Sultana, and is edged by two *biais* bands of brown silk. At the sides of waist are pointed *basques*, and at the back is a postillion, all of the Sultana, and edged by a single *biais* band. At the back angle of each of these *basques* is placed a brown button. The sleeves are edged by frills trimmed with *biais* bands of brown silk, above which are narrow bands and *rûchings* of the silk, to accord with the trimming on the lower skirt.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. GASK & GASK. *The sleeve pattern is given full-sized.*

PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1 is a round HAT of Italian straw. The right side is trimmed by an ostrich feather of Havannah brown shaded to white, and at the same side, as well as at the back are bows of Havannah-colored and of *jonquille* colored ribbon. The left side is trimmed by bands of *jonquille* and of Havannah-colored ribbon, terminating near the back in long floating ends finished by fringe. These floating ends may be fastened under the chin as *brides*.

No. 2 is a round HAT of rice-straw. The crown is surrounded by a broad *rûche* of black lace, in the centre of which is a wreath of rose-buds with leaves. At the left side, near the back, is a group of four bows of rose-colored ribbon covered with black *tûlle*, and behind which is a group of buds and leaves and a long trail belonging to the wreath. At the right side, near the top of the crown, is a full-blown *rose du thé* with foliage. *Brides* of black *tûlle*. This Hat is from FORCE'S, 79, *Oxford Street*.

No. 3 is a BONNET of Italian straw, having a crown and a curtain. The bonnet is trimmed near the crown by a band of black velvet ribbon, and at the left side is a large *bouquet* of black and yellow lilies and poppies, with buds and foliage. The right side is trimmed by bows of *jonquille* colored ribbon and black velvet. The curtain is covered by black *tûlle* and is crossed by black lace which partially conceals the crown, and also forms the *brides*. At the right side of the curtain is also a group of leaves and buds terminating in a long trail which falls slightly at the right side, accompanied by loops and floating ends of black velvet ribbon and of *jonquille* ribbon. This bonnet is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

No. 4 is a BABY'S DRESS of thick white muslin. The body and skirt are trimmed by frills of muslin edged by narrow lace and headed by insertion, and these frills are carried across the shoulders (forming short sleeves), and down the sides of both front and back of the dress. The spaces between are filled in by insertion, perpendicular folds of muslin, and edging. The body is cut square both at back and in front, and is trimmed by insertion and edging. This Dress is from the MAISON LESIRE, *Paris*.

No. 5 is a HAT of rice straw, having the brim turned-up and trimmed by two narrow bands of sky-blue ribbon. The hat is trimmed all round by broader ribbon of the same color, and at the top is placed a long blue ostrich feather which falls at the back, accompanied by a band and pointed end of silk, bound at the edges and partially covered by the feather. In front is a white ostrich feather, and partly embedded in it is a small green bird, and also a white *aigrette*. At the left side is a similar feather separated from the other by bows of blue silk, the uppermost group forming part of the band and floating end before described. This elegant Hat is designed by MDME. PARSONS, 92, *Regent Street*.

No. 6 is a HAT of rice-straw, having the brim turned-up at the sides, and lined by black velvet. The front is trimmmed by a drapery of black silk, which extends slightly towards the sides. This drapery is surmounted by a black ostrich feather, which starts from the left side, and forms the trimming of the right side of the hat. At the point from which the feather starts, is placed a *bouquet* composed of two large white daisies with leaves and a long trail falling at the back of the hat, accompanied by a floating end of black silk, finished by fringe. This Hat is from FORCE'S, 79, *Oxford Street*.

No. 7 is a BABY'S PELISSE with circular *Pelerine*, all of white muslin. The Pelisse is loose and is drawn in at the waist by a sash of pink ribbon, fastened at the left side with bows and floating ends, finished by fringe. The trimming of the Pelisse and Pelerine is separately designed in Number 9, this trimming is carried all round the bottom of the Pelisse and all round the Pelerine, a second row being added to the latter, which has a small collar *en suite*.

No. 8 is a HEAD-DRESS of sky-blue ribbon: in front is a *bouquet* of *Marguerites* with buds and foliage. The ribbon forms bows and loops at the the back, which is also trimmed by two long floating ends united at intervals by *papillon* bows. The Headdress is from JONES, 101, *Oxford Street*.

No. 9 is the TRIMMING of the Baby's Pelisse No. 7. It is drawn on a larger scale, so as to explain the details, and is composed of a scalloped embroidery in thick white muslin, headed by a twisted braiding. Above this, is an insertion with openings, through which appears a band of pink ribbon; the whole is headed by a edging of narrow upright embroidery. This Pelisse is from the Establishment of S. CLARK & Co., 102, *Oxford Street*.

No. 10 represents the back and left side of No. 1. Near the front is a group of bows of mixed Havannah and *jonquille*-colored ribbon, and the band of *jonquille* ribbon by which this side is trimmed is carried across the brim of the hat, and passes under it at the back. The Hat is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

No. 11 is a *Toque* HAT of black *tûlle*. The brim is covered by *bouillons* of black *tûlle* and

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by black lace, with *agraffes* of jet. The crown also is surrounded by folds of black *tûlle* arranged *en bouffant*. At the left side is a large, shaded *rose du thé*, with a spray of buds and leaves in front of it. A black lace lappet falls at the back, accompanied by a floating end and a long loop of ribbon. Slightly towards the right side is placed a group of bows of ribbon, with a long loop. This HAT is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

No. 12 is a BONNET of Italian straw, having a crown and curtain. The crown is completely enclosed in folds of apricot-colored silk, terminating above the curtain, which is similarly covered. At the point between the crown and curtain, is a frill of black lace which terminates in a sort of continuous *bride* falling at the back. From under the curtain start floating ends, also of black lace. At the left side, near the top is a *bouquet* composed of roses *de mai* with buds and leaves, and hawthorn. Strings of apricot-colored ribbon. This bonnet is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

No. 13 is a CAP of white muslin, lace and Metternich green ribbon. The front is trimmed by a large rosette of ribbon, from which start some floating ends falling at the back. The rosette just named, is placed upon a foundation of muslin edged by lace which also trims the sides, alternated by bows of ribbon. At the back are two short pointed lappets of lace, each edged by a frill, and they are united by a knot of ribbon with floating ends which start from under them. The *brides* are composed of short pieces of ribbon, each terminating in a sort of half-rosette, and surrounded by narrow lace. This Cap is from the same Establishment as the Head-dress No. 8.

STUART KEITH'S HERITAGE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEXT HEIR.

"Who is the next heir?" was the question generally asked by strangers when they were admiring the fine old building and broad slopes of lawns and shrubberies called Trent Place in Gloucestershire.

"Mr. Keith is unmarried," would be the reply, "so there is no direct heir, but his brother's son, Mr. Stuart Keith, is next in succession,"

The information would be followed by surprise on the stranger's part that the master of so many broad acres, and such a stately dwelling-place, should have remained unmarried, and the surprise was accompanied by a passing thought of how lovely the place would have been with the presence of children, and how musically the old woods would have echoed their laughter.

Basil Keith was a very young man when he inherited Trent Place, and all its belongings from his father. Life spread out before him in a fair expansion, full of gladness and beauty. All was bright and lovely, until the young man plucked the fatal fruit of love, as all must sometime or other. Beautiful it was for a season, and then he found the core of ashes and bitterness. The woman for whom, in his young enthusiasm he would have gladly died, was unworthy of the man's fresh love. She married a richer suitor, a titled cousin, but a few weeks before the day fixed for her union with Basil Keith. From that hour it seemed that love had died out of the young man's heart. He was very young it must be remembered, only twenty three when this great shock came, and it was perhaps natural that life should seem undesirable and unlovely. He looked round the world, and saw so many apparently blest with their heart's desire. He looked close at home, where in a pretty cottage near the Place, lived his brother James, a year younger than himself, but married to the wife of his choice, and happy in the smiles of his first-born. Altogether it was more than the young man could bear, so he shut up Trent Place, and went abroad.

Twenty two years passed since his early sorrow, before Basil Keith finally settled down in the home of his forefathers. He had made many short visits to the old home, but had always taken to his wanderings again. He came home at last to grace the coming of age of Stuart Keith, his brother's son, the next heir. After that event, a few months were spent in renovating the old place, and then Basil took his place among the county families.

How the years of wandering had changed the bright-haired boy! He was now a tall, dignified man of forty-five, with a bronzed face, and silvering hair. What a contrast too to the young heir of whom he seemed so fond. Uncle and nephew were rarely apart, and Stuart made Trent Place much more his home, than the humbler roof under which he was born.

He was a bright, manly young fellow, full of noble impulses, and generous feelings. Proud, like all the Keiths, but with a grand, exalting pride, apart from the ignoble vanity of name and wealth.

Just a little self conceited, more the fault of a fond mother's doting than inherent weakness of character, but yet enough to make older and wiser heads shake and smile a little. Courageous and impetuous, first in the meet, always in at the death, an authority in the cricket-field, a

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river-god among swimmers and anglers, and the pet of the county-ball rooms, it can scarcely be marvelled at if Stuart Keith were a little spoiled.

But all the little affectations and conceits dropped from him when with his uncle. The tenderness between them seemed more than that of father and son. It was with Basil only, that the deeper feelings and the noblest aspirations of Stuart Keith found words. In the fine library lighted by a stained oriel window, the two men took close communion in fellowship with rare volumes of olden writers. All that was good, beautiful, and true in old romance lived again in the friendship of this man and his heir, albeit their tastes may have seemed divided by the twenty one years between them. These years fell from Basil sometimes in their intercourse, and he seemed again the bright young man he had been before Ursula Grant had taught him life's bitterest lesson. Again, if the subject in discussion were a grave and learned one, the twenty years seemed added to Stuart's life, and they both talked as men of forty-five. After all, it is not the years that come and go that age us, but the life's experience. In this matter, our life may be typical of the eternity hereafter to be inherited, for are there not in the experience of us all, some days which seem as a thousand years, while the quiet years behind them are but as yesterday, past as a watch in the night?

Stuart Keith one day brought a piece of news from the outside world into the quiet library.

"Basil," he said, (for he never called him uncle), "Lord Heathcott is dead, he died at Florence, and her ladyship and Miss Hay are on their way home to Heathcott Towers."

Basil Keith merely said, "Indeed." So entirely had the lost ashes of the early fire been extinguished; for Lady Heathcott was once Ursula Grant.

She had resided abroad for many years with her husband and child, and Heathcott Towers, whose lands joined Trent Place, divided only by a narrow stream, and that even bridged by an ornamental structure of light iron work, had been shut up. Heathcott Towers, like Trent Place, had no direct heir, for Lady Heathcott was mother only to one child, a girl, born a few years after her marriage, and at the time of her father's death, seventeen years of age. They left Lord Heathcott buried in Italy, and came back, mourning women to Heathcott Towers, the nearest neighbours to Basil Keith of Trent Place, and to Stuart Keith the next heir.

CHAPTER II.

URSULA.

There had been indecision and contrary opinions among the county families, concerning the rival claims of several young ladies in candidature for the character of the belle. When the year of mourning at Heathcott Towers had expired, all doubts were set at rest, all claims superseded, by the appearance at the county gaieties of the Hon. Ursula Hay.

I cannot describe this fair young girl of eighteen, in the magical charms of her beauty. There was something beyond mere English prettiness in her, something "rich and strange," marking her birth in a sunnier latitude than ours. From her father she had inherited a tall, commanding figure, high, patrician features, and deep, dark eyes, but the wealth of nutbrown hair, and the lily complexion were a birthright from her mother.

There was, however, something beyond mere beauty, intellectual and refined as it was, in Ursula Hay, which made all who saw her, and had known her mother, remark the wide difference between them. While Lady Heathcott, had the same sweet smile and fascinating gestures; in Ursula's mien, was visible a moral nobleness and grandeur, a purer tone and chaster coloring; an intellectual fulness and breadth altogether wanting in her mother. This difference was slight at first seeing them together, for Lady Heathcott was still so young and lovely; but as the two characters developed by acquaintance, people were found to declare that no resemblance existed between Lady Heathcott and her daughter.

Meanwhile, Basil Keith had met again his old, false love. He had sat for several hours in the same room with her, listening to her sweet voice, looking ever and anon at that fair face.

Lady Heathcott mused in her mind on the possibility of re-kindling the flame she had been at such pains to extinguish so many years before, and asked herself if Basil's persistent looks at her meant anything. They did mean something certainly, but Basil's thoughts as he looked, were on this wise, "And I nearly went mad for that face. That face's owner almost shipwrecked my life," and through his mind at the same moment ran the old words, "*What fools these mortals be.*" It had come even to this, the experience of twenty-three more years, had changed his ideas even so much as this. Too late, Lady Heathcott, you might as soon cause leaf and blossom to spring from the yule-log on a Christmas fire, as hope yourself to win love again from the heart of Basil Keith.

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"Too late," thought Basil himself, for he knew what the winning smiles meant when those false lips wore them. And with the "*Too late*" still in his heart, he turned his eyes from her. Carelessly they rested on another face, bearing her likeness, framed in hair of her own color, the face of one bearing her own name,—the old name so dear to his boyish heart,—her daughter. Ursula Hay stood near him, chatting pleasantly with young Stuart Keith. Somehow the "*Too late*" kept ringing in his ears, and its sarcastic tone had faded into sadness. Seeing the two young people in all the sunshine of youth, she with Ursula's face, he with the Keith look and bearing, Basil remembered his early days, and the vague unrest which Time had deadened, but not destroyed, revived. Yes, it was too late, too late for him. Life's holiest joys had passed him by, he was doomed to be a lonely man to the end. The years he had spent in forgetting his sorrow, had made him an old man before his time, but never had this truth come home so closely to him as on this evening, when in the blaze of the drawing-room at Heathcott Towers, he looked at Stuart Keith and Ursula Hay standing together. She was so lovely, and he was so radiant and youthful. No worldly wisdom and selfishness in her face, as in her mother's, no lines on Stuart's face, no silver in Stuart's hair, like Basil's. All was different. Basil sighed,—sighed for his lost youth, for the sweet life which might have been. Oh! that "might have been!" Surely it is the most solemn psalm in the service of our lives.

This evening was but the first of many such. Basil often saw the same picture, and thought the same thoughts, born of the picture. Months went by, summer gaieties took the place of the Christmas festivities, and surrounded by the beauties of Nature, Ursula Hay looked more lovely than ever. Small wonder that she drew men's hearts after her. Small wonder if more than one large fortune had been laid, (but in vain,) at her feet. Basil Keith heard the rumours, and seeing her yet free of any engagement, thought of Stuart, and put his own construction on her conduct. Stuart knew his own heart, its new-born passion, and trembling hopes, but feared to put his fate to the touch, for he knew it would be to "win or lose it all."

And Ursula? Ah! my reader, who ever yet understood the mystery of a woman's heart? Shall I be wiser than the rest? I know no reason, but this I do know, that for the many advantageous offers she refused, for her steady persistence in keeping her freedom, Ursula Hay was influenced by some strong feeling.

Life's most real experience was coming to her, she was beginning, (dimly as yet), to comprehend that master-passion, which has conquered all conquerors, even death, before now. In silence, in utter loneliness, this knowledge was coming to her. No sympathetic heart was near from which she could take counsel. Her nature had depths beyond her mother's shallow ken, and a slight knowledge of that mother's history still further kept her from giving a confidence, which as yet seemed almost too holy for admission to herself. But the solemn fact grew upon her day by day, that in heart she was not her own, but another's, no longer a solitary unit, but the twin half of a perfect soul.

Not as yet was the union cemented by the words of love which were to come, not even as yet did the loved one guess his happiness, or dream it possible; but it was growing day by day, until the time was ripe for its revealing.

And Basil looked on, saw the meetings between his nephew and the child of the woman he had loved, and sighed and mourned, not for his lost love, but for his lost youth.

(*To be continued.*)

The Theatres.

The Opera season of 1871 has been a most brilliant one. At COVENT GARDEN, *L' Africaine, L' Etoile du Nord, Il Barbiere, Le Nozze de Eigaro, La Favorita* and *Esmeralda* have been admirably acted by Mdlles. Patti, Lucca, Sessi, Signors Mario, Graziani, Faure. HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, DRURY LANE, under the direction of that most talented musician Sir M. Costa, has given some splendid performances of *Les Huguenots, Semiramide, La Somnambula, La Figlia, &c*, assisted by Mdlle. Titiens, Marie Marimon, and Ilma di Murska, and Signors Foli, Casaboni, and Fancelli and other Artists of European reputation. The French Drama has been well represented in London by the COMEDIE FRANCAISE, and the excellent companies at CHARING CROSS and the LYCEUM. *Joan of Arc* at the QUEEN'S, *Notre Dame* at the ADELPHI, Mr. Sothern at the HAYMARKET, and Mr. Phelps at the PRINCESS'S have been the principal attractions of the other theatres.

THE RACES AND FETES.—Ladies who visit these fashionable resorts are most earnestly recommended to make a free use of the cool and fragrant preparation so widely reputed, namely, the Kalydor of Messrs. Rowland and Sons, in order to obviate the very serious effects of dust and heat, with their concomitants, tan, freckles, eruptions, and the like. The simplest cause in existence—the warmth of the sun, the damp of the shower—nay, the very influence of the atmosphere itself, so genial and so healthful in other respects, are all prejudicial to female charms, producing freckles, tan, sun-burns, and a host of cutaneous affections, which render it an imperative duty to provide a safeguard against these evils; so that no lady who valued the delicacy and beauty of her complexion should be without a due supply of Rowlands' Kalydor—the only safe, gentle and efficacious preparation for preserving and beautifying the skin which scientific research has yet discovered. Persons of delicate habit are particularly susceptible of the influence of the atmosphere; and ladies, whether frequenting the crowded saloon, the close assembly, the rural ride or drive, should invariably have recourse to that excellent preparation, which is found to be the most gentle, yet powerful, preservative that science has discovered for the preservation of female beauty and grace.

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August 1871 — Plate 1

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August 1871 Plate 2

LONDON AND PARIS

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August 1871

Plate 3

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 488. AUGUST, 1871. VOL. 44.

Observations

ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The London Season of 1871 has indeed been a most brilliant one, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather which so long prevailed. As we stated last month, this has been an unfavorable season for the display of light Summer materials; but yet the Costumes have been most attractive, from the elegance, variety, and novelty of form, which are the prevailing features of our present Fashion. Wet and cold Summers however, generally occur every 11 or 12 years, and if this fact were kept in mind, Manufacturers would sometimes be more sparing in their production of the lighter fabrics.

Peace, happily, is at last restored to Paris, but even now it will be some time before our sister Capital has quite regained her former gaiety and brilliancy. Many of our *Artistes des Modes* have already returned to their own city, so that all the latest Parisian Novelties will be immediately produced in this work. Some of our *Artistes* however, have been induced to remain, by the great activity of the London Season, and the consequent demand for *Costumes* of the latest design and highest elegance, and all the choicest of their productions will be represented in this Magazine so long as they remain in London.

Our present Number, according to our general custom for August, represents styles specially adapted to the Country and Seaside, both for Morning wear and for the Afternoon Promenade, as well as for Evening *reunions*.

For the Sea-side, the short square Jacket or Paletot is always a favorite and most appropriate garment, and we have represented on our 2nd plate, one of the latest inventions in this style, which is so elegant that we have also given a full-sized pattern of it.

The loose *Mantelet* given in our first plate, is an ingenious combination of the Talma form with that of the loose Jacket.

For the hot weather, dresses made of light materials, will require the addition of a *fichu* made of lace, muslin, or of the same material as the dress, we have therefore given this style as one of our full-sized patterns for this month.

The Pelerine shown on fig. 3 of plate 2, covering the shoulders, and forming a point both at back and front of waist, where it is fastened down to the *Ceinture*, is also a useful addition to a Costume for out door wear; and indeed these small *fichûs* and *pelerines* are likely to become more and more fashionable, because the introduction of *basques* to dress bodies has made it possible for ladies on many occasions, to dispense with any special outdoor garment, such as the black silk Paletot or *Casaque*.

Dress bodies are made with *basques* of every variety of form, and instead of these *basques* being chiefly developed at the back, as on their first introduction, they are now extended about the same depth, to the sides and front.

Flounces at the bottoms of dress skirts are as fashionable as ever, and we have to notice an increasing taste for the flounces laid in narrow flat pleats, like fig. 1 plate 3, and fig. 1 plate 4.

Tabliers are still very fashionable, but there seems a probability that *tuniques*, open in front, are now coming in; fig. 2 plate 4, gives an idea of this style.

Though not so generally adopted as in former seasons, black silk *Casaques* are still fashionable; one of the newest and most elegant styles is shown on fig. 1 of plate 4.

Sleeves are almost invariably made of the wide or *Pagoda* form, and are very often finished at the wrists by frilling.

THE FULL-SIZED PATTERNS.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams NEED NOT *be allowed for in cutting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

Our *first* full-sized pattern is the OSBORNE JACKET FOR SEA-SIDE WEAR, represented on fig. 1 of plate 2. The pattern consists of back, front, *revers*, and sleeve, and we have given the scalloped portion only, i. e. that

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which is to be made in white cashmere and braided, as shown on the colored engraving. The blue underside or lining, is to be cut of exactly the same form, except that it must be left a little longer all round the bottom, and at the wrists. The exact line for the bottom edge, may be obtained by marking 1 inch below each point of the scallops.

Our *second* pattern (the pieces of which are each indicated by a round hole), is the ALEXANDRA FICHU, to be made of the same material as the dress, or of black lace or white muslin, and to be worn over a Costume for out door wear. The pattern consists of the front, opening on the chest *en cœur*, and forming a square tab at the bottom, and the back, which has a rounded tab at the back: the shoulder seam in each of these piece is marked by a small cut, placed near the neck. For those of our readers who would wish to see the appearance of this *Fichu* when made up, we beg to refer to fig. 2, plate 1, for April, except that in that Costume the *Fichu* closes up to the neck, while in our present pattern it is left open on the chest, as far as the second bow on the colored engraving we are now alluding to.

Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

COSTUME FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of scarlet cashmere, and is trimmed near the bottom, by six *biais* bands of striped white and grey *piqué*; the lower band being much wider than the others. The upper skirt, is of the striped grey and white *piqué*: it is composed of two distinct portions; the front is rounded *en tablier*, and the back portion which is rather deeper, is also round and is arranged to form pleats starting from the waist. Both portions of the skirt are trimmed by a flounce headed by a *biais* band of scarlet cashmere, and having near the edge a *rouleau* of the same material. The Pardessus is of scarlet cashmere like the lower skirt: it is of the mantle form, cut up at the bottom of back; the sides form deep points, and are raised over the arms to imitate sleeves. The back is cut so as to form a hollow square shaped piece which conceals the seam in the middle of back. All the edges of the Mantle are trimmed by white silk fringe, headed by braid of the same material. The square piece before described is edged by a broader fringe, headed by a single row of braid. Hat of grey and whith straw, trimmed by scarlet ribbon.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. FARMER & ROGERS, 179, *Regent Street. The striped upper skirt may be made from the full-sized pattern given with our April Number, by cutting the back portion deeper and rounding off the corners.*

COSTUME FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

Fig. 2.—Dress of cream-colored Sultana. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce put on with an upright pleated heading, and having at the bottom edge a narrow binding of the same material. Above it, are five narrower flounces similarly edged and headed. At each side of the skirt is a long pointed perpendicular piece, graduated in width and forming double *revers* edged by narrow quillings; and united at the points by bows and floating ends bound at the edges. These pieces start from the top of the broad flounce, and disappears beneath the diamond shaped *tablier* which covers the upper part of the front skirt, and which is edged by a flounce, headed and bound like those on the lower skirt. The back of the skirt is trimmed by a large round *bouffant*, (similarly edged), the sides of which are covered by the *pièces à revers* before named, and by the side corners of the *tablier*, at which point the *bouffant* is caught up and fastened by bows and floating ends. The front of *Corsage* is trimmed in an oblique direction by the frill which is continued from the left side of the *tablier*. The frill on the opposite side terminating at the waist. The sleeves are large and open at the wrists, and are trimmed by frills with upright pleated headings. The backs of the sleeves are trimmed by double pointed *revers*, edged by quillings, and surmounted by *papillon* bows. The *Capeline* is of blue cashmere; it is slightly pointed at the back, and is edged by a *fluted* frill headed by a narrow *biais* band. It has a full round shaped hood, edged by a similar frill but reversed in position: at the top of the hood, and at each side, is placed a small group of bows, partly hidden by the trimming. This *Capeline* is fastened at the neck, by a cord and two tassels.

This Dress is designed for the Establishment of MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR, *Regent Circus, Piccadilly. The Capeline is by* MADAME LOUISE.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The under skirt is of striped grey and white *Poile de chèvre*. It is trimmed at the bottom by three *biais* flounces, the lower one much deeper than the other two. These flounces are put on so that the direction of the stripes is reversed, and the upper one has a narrow heading. The upper-skirt is of violet-colored French-merino: it consists of two distinct parts, both round and edged by a flounce put on with a narrow heading. The front part is arranged in a few pleats starting from the waist, and the back part falls plain in the centre, and is caught up in pleats at the sides which disappear under those of the *tablier*. Falling over the back of this skirt, are two tabs of the grey and white *poile de chèvre*: they are rounded at the outer edges, which are trimmed by frills. The *Corsage* is also of the *poile de chèvre*. It has short square *basques*, cut up in the centre of back, and edged at the bottom by frills headed by three bands of violet velvet ribbon, which are carried up the back opening, and also up the edges of front openings, forming the trimming of a turned-down collar. The sleeves are wide at wrists, and are edged by frills headed by the bands of violet velvet ribbon. Straw Hat, trimmed by black ribbon.

This elegant Costume for a Young Lady, is from the MAISON CHARAVEL, *rue de Richelieu, Paris.*

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PLATE THE SECOND.

COSTUME FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of striped grey and white mohair. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a very broad flounce partly covered by a much narrower one, headed by a *biais* band of sky-blue merino. At a little distance above, is a similar flounce. The upper skirt is of white cashmere or flannel. It is edged by a white woollen fringe headed by a band of sky-blue merino having at each side a black cording. This skirt is caught up at the sides and fastened by cords and tassels, causing it to be *bouffante* at the back, where it falls much deeper than in front. The Paletot is of white cashmere or flannel, and is lined by sky-blue flannel, which is carried down beneath the curved vandykes into which the bottom edge of the Paletot is cut: in each of these vandykes an anchor is represented by black braid of two different widths. The braid at the edges, is carried up the edges of front openings, and serves to trim the collar and *revers*, in each point of which an anchor is represented. The Paletot closes by a single button at the neck, and the fronts of the lining are left loose and may at pleasure be fastened by a row of white buttons. The bottom edge of the blue lining is trimmed by fringe headed by a narrow twisted black gimp. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists, and are vandyked and arranged to accord in every way with the other portions of the Paletot. Small round straw Hat, trimmed by black ribbon, and having the brim turned up and lined by sky-blue silk.

This elegant Toilette for the Sea-side, is from the MAISON BOUDET, *Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris. We give the pattern of Paletot full-sized.*

SEA-SIDE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of pale Havannah colored Alpaca. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce, edged by five *rouleaux* of Havannah velvet of a darker shade: the flounce is headed by a band of velvet ribbon of the same color, above which is an upright pleated frill edged by two *rouleaux*. Above the flounce, the skirt is trimmed by bands of dark Havannah velvet ribbon, arranged perpendicularly, and put on very near to each other so as to represent stripes. The upper skirt consists of three separate pieces, one piece forming the front or *tablier*, and the other two pieces forming the sides, and meeting in the middle of back. In the middle of back there are two pointed *revers*, and there are also two *revers* at each side, at the places where the *tablier* joins the *bouffant*, and these *revers* serve to raise the skirt *en bouffant*. By this arrangement there are two *revers* at the back, and two at each side, all these pieces (with the *revers*), being trimmed by a frill edged by two *rouleaux* and headed by a band of dark Havannah velvet. The *Corsage* has *basques*, cut open at the back and similarly trimmed. It has also a round hood, the inside of which is trimmed by bands of dark Havannah velvet. The frills are continued from the *basques*, up the front of *corsage*, but in a reversed position, and accompanied by the bands of Havannah velvet ribbon. The *rouleaux* by which the frills of the *basques* are edged, are carried up the centre of back, terminating under a group of bows and floating ends of Havannah velvet ribbon just below the hood. The neck is trimmed by small vandykes, and the sleeves which are large at wrists, are edged by frills like those on the upper skirt, and also have in front, double *revers* similarly trimmed. Small white lace Bonnet, trimmed by pink ribbon.

This Costume is from MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR, *Regent Street.*

COSTUME FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of grey Alpaca. It is trimmed at the bottom by a flounce of *mauve* merino arranged in large pleats, headed by five *rouleaux* of grey alpaca, above which is a narrow upright quilling of *mauve* merino. The bottom of the flounce is bound by grey alpaca. The upper skirt is of *mauve* merino: it is round, is hollowed out at the sides, and is edged by three *rouleaux* of grey alpaca, above which is an upright pleated frill of the same. At each side is a slightly gathered seam, on which are placed at equal distances, three *papillon* bows of grey alpaca, crossed by bands of *mauve* merino. The *corsage* is of grey alpaca. It has *basques*, which form deep points at the back; it is also slightly pointed at the sides and in front, and edged by a quilling of *mauve* merino bound by grey alpaca. Near the end of the back point is a *papillon* bow of *mauve* merino, bound and crossed by the grey alpaca, and at the back and front of waist (on the *ceinture*), are placed similar bows. The back point serves to raise the upper skirt, which is fastened to it, forming pleats. Starting from the bow at the back of waist, a sort of pelerine of *mauve* merino, pointed back and front, is carried across the shoulders, and is edged by three *rouleaux* of grey alpaca; this cape or pelerine is cut down in a pointed form both at the back and front of neck, showing the *corsage* itself, the opening being trimmed by a frill of the *mauve* merino edged with grey. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists, and are edged by pleated frills of *mauve* merino, bound by grey alpaca, and headed by *rouleaux* of the same material, with the upright *mauve* quilling; just below the elbows are *papillon* bows of *mauve* merino, bound and crossed by grey alpaca. Grey felt Hat, trimmed by pale green silk gauze, and scarlet poppies.

This Costume is designed by MADAME ELISE.

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of white Tarlatan. The front of the skirt is partially covered by a very deep flounce of rose-colored silk arranged in pleats, and extending about half the length of skirt. The upper part is covered by a round *tablier* of

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white tarlatan also pleated, and edged at the bottom by two, and at the sides by one frill of white lace, all headed by a band of rose colored ribbon, and also by four *bouillons* of white tarlatan separated by bands of the rose ribbon. The back portion of the skirt is arranged as follows: at the bottom are two large *bouillons* of white tarlatan, above which are two broad flounces, deeper in the centre than at the sides, and each edged by a fluted frill of rose-colored silk, surmounted by a *bouillon* of tarlatan, and by a narrow band of rose-colored ribbon and an upright quilling of silk. This trimming (excepting the large flûted frill), is carried up the sides of the flounces, which are fastened to those of the *tablier* and of the broad flounce of silk, by *bouquets* of pink and white geraniums. The upper part of the skirt is covered at the back, by a large *pièce bouffante*, the bottom edge of which is trimmed like the two flounces already described, and the sides of which are caught up and fastened to the upper part of the *tablier*, by *bouquets* of geraniums. The *ceinture* is fastened at the back by a group of bows, and the *corsage* is trimmed *en bertha*, to accord with the other portions of the dress. On each shoulder is placed a *bouquet* of geraniums.

This Costume is designed for Messrs. Gask & Gask, *Oxford Street. The Corsage may be cut from our second pattern for last month.*

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of white tarlatan. At the bottom of the lower skirt is a *flûted* flounce edged by a band of sky-blue satin ribbon, and falling over the top of it, is a frill of *blonde*. Above this *blonde* frill appears the bottom of a *bouillon* of white tarlatan, the remainder of which is concealed by a second flounce like that already described. The upper skirt is deeper at the back than in front, and is edged by a flounce of *blonde*. At the back it is nearly covered by narrow *flûted* flounces, ten in number, and each edged by a band of sky-blue satin ribbon. At the sides of the skirt the number of flounces is diminished to eight, while in front there are only five, and these are divided into two groups, the lower group containing three, and the upper group, two flounces: above the upper flounce at front, sides, and back, is a cut *rûche* of white tarlatan, and the lower group in front is similarly headed. Falling over the sides and back of this skirt are three large *biais* pieces of blue satin, which start from the waist, and reach to the bottom of the upper skirt, the central piece being much deeper than the others. The middle of each piece forms a deep pleat, pointed at the end and trimmed by three frills of white *blonde*, while the remaining portions, which appear at each side of the pleats, are trimmed by four, instead of three frills. The *Ceinture* is of sky-blue satin ribbon, and is fastened at the back by a group of bows with two long floating pointed ends, edged by single frills of *blonde*. The *Corsage* is trimmed by a *bertha*, composed of sky-blue satin *bouillonnée* and edged by a frill of *blonde*, and on each shoulder, as well as on the chest, is placed a knot of ribbon.

This very elegant Ball Toilette is designed for Messrs. Gask & Gask.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of amber silk: *Sortie du Bal* of white satin. It is of the round Talma form, with armholes, and pleats at the back; it is almost entirely covered by a large pelerine of similar shape, and which is left open in the centre of back and falls over the armholes. The edge of the *Sortie du Bal* and those of the pelerine are trimmed by frills of white *blonde*, headed by satin *rûches*, above which appear narrow upright frills of *blonde*. The back openings of the Pelerine are united by *papillon* bows of white satin ribbon, and the frills and *rûchings* are carried across the shoulders and fastened by a similar bow on the chest, and together with the trimmings from the neck, imitate a sort of pointed cape.

This elegant Ball Costume is designed for Messrs. Swan & Edgar, 46, *Regent Street.*

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of Havannah brown silk; the skirt is *en train*, and is trimmed by a very broad *flûted* flounce. The tight-fitting *Casaque* is of black *gros grain* silk. The skirt is cut open to the back and front of waist, and is closed by rows of black and white buttons. The bottom edge is trimmed by white *guipure* lace, beneath which, appear at equal distances, tufts of long white fringe. The lace is headed by a *biais* band of the black silk, above which are three bands of *guipure* insertion, each (excepting the upper row), headed by a *biais* band of the silk. The skirt of the *Casaque* is caught up at each side, and fastened at the waist by bows of black velvet ribbon, having two long floating ends. Starting from the neck, a long square-shaped tab of the *guipure* lace falls over the back of the *corsage*; it is terminated by three tufts of fringe. Two tufts are carried up the centre of this tab, and three appear at the neck, from which point the lace is carried over the shoulders and down each side of front opening to the waist, a tuft of fringe being placed on it in front of each shoulder, and at a little distance below these, is placed at each side a knot of black velvet ribbon. The lace at the bottom of the skirt, is carried up each side the front row of buttons as far as the waist. The sleeves are wide at wrists, and are edged by the white *guipure* with tufts of fringe, and have also the bands of *guipure* and of black silk. Straw Hat, trimmed by yellow ribbon and scarlet poppies.

This elegant Costume is designed for Messrs. Gask & Gask, *Oxford Street.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of white muslin, The lower skirt, which is worn over a *jupon* of pink silk, is trimmed at the bottom by a flounce,

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the upper part covered by a frill of white *blonde* headed by a *bouillon* of white muslin, through which is passed a pink ribbon also *bouillonnée*, and above this, is a narrow edging of white lace. At a little distance above, is another frill of *blonde* similarly headed. The front of the skirt is also trimmed by three rosettes of pink ribbon. The upper skirt is open *en tunique* in front, and is worn over a second *tunique* of pink silk, which appears below the muslin skirt, both in frout and at the back, and is edged by a *fluted* trimming of pink tarlatan, The muslin skirt is edged by a frill of white *blonde* headed by the muslin and ribbon *bouillonnée*: it is caught up at each side and fastened by knots of pink ribbon. The *corsage* is of white muslin, and is worn over a low body of pink silk, trimmed at the top by a quilling of tarlatan, and having a rosette on the chest. It forms a few pleats round the waist, is open in front, and is trimmed by the frills of lace and *bouillons* with pink ribbon, continued from the upper skirt, and which are carried round the neck. The *ceinture* is of pink ribbon, and is fastened at the back by a group of bows. The sleeves are open at wrists, and are trimmed like the other portions of the dress.

This Costume is by Mdme Breant Castel.

COSTUME FOR THE CARRIAGE OR FOR A FLOWER SHOW.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à trois jupes*. The lower skirt is of grey *Poult de Soie*. It is trimmed at the bottom by a flounce put on with a heading. The lower edge of this flounce is cut in vandykes and bound by sky-blue *poult de soie*, below which appears a pleating of the same material. At equal distances round the flounce, are introduced pieces of the blue *poult de soie* in the form of reversed V's, and each piece headed by a group of four bows with two small pointed ends placed upwards, these bows and ends being formed of the grey *poult de soie* and bound by blue. The second skirt is of sky-blue *poult de soie*: it is round at the back, is caught up *en bouffant* at the sides, and is open and square in front. It is edged by a narrow quilling. The third or upper skirt is of grey *poult de soie*. It is cut up the centre of back to the waist, and is also cut up at the sides where it slightly wraps over the front portion of the skirt, which is open and slightly rounded. The whole of this skirt, is edged by a vandyked piece of the *poult de soie*, put on with a heading, and bound with blue. At the top of each side opening is placed a group of bows, similarly bound, and which serve to raise it *en bouffant*. At the back of this skirt is a group of bows, and the vandyked pieces by which it is edged, are continued up each side the centre of back, over the shoulders, and down the sides of front to the waist, where they join those by which the front edges of the skirt are trimmed. The spaces between these vandyked pieces, are filled in at the back by a plain piece of the sky-blue *poult de soie*, and in front by a *flûted* trimming continued from the second skirt. At the front of neck is a group of four bows and two short pointed ends of grey *poult de soie*, bound by blue. The sleeves are large and open at the wrists, are cut up at the back, and edged by the vandyked pieces, beneath which appears the sky-blue *poult de soie*. Small round Hat of black ribbon, lace, and white flowers.

This Costume is designed for Messrs. Gask.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1 is a round Cap composed of a puff of white muslin. It is surrounded by a *rûche* of black lace, having in the centre a *rouleau* of rose-colored ribbon, beneath which appears a narrow frill of white lace. At the back is a broad, pointed tab edged by a flounce of white lace partly covered by black lace, and starting from a group of bows of rose-colored ribbon with floating ends. At the left side, near the back is a second group of bows. This cap is from the Belgian Lace Co., 202, *Regent Street*.

No. 2 is a Bonnet of sky-blue *crèpe*. It is hollowed out at the back and the inside of front is trimmed by blue *tûlle*, and by a black velvet *bandeau*. The bonnet is crossed by folds of blue *tûlle*, of which the *brides* also are formed, accompanied by strings of blue ribbon: at the back are two long loops and a floating end of ribbon, and the top and sides of the bonnet are trimmed by an ostrich feather. It is designed for Messrs. Gask and Gask, *Oxford Street*.

No, 3 is a pink *crèpe* Bonnet, having a crown and a curtain. It is edged by two *biais* bands of pink *crèpe*, between which is a narrow *rouleau*, and at the back is a ribbon covered by *tûlle*, slightly *bouillonnée* at the top of the bonnet. Inside the front is a *rûche* of pink *tûlle*, on a foundation of ribbon. The right side is trimmed by a white ostrich feather, which crosses the top and falls slightly over the left side, which is trimmed by a *bouquet* of rose-buds and foliage At the left side near the back, is placed a long loop with a floating end of pink ribbon, and at the back is a spray of white flowers, with a lappet of pink *tûlle*. Strings of pink ribbon. This bonnet is from Messrs. Gask & Gask.

No. 4 is a *fanchon* Bonnet of black silk, the left side of which is shown on fig. 12; the inside is trimmed by a *rûche* of black lace, in the centre of which is a small group of golden buttercups with green leaves. Near the brim is a frill of white lace, and the right side is also trimmed by a broader frill, accompanied by bands of black silk which are carried to the back, terminating in bows and floating ends, accompanied by a trail of leaves and a golden bud, continued from the *bouquet* of golden butter-cups by which the front of the bonnet is trimmed. Black strings, edged at one side by white lace, which is also carried across the back edge of the bonnet, forming a sort of curtain. It is by Messrs. Gask &Gask *Oxford Street*.

No. 5 is a Bonnet of sky-blue *crèpe*; it is hollowed out at the back, and the brim is turned up in front and covered by sky-blue *tûlle bouillonnée*. The inside of front is trimmed by a

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rûche of the *tûlle*. The bonnet is trimmed all round, by a garland of reddish green rose-leaves, and above it are two full blown roses covered by sky-blue *tûlle*, which is continued at each side to form the *brides*, accompanied by strings of blue ribbon. At the left side is a large knot of similar ribbon, with three long loops, and a single floating end which falls at the back. This bonnet is designed for the Establishment of MADAME PARSONS, 92, *Regent Street*.

No. 6 is a *Toque* HAT, covered by a drapery of black *crépe-lisse*; and having a very narrow brim covered by a pleated frill of the same material. In front is placed (near the top,) a *bouquet* of rose-buds and foliage, with a branch, and a black ostrich feather falling to the right side. On the top of the hat is a full blown rose, covered by spotted *tûlle* edged by lace, and which terminates in a lappet at the back, accompanied by a trail of rose-leaves and a bud. At the left side, near the back, is a spray of bright jet leaves which serves to fasten the drapery. This Hat is from MESSRS GASK & GASK.

No. 7 is a SLEEVE trimmed by embroidered muslin of a star pattern. It is cut up at the back of the arm, the opening being at first straight and afterwards taking an oblique form towards the elbow. The sleeve is trimmed by a frill of *valenciennes* lace, which is arranged in pleats up the opening, where it forms the edging of a sort of small frill of *valenciennes* lace insertion. The lower part of the sleeves is trimmed by a band of the *valenciennes* insertion. This sleeve is from D. MEVAN'S, *Regent Street*.

No. 8 is a white muslin APRON, fastened by a band of rose-colored ribbon. It is nearly square-shaped, and is trimmed by vandykes formed of pleats of the muslin, and each edged by narrow lace. This trimming is headed by a band of lace insertion, at a little distance above which, is a second and similar band. There are two pockets of lace insertion; and forming points at the bottom, each headed by two of the muslin vandykes and trimmed by a small group of bows of rose-colored ribbon. Below these pockets are two *chevrons* of lace insertion, and in each corner of the apron are bows and ends of ribbon. This elegant addition to a Lady's toilette is from the BELGIAN LACE COMPANY.

No. 9 is a white chip BONNET, having the brim turned-up in front and covered by black lace. The inside of front is also trimmed by bows of sky-blue ribbon. At the back are bows of similar ribbon, and two long floating ends. The front of the bonnet is trimmed by a *bouquet* of *marguerites*, a branch of which is carried over the top, and another to the left side. Strings of sky-blue ribbon.

No. 10 is a BONNET of Italian straw, it is hollowed out at the back, and has the brim slightly turned up in front, and lined with *jonquille* silk. A double band of *jonquille* ribbon is carried all round the bonnet. The inside of front is trimmed by a *rûche* of white *tûlle*, in the centre of which is a rose-bud surrounded by black lace. At the left side is a full blown rose, and at the top is a group of buds, the whole mixed with black lace, which also forms the trimming of the right side of the bonnet. At the back are bows of *jonquille* ribbon. The *brides* are of similar ribbon, edged at one side by black lace, which is also carried along the edges of the hollowed out portion. This and the preceding bonnet is from MESSRS GASK.

No. 11 is a rice straw HAT. It is cut up at the back, and is trimmed by folds of *mauve crèpe* terminating in a lappet at the back, accompanied by three loops of *mauve* ribbon. The hat is also surrounded by a garland of eglantine, and at the top is a *mauve* ostrich feather, with a white *aigrette*. *Brides* of *mauve* ribbon. This Hat is by MDME. LOUISE, 292, *Regent Street*.

No. 12 represents the right side of No. 4, the golden flowers being replaced by *Marguerites* and ivy leaves with berries.

STUART KEITH'S HERITAGE.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER III.

BASIL'S CONFESSION.

The sun had gone down behind the stately Heathcott Towers, but its rays yet lingered in purple and crimson glory on the meadows sloping down to the stream which separated the Towers from Trent Place.

On the rustic iron bridge which formed the uniting link between the two domains, stood Basil Keith.—To outward appearance doing nothing, that is, idle save for smoking a cigar. But Basil was thinking still the same old thoughts, though a year had gone by since such thoughts began, but other newer ideas were added to the old ones. It will be no marvel to the reader when I tell him that the master of Trent Place looked much older than when summer last ruled the land. Close thinking *does* age a person, and Basil Keith, though he is my hero, was amenable to all the laws of nature even as other men, heroes only in private life, and not always then. The new thoughts which visit Basil's mind are more wearing than the original ones, for where once he sighed vaguely for something intangibly lost, such as the love and faith of early youth, he now sighs with real bitterness for a tangible blessing he does not inspire to, the love of Ursula Hay. Even so. The man had trodden out with strong determination the old love, the dead-and gone sorrow, and had lived a calm life, built out of the relics. He had kept himself aloof from the world and its follies, he had taken his ease in the broad fields of intellect and science, and after all life had grown into this! Over again the same mental fevers, the same physical

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wretchedness, the same miserable hoping and fearing.——"No," he said, "not hoping, I am at least too old and wise for that."

It was true, he did not hope, he suffered instead. Day by day he saw her, growing more and more to perfect womanhood in mind and person, and day by day he schooled himself to say, "She is for some younger man, Stuart perhaps." Sometimes it was easy to say it, remembering the young man's true-hearted love for himself, but again it was gall and wormwood; he was not *quite* old. Day by day he waited to hear Stuart say, "Basil, I have asked Ursula to be my wife, and she loves me." Yet day by day had passed, and Stuart still held his peace. Then came the day when we find Basil on the bridge. In the midst of his musing, he raised his eyes, and saw on the slope beyond him, the twain so often in his thoughts, Stuart and Ursula. They were in earnest conversation he could see even at that distance. Waves of sorrow came over the watcher's heart, as he looked at them, himself hidden by the branches of a pink blossomed hawthorn which spread over half the bridge. Sorrow, but no envy, no jealousy, no anger at his supposed rival. The years of close fellowship and earnest love between Basil and his heir were too deep and long, and had woven their hearts too closely for such a thing as this to break their friendship. In all his sorrow too, he acknowledged the justice of the thing. "I am old," he reasoned, "my day is over, Stuart's is but begun. I played my cards and lost. My boy is playing his, and"— he paused, then added firmly, "I pray God he may win."

In that prayer, perished the last of Basil Keith's repinings. He was henceforth to be content in seeing the happiness of others. The sunshine was not for him. Looking again to the slope, he became aware that Stuart was walking towards the bridge above. In the distance he caught the last receding flutter of Ursula's dress disappearing among the trees. In another minute Stuart stood by his side. The young man's face was pale with emotion, and his eyes were cast down as he approached.

"Well, Stuart?" said Basil questioningly.

"It is all over," replied his nephew. "Ursula has refused me."

"Refused you!" There came a pause. Both men stood on the iron bridge, looking moodily into the water. The pause lengthened, each was busy with his own thoughts.

Lights and shadows alternated on Basil's face, but Stuart's was all dark disappointment.

At length Basil spoke, in a tremulous, hesitating way.

"You had my good wishes, Stuart."

"I know that," replied the young man.

"I would have sacrificed much for your happiness," continued Basil. "I have sacrificed more than you think."

"What do you mean?" asked Stuart Keith quickly.

"Stuart, my boy," said his uncle. Look in my face, does it tell you nothing?"

Stuart Keith looked at the worn lined face before him, and paused. At last he said doubtfully.

"Surely, Basil, you do not love her too?"

Basil Keith bowed his face in his hands. He felt humiliated that this boy, who lay in the cradle while his first battle was fought, should come now to see his hopeless misery, his foolish love. Even though Stuart had just pleaded his love in vain.

Had it been otherwise, had his nephew won the love of his mistress, neither he or any other living soul would have heard the story of Basil's heart. But now Basil thought since Stuart was to be no rival, he would at least try for the only thing which had the power to beautify his life. The man woke in him, in concert with the lover, and urged him to try, even if he failed. If beaten, he should at least remember with satisfaction that he had done his best. Thus inwardly resolving, Basil Keith turned to communicate his intention to his nephew,—his heir. Suddenly he thought of this, and a great agony smote him. *If*, and the doubt intimated a chance of success,—if this girl became his wife, and an heir was born to him, where were the prospects, so long ago formed for his nephew? Where? Was the lad to begin the world alone, unfitted? A great strait to be in, and the cold perspiration broke suddenly on his forehead at the thought. He remembered how steadily he had refused his consent to Stuart's embracing any profession, in those far away days of his first hopelessness, thinking the lad would be all in all to him, since his faith in woman was over.

He had been the cause that his nephew stood to-day with nothing in his right hand to earn his bread, and was he to be the cause of his heritage passing from him? Never. But over the stormy mind of Basil Keith came the memory of the fair young face of his loved one. If *she* loved him. Might he not wrong her too? Into the midst of this painful musing came the clear voice of young Stuart.

"Basil," he said, "try your luck with her."

Then the secret came out. In a few rapid

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passionate words Basil Keith told the st ruggles of his mind. Stuart heard him quietly to the end, and then said,

"Basil, we don't know. Disappointment may await you as well as me. Let us put Trent Place and its belongings out of the question. You must find out if it is to have a mistress, before you distress yourself about my lost heritage."

Basil smiled faintly, and Stuart continued—

"Go to Miss Hay, old fellow, and ask her to have you. You will find her candid and truthful, if she loves you, she will say "*yes*" without any nonsense, and if she doesn't she'll put you out of your misery at once by saying "no," most decidedly, though very gently, as she did just now to me."

"I will take your advice, Stuart," replied his uncle.

No more words passed between them for a few minutes, then Basil pressed his hand heavily on Stuart's shoulder, and said,

"I am going to Heathcott Towers, my boy, to try my chance. Come into the library when I return. And before I go," Basil Keith hesitated. "Before I go will you wish me success, Stuart?"

"That I will, Stuart," answered the young man warmly, and grasped his uncle's hand.

"God speed you."

So they parted, the elder man taking the meadow-path towards Heathcott Towers to learn his fate, and the younger remaining on the bridge to muse on his own disappointment.

"But," he said to himself, "if Basil can win her, and he is ten times more worthy of her than I am, I shall not feel so grieved at my own loss, and though I am not quite man enough to be happy in daily witnessing their bliss, I daresay I shall be man enough to make myself a new, and perhaps a better life far away from Trent Place, and do more good in the world than if my cup had had this crowning blessing."

Brave Stuart Keith! If the two little circles on the merry stream were made by two heavy tears that fell from his bright eyes, he was not the less manly for that. This had been a bitter disappointment.

CHAPTER IV.

STUART KEITH'S HERITAGE.

Stuart read success in Basil Keith's face before he had uttered a word concerning his interview with Miss Hay. Ursula loved him, had accepted him.

"And now, Basil," said the young man earnestly, "for the sake of our past friendship, our present love, let me ask you something. Help me all you can to get an honest living, but never let me hear a word more concerning my heritage that was to be. In token of my sincerity, I here heartily pray God that your union may be blessed with children, loving and good, as you have been to me; as I would have—as I will be," added he correcting himself. "God bless you, Basil."

They grasped each other's hands, and from that day henceforth for ever, no mention was made between them of Stuart Keith's heritage.

* * * * *

Children, many and fair, loving and good, as Stuart Keith had wished, were born to Basil Keith and Ursula his wife. During their infancy and childhood "Cousin Stuart" was far away winning honest wealth, but when Basil's eldest born came of age, there was present at the rejoicings, a grave, sunburnt man who was never weary of looking at the young heir who was called "Stuart" after his cousin. Stuart Keith settled down among them, and died a bachelor, but he lived to see the day when Trent Place became in truth the younger Stuart Keith's Heritage.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Our present review of the Exhibition will comprise the Lace work of various kinds, and the collection of Fans, which are displayed in the Western Galleries of the building; the best way of reaching this portion of the Exhibition being by the entrances in the Prince Albert Road. We have noticed some exquisite specimens of lace work, especially a dress made in the Philippine Islands, and lent by Lady Fox. Among the many beautiful specimens of pillow lace, is a fan mount of an exquisite design, "*Children of the Sea*," by Sarah Prince. Honiton lace is well represented, especially in handkerchiefs; one (No. 3840), being remarkably beautiful. There is a very fine specimen of Shetland wool work in a veil, No. 3821, and we were attracted by an elegant robe, manufactured in crochet lace, the invention of Mdlle. Riego and used for the *Berceaunette* of Prince Albert Victor of Wales. The Modern Point lace, (in imitation of Greek and of Brussels lace), is also extremely beautiful. Much artistic taste and talent are displayed in the collection of Fans. Among the painted ones, "*a Skating Scene*," by H. R. H. the Princess Louise, is prominent for its elegance, and also as being a prize design. Several prize fans of various subjects are well worthy of the distinction. A beautiful French fan No. 2457, is especially to be remarked. The handle is of painted ivory, the design of the fan is roses and forget-me-nots, painted on a ground of white satin, and ornamented with white lace. The subject is "*En Printemps*," the artists being Rebours and Douzel. The lace fan-mounts are very varied and beautiful, and some exquisite specimens in carved ivory and mother of pearl are exhibited. A very attractive portion of this Exhibition is the display of jewellery, but our present space does not enable us to speak at large on this subject, nor of the wonderful and gorgeous specimens of gold and silver work in the Indian Court; but we intend to do so in our next number.

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September 1871

Plate I

LONDON AND PARIS

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 489. SEPTEMBER, 1871. Vol. 44.

Observations

ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1871.

In our present Number, according to our usual custom, we commence the series of costumes, suited to the early Autumn season, some of which are selected from London and others from Parisian houses. It will be seen that the Parisian style has gained a little in simplicity, but has not lost any of its elegance. It is in strong contrast to the style which prevailed during the later period of the Empire, which was a little approaching the extravagant, so closely indeed sometimes, as almost to transgress the bounds of good taste. The actual Parisian style however, is not in reality, very different from that which prevails at the present time in England,

Sleeves are now made in every variety of form, as will be seen on referring to our plates. The Pagoda, and the slightly *bouffante* sleeve with frills, being very fashionable. Some sleeves are made not so large, with *bouillons* at the top, similar to our full-sized pattern. This last style is well suited to ladies with sloping shoulders, and being closer fitting at wrists, is more generally useful.

The Parisians are gradually discarding the large *bouffants* at the back of dress skirts. *Tabliers* either square or round, and open *tuniques* are all equally fashionable.

Flounces at the bottom of dress skirts, are very general, but they are not set on very full. Some skirts of very rich materials will, (when of new and brilliant colors), be made without trimming. As to length, Morning dresses are made with the very smallest amount of train, and are cut just to clear the ground. The exception to this rule as to smallness of train, is found in the skirts of Ball-dresses, which are generally more developed at the back.

THE FULL-SIZED PATTERNS.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams NEED NOT *be allowed for in cutting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

We give TWO patterns with our present Number:—A Lady's *Corsage a basques*, and a high body for a little girl, the pieces composing the latter being indicated by one round hole in each.

Our *first* pattern is a new and elegant PRINCESSE BODY WITH BASQUES, which may also be used for a *Casaque* to be made *en suite* with a dress for out-door wear. The appearance of the front when made up is shown by fig 2 of plate 2. The pattern is for a Lady rather over the average size, measuring about 36½ inches round the chest, or if used as a *Casaque*, (that is to say, worn over another dress), it would be suited for a lady of the general size. The pattern consists of 6 pieces, viz.:—Front, side-piece, back, *Postillion* or Jockey skirt, Sleeve, and *bouillon* of sleeve, which pieces we will now describe separately.

The Front has the pleat which is taken out to define the figure indicated by pricked lines; the side piece is of the usual form, and the back is left open in the middle as far as the waist, the top of opening being indicated by a notch. This opening is to be filled in by a small square pleated Jockey or *postillion* skirt, also left open in the middle of back.

This *postillion* consists of a small square piece, the notch near one corner indicating the bottom part of the side of the *postillion*, and the cuts and pricked line indicating the pleats, the manner of forming which we will now describe;—it is to be folded along the pricked line, and the cuts at the top and bottom of this line are to be brought over, so as to lay on the two other cuts which are nearer the middle of back, which as we before said is to be left open. The bottom side corner of *postillion* (indicated by the notch), is to be fastened to the rounded corner of back, at the place indicated on the back by the small pricked cross (⋮): while the top or waist seam of *postillion*, including the pleat before formed, is to be gathered (underneath), into the short line, marked by pricking near the notch in the middle of back at the waist level.

Underneath this *Postillion* are again to be placed large rounded *basques paniers*, left open in the middle of back, where they are pointed, and rounded well off at sides.

The sleeve consists of two portions, the close fitting under part, and the *bouffant* or *bouillon*, which goes round the armhole as shown on colored engraving. On this *bouillon* we have marked by pricking the shape of the under-side, which is, it will be seen, smaller than the upper side. This *bouillon*, to obtain a good fit should have several small pleats made in the front seam, where we have indicated them by pricking.

Our readers will find full information as to the making up and also the trimming of the Body, in the description of fig. 2 plate 2.

Our *second* pattern is a HIGH DRESS BODY FOR A

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LITTLE GIRL, about 7 or 8 years old: it consists of back, side-piece, and front, all marked by a round hole in the centre, and sleeve, of which we give a small portion of the top part only, to indicate the shape of the arm-hole; the sleeve is to be lengthened as required, and may be made either narrow or wide at wrists according to taste.

Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

COSTUME FOR HOME

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of blue *Poult de Soie*. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce, falling over the top part of which, is a narrow flounce of black lace, headed by a band of black velvet ribbon, above which is a narrow upright frill of black lace, and a pleated frill of the blue *Poult de soie*. The upper skirt is open to the waist both at the back and in front, and is edged by a flounce of black lace, headed by a band of black velvet ribbon, above which is a broader band. The bottom of this skirt is also trimmed by a row of perpendicular tabs of velvet ribbon, which start from the second and broader band just named. The skirt is caught up at the sides, and slightly at the back so as to form a small *bouffant*. The *corsage* (the front of which is described in plate 4, fig. 3,) is *à basques*, the *basques* forming a very deep rounded point at the back. The shoulders are trimmed by a *bertha* composed of black lace headed by a *biais* band of the *Poult de soie*, between two bands of black velvet ribbon, with a narrow upright frill of lace. This *berthâ* forms a point in front, and also at the back, from the centre of which the lace and bands of velvet ribbon, &c. are carried down to the waist, and continued to the extremity of the back of *basque*, and from whence the lace is turned under, and is carried round the edges of *basques*, accompanied by the three bands. The sleeves are wide at wrists and are trimmed to accord with the other portions of this Costume.

This dress is designed by one of our first Artistes *for* MESSRS. GASK & GASK *of Oxford St.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of olive green silk. The lower skirt has a flounce at the bottom put on with a heading. The upper skirt consists of three broad rounded pieces, one forming the back, and the two others which are deeper, forming the sides (the front being left open *en tunique*). All these pieces are trimmed at the bottom edges by a frill of the green silk, headed by two *biais* bands. The *Talma* Mantle is of black velvet, and has a large outer cape or Pelerine which nearly covers it. The *Talma* is cut open for a little distance in the centre of back, and the bottom edge is trimmed by a deep tassel-fringe, headed by a band of black satin, at a little distance above which, is a row of gimp; the band of satin and the gimp, are carried up the edges of the back opening. The upper portion of Pelerine, is cut open in the centre of back as far as the neck, and is trimmed all round and up the sides of this opening, by the tassel-fringe, satin band, and gimp. In the space between the sides of opening, are placed three *papillon* bows of black satin, graduated in size, and to the bottom one are attached two tassels. The arms pass through arm-holes made in the *Talma*, these arm-holes being covered by the Pelerine. Black velvet Bonnet, trimmed by black and white ostrich feathers, &c.

This Costume is from the MAISON BOUDET, *Boulevard de la Madeleine.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of ruby-silk. It is trimmed by a broad flounce, falling over the top of which, is a pleated frill, headed by a double *biais* band. This pleated frill and *biais* band are twice repeated at intervals, and are alternated by the bands only, the whole of the trimming extending to about half way up the skirt. The upper skirt is of grey silk: it consists of three distinct pieces; the front forms a large *tablier* rounded at the sides, and edged by a pleated flounce. At the bottom of the *tablier* this flounce is headed by a double *biais* band of the ruby-silk, above which are placed, at equal distances, four similar bands. The sides of the *tablier* are arranged in undulating folds; the upper portion, which is twice visible on account of these folds, being lined by ruby silk, and showing a band of similar silk as a heading to the flounce. On the under portion, the flounce is headed by two *biais* bands of the grey silk. The back of the skirt forms a rounded *bouffant* and is edged by a pleated frill, above which are two *biais* bands. The upper part of the *bouffant* is covered by a deep, pointed piece similarly edged. At each side of the waist, are two loops and a long floating end composed of ruby silk, the extremity of the floating end being pointed and trimmed by a frill of grey silk, headed by two *biais* bands of the same material. At the back of waist are bows and two short ends of the ruby silk. The *Corsage* is partly composed of grey and partly of ruby silk. The lower portion, which is of grey silk, is cut (*en Princesse*), in one with the piece already described as falling over the *bouffant*. It forms a point in front and also at the back, and is trimmed by a pleated frill headed by a *biais* band of ruby silk, and by a narrow upright frill of grey silk. On the chest is placed a *papillon* bow of ruby silk, of which the upper part of *corsage* is composed. The sleeves are of grey silk. They are round and open at the wrists, and are cut open at the back of the arms, and they are edged by pleated frills headed by two *biais* bands of ruby silk; at the top of the openings are *papillon* bows of similar silk.

This Costume is from MDME. DURIEZ, 8, *rue Halevy.*

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PLATE THE SECOND.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The under skirt is of grey Poplin. The Bottom is trimmed by a *biais* band headed by a *rouleau* of sky-blue silk. The upper-skirt is of sky-blue silk. It is open in front, and consists of three distinct portions: the two sides, which are slightly *bouffantes*, having pointed *revers*: and the back, which forms a larger *bouffant*, being rounded at the bottom and having two smaller *revers*. The bottom edge, and those of the *revers*, are trimmed by a tassel-fringe headed by a gimp. The back and front of *corsage*, as well as the upper portion of it, are of the grey Poplin, and the sides are of sky-blue silk arranged *à bretelles* edged by fringe and gimp. The front is fastened by a row of sky-blue buttons, which are continued down the front of skirt. The sleeves are nearly tight-fitting and are of grey poplin, trimmed at the wrists by single *rouleaux* of sky blue silk. White felt Hat, trimmed by sky-blue velvet ribbon.

This Costume is by MAISON CHARAVEL, *Rue de Richelieu.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of pale Havannah-colored *Faille*. The front of the skirt is trimmed by three pleated frills slightly festooned. These frills are graduated in width as they approach the waist, and are each headed by a much narrower frill formed of smaller pleats, surmounted by a *biais* band. They are terminated at each side by bows and floating ends of the same material, each of the floating ends being terminated by a narrow pleated frill. The bows which terminate the two lower rows of trimming, are each accompanied by three floating ends, while those on the upper row have two only. Starting from the sides *of the lower frill*, a deep pleated flounce is carried round the bottom of the skirt; it is headed by a narrow pleated frill, above which is a *biais* band and also an upright frill formed of larger pleats. The *Corsage Princesse* has very deep *basques*, square-shaped in front, and rounded off at the back, leaving an open space filled in as will be described. These *basques* are edged by a pleated frill partly covered by a narrower one of smaller pleats, and headed by a *biais* band, and the frills and *biais* bands are carried up the edges of front openings and continued up the fronts of *corsage* and round the neck. The sleeves are trimmed at the top by *bouffants* terminated by narrow frills. At the wrists are similar frills, pointed cuffs being imitated by frills formed of the larger pleats, and headed by *biais* bands. Under the back of skirt appears another deep rounded *basque*, slightly *bouffante*, left open in the middle, and edged like the *basques*, the sides of this piece disappearing under those of the rounded portion of the *corsage à basques*. Falling over this piece, and filling in the open space left by the sloping off of the back skirts, (as before described), is a small pleated *Postillion* or Jockey skirt, cut open in the centre, edged at the centre only, by narrow pleated frills. The back of the *corsage* is trimmed by a *biais* band, edged at each side by a narrow frill: this trimming starts from the back of neck, and is carried down the centre of the back, so as to extend a few inches below the waist, falling over the Postillion.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. GASK. *We give the pattern of* Corsage *full-sized with our present No.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of *mauve* silk. The skirt is trimmed by a very broad flounce headed by a thick cut *rûche*. The tight-fitting *Casaque* is of black velvet. The skirt is composed of three distinct pieces: the back, which is round and *bouffante*, and the front pieces, which are rounded at the sides, where they overlap the back piece, and are united under the *ceinture*. These pieces are caught up at each side near the bottom, and are fastened by bows and single floating ends of black ribbon, terminated by fringe. The fronts of the skirt are square-shaped, and all the edges are trimmed by a thick cut *rûche* of black lace, the bottom being also trimmed by a flounce of similar lace. The only trimming of the *corsage*, is a *rûche* of black lace which is carried round the neck, and continued down the edges of front openings. The sleeves are *bouffantes*, and are finished at the wrists by double *engageante* frills of black lace, headed by *rûches* of the same, and at the arm-holes are similar *rûches*. *Ceinture* of black ribbon, fastened at the back by bows and floating fringed ends. The back of the skirt is also caught up near the middle, and fastened by similar bows and ends, the bows being in this instance arranged perpendicularly. Black velvet hat, trimmed by *mauve* and black velvet and ostrich feathers, and having at the back a black lace lappet.

This Costume is from MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street.*

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.— Dress *à deux jupes* of pale green silk. The *Sortie du Bal* is of white cashmere. It is double, and the under portion which is of the Paletot shape, is cut up in the centre of back. The bottom edge is trimmed by white tassel-fringe, headed by four bands of gold braid, arranged in groups of two each, and these bands are also carried up the edges of back and front openings. The outer portion of the *Sortie du Bal* contains the sleeves. It is rounded and open to the neck, both at the back and in front, the edges of the back forming pleats which start from the neck, and are carried round *en bouffant*, towards the front, where they terminate. This upper portion of the *Sortie du Bal* is slightly more rounded off in front, thus showing more of the square shaped under part. The outer part is edged by white

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silk fringe, headed by a chain of leaves, formed of narrow gold braid, and above which is an *Arabesque* trimming of similar braid. At the sides are square pockets, marked by bands of gold braid and white silk fringe. The sleeves, which are wide at wrists, are trimmed like the outer part of the *Sortie du Bal*.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. GASK.

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of white tarlatan. The bottom of the under skirt is trimmed by a *flûted* flounce, at the lower edge of which are two bands of white ribbon, the upper one much narrower than the other. The top of this flounce is hollowed out so as to form a succession of reversed scallops headed by *bouillons* of white tarlatan, having at each side a narrow quilling, and surmounted by a broad upright *fluted* frill, edged by two bands of white ribbon. Between each of these fan-shaped divisions, formed by the reversed scallops, is a single rose, placed in the centre of a bow of white ribbon. The upper skirt extends all round, and is deeper at the back than in front. It is edged by a frill of white *blonde*, headed by two bands of ribbon, the lower one much wider than the other. This skirt is caught up *en bouffant* at equal distances all round, and fastened by long tabs formed by *bouillons* of white tarlatan, edged at each side by narrow quillings, and at one side only, by *flûted* frills, each frill having one band of ribbon. These tabs start from the waist, and extend to about one third from the bottom of the skirt, where they are each terminated by a rose with foliage and a trail, the *flûted* frills already described being carried completely round each rose. The *corsage* is trimmed *en berthâ* by a broad *flûted* frill of tarlatan nearly covered by one of *blonde*, and surmounted by four narrow upright quillings. On the chest and on each shoulder is placed a rose with buds and foliage, and the *ceinture* which is of white ribbon, is fastened at the back by bows with two floating ends.

This elegant Ball Toilette is designed for MESSRS. GASK & GASK, *Oxford Street*.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of white Tarlatan. The skirt is entirely covered by *bouillons* arranged perpendicularly, and between each *bouillon* are two bands of sky-blue ribbon. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by two flounces headed by a pleated *ruche* of tarlatan, having in the centre three narrow bands of sky-blue ribbon, and on the *rûche* are placed at equal distances, *papillon* bows of wider ribbon of the same color. Near the edge of each flounce is a narrow band of ribbon. The *corsage à la Princesse* is of sky-blue silk. It has very deep *basques*, which are open at the centre of back, at which point the silk is turned under so as to form two long deep rounded points or tabs, which fall over the back of the skirt. This arrangement produces some pleats at the sides of the *basques*, where they are also caught up and fastened by bouquets of white *Marguerites* with foliage. The *corsage* is trimmed *en berthâ* by a frill of white tarlatan edged by a band of sky-blue ribbon, and headed by a pleated *rûche* having in the centre two similar bands. On each shoulder is a single *marguerite*, and on the chest is placed a *bouquet* of similar flowers, accompanied (like those on the shoulders), by buds and foliage.

This costume is designed for MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR, *Regent Street*.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of green *faille*. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce, put on with a band of green velvet ribbon, surmounted by an upright quilling of green *faille*. Above the flounce are six narrow bands of green velvet ribbon. The upper skirt is cut in one with the *corsage*, (*à la Princesse*). It consists of two distinct parts: the front is rounded at the sides, and is open from the bottom to the waist, the opening closing by a row of buttons, which buttons are also continued up to fasten the front of *corsage*. At each side of the front opening is a frill of the green *faille*, accompanied by two bands of velvet ribbon of graduated widths. These frills start at a slight distance from the central opening, but approach near to it as they rise to the waist. The same trimming is also continued up the front and round the top of *corsage*, (near the neck.) The back portion of this skirt is also round. The sides are slightly caught up *en bouffant* by those of the front part, (which overlap it.) It forms three large pleats starting from the waist, and is surmounted by a small round *bouffant*, which is itself partially covered by a square-shaped, pleated tab, edged by a frill headed by two bands of velvet ribbon. Both portions of the upper skirt are similarly trimmed. At the back of waist is a group of bows of green velvet ribbon. The sleeves are slightly gathered in below the elbow, and are terminated by broad frills headed by bands of velvet ribbon; and at the back is a small group of bows.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. GASK AND GASK.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of brown silk: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed by four flounces, the uppermost of which is put on with a narrow upright frill. The Paletot is of grey cloth. It is trimmed by a broad band of black velvet, which starts from the bottom edge and covers nearly one third of the depth of the Paletot, a narrower band of the velvet is also carried up each side of the front openings and round the neck, terminating in a point at the back. This band of velvet is edged at one side by an upright frill of black satin; which is carried round the point at the back; and at the extremity of this point is placed a rosette of *passementerie*, from which are suspended two or three tassels attached to a silk cord. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists and are also partly covered by the velvet which is continued up the front of the arm-holes,

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accompanied by the frills of satin. The arm-holes are trimmed by double cords of black silk terminated at the back by single tassels. The Paletot is closed on the chest by two rosettes of *passementerie*, crossed by a loop of cord, and from each rosette is suspended a tassel. Small round hat bound by black velvet, and covered by folds of grey terry-velvet and of spotted net, a broad lappet of which falls at the back.

This Costume is from the MAISON BOUDET, *Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes* of *mauve faille*. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a flounce, at the lower edge of which, is a puffing, put on with a narrow heading. The flounce itself is put on with a narrow heading, upon which are placed at equal distances, *papillon* bows of the *faille*, and above are two upright quillings. The upper skirt is open to the waist, both at back and in front, and is trimmed all round and up the edges of the openings by a flounce of white *guipure* lace. It is also intersected at equal distances by horizontal bands of similar lace, the lowest of which is carried up each side of the front and back openings, to the waist. This skirt is caught up at the sides, so that the back portion forms a deep pleat at each side, and while the upper part of it is *bouffante* at the back. The *Corsage* has *basques*; square-shaped in front, and hollowed out at the sides, the back portion of which is described in fig. 1 of our First Plate. These *basques* are edged by *guipure* lace, and headed by a *biais* band of the *faille*. The *corsage* is trimmed by a *bertha* of white *guipure* lace, and headed by a *biais* band of *faille*, and by a narrow upright frill of lace: the arrangment of the back of the *bertha* is also described in fig. 1 of our First Plate. The sleeves are double, the inner part having a square opening at wrists and being trimmed by *guipure* lace and *biais* bands, the outer portion which starts just below the elbow, forms large *revers*, similarly trimmed, which are carried completely round the arm.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS GASK.

PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1 is a BONNET of sky-blue terry-velvet, hollowed out at the back. The brim is turned up in front, and lined by velvet of the same color and the inside is trimmed by a quilling of white *tûlle*. Folds of sky-blue velvet are carried round the bonnet, and at the top are two large full-blown roses, starting from which are placed at the right side, two sky-blue drooping feathers. At the left side are bows of sky-blue velvet ribbon, and at the back is a single floating end. *Brides* of blue ribbon. This Bonnet is by MDME. JENNY NAVARRE, *Boulevard des Italiens.*

No. 2 is a black satin BONNET, hollowed out at the back, and having the brim turned up in front. The inside is trimmed by a *rûching* of black *tûlle*. A band of black ribbon is carried round the Bonnet, and in front is a sort of coronet, formed of bows of ribbon. At the left side is a full-blown rose with buds, foliage, &c. The top of the bonnet is trimmed by bunches of green and purple grapes. The strings are of black ribbon, and fall towards the back which is trimmed by two long loops of ribbon. This BONNET is from the MAISON BOUDET, 13, *Rue Laffitte.*

No. 3 is a black satin BONNET, very much hollowed out at the back, and having a flat crown. It is trimmed by folds of black satin falling over each other and edged at each side by a frill of black lace, the upper one forming a sort of coronet. At the left side are four brown feathers forming a cross, in the centre of which is a much smaller cross formed by four very small blue feathers. Starting from this point, a black ostrich feather falls partially over the crown, and under it is a group of bird of Paradise feathers, which start from five small yellow ones behind the cross. The back of the bonnet is trimmed by bows of folded black satin, and by a lappet of black spotted *tûlle* edged by lace. Strings of black ribbon. This Bonnet is by MESDMS. BRIE ET GEOFFRIN *Rue de Richelieu.*

No. 4 is a white lace CAP. The lace is arranged to form two broad bands, falling over each other, and between which appears at the top, a point formed of another piece of lace. It is caught up at the back, and fastened by bows of sky-blue velvet ribbon, with two long floating ends, and a band of similar ribbon passes between the two bands of lace, and is knotted at the top. This Cap is from the MAISON LESIRE; *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 5 is a pink terry-velvet HAT, partaking slightly of the *Toque* shape. The brim is bound by black velvet, and the hat is trimmed by folds of black velvet, of which there are two bows at the left side. The top of the hat is trimmed by one pink and two black ostrich feathers, and by a full-blown rose with buds and foliage and a trail falling at the back. This Hat is from the MAISON ANDREE.

No. 6 is a round HAT of white felt, having the brim turned up and lined by crimson velvet. The hat is trimmed by *biais* folds of Havannah-colored silk, headed by a band of crimson velvet, above which is a narrow *biais* band of the Havannah silk. At each side, near the back, are some folds and a large bow of Havannah silk, both the folds and the bow being edged at one side by crimson velvet, and (at the left side) a crimson ostrich feather starts from this trimming, and falls over the top of the hat. Strings of Havannah-colored ribbon. This Hat is by MDME. ANDREE, *Boulevard des Capucienes.*

No. 7 represents in larger proportions the details of the *valenciennes* lace insertion and frilling, and of the muslin embroidery, of which the *cannezou* (No 8) is composed.

No. 8 is a white muslin CANNEZOU, with a square-shaped BERTHA formed of alternate bands of *valenciennes* lace, insertion, and of muslin embroidery. The *bertha* is trimmed both at the upper and lower edge by a quilling

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of *valenciennes* lace, the frill at the lower edge being rather the broadest. In the centre of front are two spiral frills of *valenciennes* lace. The sleeves are slightly gathered in at the wrists, and have cuffs formed of double frills of lace having in the centre a band of embroidery. The arm holes are trimmed by frills of similar lace. The top of the neck is trimmed by an upright quilling of *valenciennes* lace, and by a band of embroidery. This *cannezou* and *bertha* are from the MAISON DAMOUR, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 9 is a violet-velvet BONNET, having a flat crown. The brim is turned up in front, and lined by black velvet, by which the edge of the bonnet is also bound all round. Inside the front, are ivy leaves with bunches of violet colored berries, and the Bonnet is trimmed by bows of black velvet, arranged in folds, and edged by black lace. At the left side, the velvet forms a loop under the brim of the bonnet and terminates in a broad floating end, the extremity of which is cut obliquely, and trimmed by a frill of black lace. *Brides* of black velvet ribbbon. This Bonnet is by MADAME DELAUNAY, *Place de la Bourse.*

No. 10 is a round HAT of grey felt having the brim bound by black velvet. The hat is trimmed all round by two *biais* bands of black velvet, and by one of *jonquille* satin. The lower band of black velvet, is wider than the other and is edged by black lace, which falls over and nearly covers the brim of the hat. At the left side, near the back, is an *agraffe* of steel starting from which is a large group of mixed bows of *jonquille* satin and of black velvet, three of each color. At the top of this group of bows, appear two black ostrich feathers, the one much longer than the other, and at the back of the hat are two long floating ends, one of *jonquille* satin and the other of black velvet ribbon. This Hat is by MDME. ANDREE *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 11 is a BONNET of grey terry-velvet. It is hollowed out at the back, and the brim is slightly turned-up in front, and lined by black ribbon. The inside is trimmed by a narrow quilling of white *tûlle.* At the left side are bows of black and of grey ribbon, mixed with vine-leaves, and in front is a half-open rose with a bud, and also some vine-leaves and green and purple grapes which extend to the left side. This side is trimmed by bows of black and of grey ribbon. At the back of the bonnet is a bunch of purple grapes accompanied by a long trail and a loop of black ribbon. The string at the left side is of grey ribbon, and the one at the right side is of black ribbon. This elegant Bonnet is by MDMES. BRIE ET GEOFFRIN.

No. 12 is a Pamela shaped BONNET, of sea-green terry-velvet, having a flat crown. The brim is turned up both at the back and in front, and lined by black silk. The turned-up portion of brim in front, is edged by narrow black lace, and the inside is trimmed by a narrow *bandeau* of black silk, having at the left side, a *papillon* bow of sea-green terry-velvet. The bonnet is trimmed all round by puffings of black ribbon and at the left side is placed a black ostrich feather, which crosses the top, and falls at the right side; at this side is a sea-green ostrich feather which crosses to the left side. At the back of the bonnet are three upright bows of black ribbon, and two long floating ends. Strings of similar ribbon. This BONNET is by MADAME, ANDREE *Boulevard des Capucines.*

ALICE LIVINGSTONE'S CROSS.

CHAPTER I.

"Such a romantic engagement," simpered Miss Becky Norris, the village gossip, to Mrs. Fairlight the curate's wife, while drinking afternoon tea in the curate's parlour.

"But," enquired Mrs. Fairlight, "are you well informed, Miss Becky? Mr. Livingstone had such an objection to soldiers you know."

"Alice herself is my authority," was Miss Becky's triumphant answer, "and while I was talking to her, Eunice came in, and so I heard it from both."

"Well! well!" exclaimed Mrs. Fairlight "and when will the wedding take place?"

"Oh! not at once, of course, for the regiment is ordered to India, and both Colonel Morton and Captain Durrant are anxious to serve one more campaign, as they will of course sell out when they marry."

"Ah! to be sure," replied the curate's wife, "and are they rich, Miss Becky?"

"Very, I believe," replied Miss Becky, "Captain Durrant especially I believe, and he is also heir to a title."

"Oh! I think I have heard he is a nephew of Sir Richard Durrant. Has he then no son?"

"No child at all," said Miss Becky, "so Captain Durrant will inherit title and estate both."

"How lucky some people are," replied Mrs. Fairlight, thinking perhaps of her own unromantic marriage, and her present cramped, sordid life, and perhaps in her heart Miss Becky sighed too, thinking of her lost youth, and her loneliness, but she was a cheery little body, who never wasted sympathy on imaginary sorrows, her own or other people's, therefore the sentimental pause was soon broken by a briskly worded wonder as to whether the military lovers would present their respective *fiancèes* with rings or other jewellery on their forthcoming departure, and from that the conversation branched off to other topics. We will leave the gossipping ladies to their tea, and seek in the comfortable family mansion called Livingstone Place, our heroine, or rather our heroines, for my story has concern with two, Alice Livingstone and Eunice Gray. As they

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are in separate places, we can make acquaintance with them one at a time. First then, the heroine-proper, as evidenced by her name at the head of the story, Alice Livingstone. She was the only child of Mr. Livingstone, a retired London merchant, who had built Livingstone Place about five years before. We shall find her, sitting in the shady drawing room, writing a letter to an old school-friend, doubtless to inform her of the change in her life that was to be. It is a sweet face that bends over the paper, and they are fair white hands that guide the pen: there is a seriousness, a quietness even beyond her years visible in the face, and especially in the soft grey eyes as she sometimes raises then to look out of the window in pauses of her occupation. Alice was not very young, that is for a first engagement, for Colonel Morton had proposed to her a week before, on the occasion of a ball given in honour of her thirty-fifth birthday. Many sorrows had come to her, brought by death, her dear and only sister, then her brother, and lastly, her mother: one by one had passed, leaving only tender memories at pleasant Livingstone Place. Six years had passed since the last bereavement, and sorrow had softened into tender passive regret. Then after all the grief which had toned and strengthened Alice's nature, came life's first joy. She was loved by a man whose name was a synonym of all things manly, pure, and of good report. Colonel Morton was won, after all his years of search for a true woman, by the sterling worth of Alice's nature, and the love thus founded was fearful of nothing save death. We leave her for the present, crowned with her joyful love, happy and content, and seek the second betrothed.

What a contrast to the calm, somewhat stately Alice Livingstone! Eunice Gray was in her own little chamber, in the south wing of the Place. Scattered round were gay garments of all descriptions, while she stood before the mirror trying on a dainty white velvet hat, with blue and white plumes. Her sunny face was shaded by her abundant golden hair, which had grown contemptuous of its elaborate arrangement, and was gradually unrolling itself in masses on her fair shoulders, which shone so white through the transparent muslin she wore. On the toilet table in front of her, in an elegant little carved frame, stood a likeness of Captain Harry Durrant. It showed a bright, round boyish face, with clustering black curls, and a pair of deep brown eyes. Eunice looked at it accidentally, and with a rush of tender emotion she flung the pretty hat on the floor, and sinking on her knees by the table she kissed the portrait with passionate vehemence.

"Oh! my darling," she murmured, "you are so far away." And a few sad tears trickled through the fairy fingers. It was all real, this passion, this pain; but an hour after Eunice was laughing gaily among a crowd of admirers in the drawing room, while Alice moving gently to and fro in her duties as hostess, a kind word and a smile for all, gave no sign of the aching within, as her thoughts followed the goodly ship which was bearing her lover to that far, foreign land.

CHAPTER II.

Two years passed, and the lovers were looking forward to their reunion, when that awful page in England's history was turned over, and the Indian mutiny began.

Eunice bewailed what she called Harry's foolishness in not leaving India sooner, or in having gone out at all.

"What did it matter?" she said, "he is rich enough, he need not stay. He could come home if he chose." And all her uncle's arguments added to Alice's gentle reproofs, failed to convince her that it was Captain Durrant's duty to remain in India.

Alice bore the trial bravely. She had been so often down to the grave's mouth with her dear lost ones, that Death in itself had no terror for her, but the thought of one, dearer than all the world, exposed to the possibility of death,—the awful terror of the chance that he might be killed, and her life be thus desolate, without being finished, these things were agony to her. Only in the dim night time did she suffer grief to have its way, and then only in prayer, in passionate outpourings of her soul, to One who was able to avert the threatened storm. Hitherto in her prayers for lives dear to her, it was for *them* alone she prayed, but now it was more for herself, that the blow might be spared her, the cup might pass from her, or if not that, that her own broken life may be gathered home to God. Of prayers like Alice Livingstone's but few know, God's mercy lets not many sink into such deep need;—they rise indeed out of the deep.

The days passed. Then came the lists of the killed and wounded. A short probation, then another list, and among that the *one* name. Col. Morton was killed at Delhi.

* * * * *

A few days later another paper announced the death of Sir Richard Durrant. The title fell to the brave young soldier fighting so far

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away for his country, but it came too late, Captain Durrant died from the effects of a wound received while attending the funeral of his friend and Colonel, poor Morton.

This news came in due time to Livingstone Place, and another heart was stricken.

The cross was laid on younger shoulders than Alice Livingstone's, and bright, beautiful Eunice lay in her pleasant chamber, with a wound in her heart, by which it seemed the life was ebbing out.

Alice had sustained the first great shock, and was beginning dimly to feel out of her life for something unknown and beyond to hold by, now that the great tie taken from her. Her firm life-long faith in the Power which ruled her life, now did her good service, for the unshaken knowledge that this thing which had befallen her was best for her, drove out the repinings which rose from her sorrow. "I must find some work," she said, not knowing how near the work was which God had ordained for her healing. She stepped from the drawing room, and walked on the terrace towards the window of Eunice's chamber. Coming closer she was startled at seeing her cousin lying senseless on the turf below. In the first agony of her grief, the stricken child had unguardedly leaned too far over the window ledge and had fallen. Alice summoned help, and the beautiful form was conveyed to Alice's own room. Alice's work began.

* * * * *

Five years after, let us look again at Livingstone Place. Nothing seems changed. Summer brightness is over all things, within and without. Along the broad terrace a stout servant-man draws an invalid chair, in which sits beautiful Eunice. She has never been out in any other way since the evening of her accident, and is totally dependent on others for all comfort and attention. But she is beautiful as ever, and apart from her lameness is well and strong. As bewitching too, with the same sunny smile, and she shows no sign of the grief which caused the accident. Beside her chair saunters a tall, handsome man, nearly twenty years older than Eunice, and my readers will judge how she has outlived her sorrow when I tell them, he has been for three years her husband.

And Alice Livingstone. We may search for her through all the pleasant chambers within, and the lovely walks without, but we shall fail to find a trace of the queenly woman, who lived a life of joys and sorrows here. Yet the village gossips will tell you how grand Miss Alice looked in her white velvet dress on the day Miss Eunice was married, and how she presided over the old women's tea-party in the evening. It was all true, and perhaps the bridal joys of others set the old wound bleeding fresh, if it had ever ceased. God knows how much we can bear. Not in Livingstone Place or Livingstone village was Alice seen much longer. Her home is in the quiet churchyard, God's resting place for earth's broken hearts.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Before entirely leaving the subject of the lace and fans shown in the International Exhibition, we must refer to some magnificent Honiton lace executed by Miss Ward of that Town: she exhibits an exquisitely beautiful Pocket-handkerchief in Honiton Point lace, in the delicate tracery of which, the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle stand in relief on a ground of surpassing fineness. There is also a "Chalice Veil" of equal beauty but of a different pattern, and exhibited by the same lady. We must also refer to a Fan of great beauty and interest. It is shown in the Western Gallery, Room 7. The artist is C. F. Frere. It is exquisitely painted on vellum, in Medallions representing "The Seven Ages of Man" after Shakespeare. The Medallions are united by a golden cord signifying the thread of life. On the reverse side the same idea is continued in the bramble leaf, blossom and fruit, in bloom and decay. The sticks are of wood from Anne Hathaway's apple-tree, and are carved in a pattern of wheat-ears, lilies and grass, picked out with gold, the whole surrounded by a plait of seven strands. The Jewellery (also exhibited in Room 7), is very magnificent; Mr. Brogden's collection being remarkable for two bracelets, one in massive gold, representing "the Council of Jupiter" and the other in gold and enamel, called the Medusa Bracelet. Messrs. Hunt & Roskell exhibit a great variety of gold necklets and crosses of very elegant designs, also some exquisite jewelled bracelets and brooches. Messrs. Leroy of Regent Street, show some beautiful specimens of carved coral, in the shape of brooches, lockets and earrings. One locket is especially beautiful, being of gold, with carved coral roses and pearl sprays. The collection of Jewellery of Messrs. Hancock is extremely rich and tasteful. Several splendid sets of jewels attract notice, One in pink coral, pearls and diamonds, another in gold, turquoises and diamonds, each consisting of a head ornament, bracelet, necklet, locket and earrings. There are also several jewelled bracelets, one of plain gold with the word "Souvenir" in emeralds, diamonds, rubies, and sapphires; a second in gold with raised diamond letters forming the word "Remembrance." Messrs. Hancock exhibit many beautiful watches, among them two specimens of the new "Keyless Watch," a pretty tiny toy for Ladies. Our present space does not allow us to speak of the French court, but this subject will be noticed in our next.

The Theatres.

There are no novelties to record at any of the London Theatres. Mr. Falconer's Irish drama *Eileen Oge*, contiuues its successful career at the PRINCESS's, while at the ADELPHI *Notre Dame*, has passed its 125th representation. At the GAIETY, that eminent tragedian Mr. Walter Montgomery, has been engaged by Mr. Hollingshead for a series of performances of the Legitimate drama, and has appeared with great success in *Hamlet*, *Louis* XI, *A new way to pay old Debts*, and other favorite pieces. At COVENT GARDEN, Mr. Riviere has commenced a series of Promenade Concerts, including—Classical and Sacred, as well as the lighter styles of vocal and instrumental music.

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Le Monde Élégant

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Octobre 1871 — Plate 3

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

No. 490. OCTOBER, 1871. Vol. 44.

Observations

ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

It is now more than twelve months, since the siege of Paris occasioned the total collapse of Fashion in the French capital, and for nearly nine months afterwards no new Fashions could be produced in that city. Attempts were indeed made, to carry on some of the French Journals of Fashion in other continental capitals, but owing to the force of circumstances nothing really new was produced there, and their Costumes were merely repetitions, or rather exaggerations, of the Fashions of the Empire, including the enormous *bouffants* and all kinds of extravagance and bad taste.

The Proprietors of this Magazine, however, had foreseen the probable course of events, and when the fortune of War declared against "*La Belle France*," they advised their staff of artists and *Artistes des Modes*, to seek refuge in London. They did so, and carried on, uninterruptedly. their production of elegant creations, combining with them something of the English taste acquired during their stay.

At the same time, England being freed from all chance of entanglement in the disastrous conflict then raging on the Continent, became the natural place of refuge for the *elite* of Parisian Society, and thus Fashion made her usual progress, without the least retardation; in fact it then combined the brilliancy of French ideas, with the well known simplicity and elegance of the English taste. Our readers may perhaps remember that some months ago we called their attention to the progress that Fashion had made, during its interregnum in Paris, and we referred them to our series of plates since the commencement of the siege, for the proof of our remarks.

We have now to describe the styles that will be worn for the ensuing season, and to point out the progress of Fashion both in London and Paris for the past few months, which is so well indicated by our own *Artistes des Modes*, in the beautiful series of colored plates contained in our present Number. The other Parisian artists who have now returned to their own City, have generally ceased the introduction of exaggerated *bouffants*, and in some cases have displayed a greater simplicity in dress than we have in England, but in addition to this, some of them have tried again to introduce for Morning dresses, the long train as worn several seasons ago: at present we do not think this attempt at the re-introduction of the long train is likely to be successful, the lengths of skirts and moderate amount of train given in our plates, being the exact representation of the best taste and style, both in London and Paris.

In sleeves we have not much change from those we have given in our plates for several months past, that is:— Pagodas, Venetians, *Engageant* frills from the elbow, &c. &c.

In Dress Bodies, jacket skirts in some form or other, are nearly universal; in this the Fashion is the same both in London and Paris.

Upper skirts are likewise nearly universal, some have square *Tabliers* in front, others are made with rounded *Tabliers*; others are left open at front *en Tunique*. The *bouffant* is still worn, but of moderate dimensions.

Flounces at the bottom of dress skirts, are still fashionable, they may be either gathered or laid in pleats.

As a general idea, we may say that there is not so much trimming about dresses as there was some little time ago, in fact, there is a greater simplicity of style in all garments.

For outdoor wear the close-fitting *Casaques* of black velvet will be fashionable. The skirts generally will have an increase of length, and will often be looped up *en bouffant* at the sides, like our full sized pattern.

Another style of *Casaque*, opening in the front to imitate a long waisted waistcoat, will also be fashionable.

The loose short *Paletot* with wide sleeves, will also be worn; the great change is the difference in the style of trimming: they will be left open to the waist in the middle of back, and the trimmings will often be carried up to the neck so as to imitate an opening up the back.

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The round *Talma* Mantle is again being introduced; the novelty is that it is made with armholes, which are covered by a Cape nearly as large as the mantle itself.

For the milder days of Autumn, dresses *en suite* will still be worn, but of course made of winter materials.

Another style of Paletot for outdoor wear is made of black cloth: it is cut so as not to fit quite close to the figure, and is afterwards drawn in tight at the back by tabs and buttons, as shown on fig. 3, plate 4. The skirt, it will be seen, is cut rather long.

For Ball dresses, skirts will of course be made with trains, because short skirts would not be appropriate for these occasions. *Tuniques*, *Tabliers* and *Bouffants* are equally fashionable.

All the newest shapes and styles of Paris Bonnets and Hats, will be found in plate 5. Bonnets it will be observed generally have narrow brims turned up in front. Hats are not now worn quite so high.

THE FULL-SIZED PATTERN.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams NEED NOT *be allowed for in cutting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

We now present our fair Subscribers with the full-sized pattern of a NOVEL and ELEGANT CASAQUE, or tight fitting out-door Jacket of black velvet, shown on the 2nd figure of our 1st plate. The pattern is given complete, and consists of four pieces, viz.— sleeve, front, back, and back skirt, which, it will be seen by the engraving, is made slightly *bouffante*. The waist seam of back skirt is indicated by two small cuts, corresponding with two cuts placed at the bottom of back, the *bouffant* being of course pleated or gathered in to the size of back, as shown by the pricked lines. The side seam of *bouffant*, which must also be gathered in, is indicated by three small cuts, which must be placed opposite the three small cuts that will be found in the side seam of front, just below the notch which marks the waist level. The front has a large fish taken out to define the figure, and is slightly open on the chest *en demi cœur*. The sleeve is of the Pagoda form, wide at wrist, and the hollowing out for the under side of armhole is indicated by pricking.

Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes* of sky-blue silk. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by two rows of black tassel-fringe, each headed by narrow gimp, and by two pleated *rûches* of the silk. The upper skirt is edged by similar fringe and gimp, headed by a single *ruche*. It is round, and is caught up at each side near the back, and fastened by a group of two bows and three ends of the silk bound by black velvet, forming a *bouffant* at the back of the skirt. The *corsage* has *basques*, which are hollowed out at the sides, where they are short and square: at the back they form five loops, graduated in length and bound by black velvet. At the back of waist are placed three black velvet buttons, from each of which are suspended two tassels. The top of *corsage* is trimmed by the tassel-fringe, gimp, and pleated *rûche*, forming a point in front and at the back. The sleeves are very large and open at wrists, and are of an entirely new shape, the outer sides are round, while the under sides are prolonged so as to form a sort of deep, square tab. They are trimmed like the other portions of the dress, Bonnet of sky-blue silk, trimmed by roses.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. GASK and GASK, *Oxford Street.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of Havannah silk. The tight-fitting *Casaque* (of which we this month give the full-sized pattern), is of black velvet. The bottom edge and also those of the front opening, are trimmed by a black lace flounce, headed by a beading of bright jet, above which is a narrow upright frill of black lace. The back skirt is caught up at each side, and fastened by a group of four bows of black ribbon, surrounded by lace and having in the centre an *agraffe* of bright jet. The back of the skirt thus forms a *bouffant*, falling over the top of which, is a sort of puff of black lace having in the centre an *agraffe* of bright jet, and starting from the back of *ceinture*, which it fastens. The back of *corsage* is trimmed by black lace arranged to form a point, in the centre of which is an *agraffe*. The lace is carried over the shoulders and down the front of the *corsage* in a double undulating frill to the waist. The sleeves are very large at wrists, and are trimmed by black lace, which is caught up in front and fastened by an *agraffe* of bright jet. Black velvet Hat, trimmed by small scarlet flowers and by a long white ostrich feather.

This elegant Casaque is from the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of *mauve Poult de Soie*. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a pleated flounce, the pleats being arranged at equal distances in groups of three, and caught up at the top of each group, so as to show the bottom of the skirt itself. The flounce is headed by a *rouleau*, having at one side a narrow frill of black lace, and at the other side two upright pleated frills of the *Poult de soie*. At a little distance above, is a flounce of black lace, headed by a *rouleau* and by two narrow upright frills of *Poult de soie*, and this flounce is slightly caught up at each side, and fastened by a group of bows and a single end, formed of the *Poult de soie*. The front of the skirt is trimmed by two similar flounces arranged in festoons, and terminated by groups of bows like those already described. The sides and back of the skirt are partially covered by a large *bouffant*, composed of four pointed pieces, all united by means of

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their trimmings, (the double pleated frills and *rouleaux*), which also serve to gather up the edges of the back pieces, rendering them more *bouffantes* than the side pieces, and they are also deeper. The *corsage* has *basques*, short and square in front, cut open at the sides and much deeper at the back: they are trimmed in accordance with the other portions of the dress. At the back of waist is a group of four bows with two floating ends trimmed like the *basques*, and rounded at the outer sides. At the front of waist a group of bows is placed on the *ceinture*. The *corsage* is closed by *mauve* buttons and is trimmed *à bretelles*, by frills of black lace with *rouleaux* and double pleated frills; this trimming starting from bows at the back of waist. The sleeves are large and open, and are trimmed by double rows of black lace, headed by the *rouleaux* and narrow upright frills.

PLATE THE SECOND.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of black silk, the skirt is cut with a train of moderate length, and is without trimming. The Pardessus is of scarlet Cashmere. It represents a shawl put on square, the upper side being turned over so as to form a Pelerine, which, with the bottom portion, is trimmed by a deep embroidery of white silk and edged by a tassel fringe of the same material. It is slightly open at the front of neck, which is trimmed by a *rûche* of cashmere bound by white silk. This *ruche* may at pleasure be made entirely of white silk cut at the edges. The back of the Mantle forms several pleats in the centre, the tops of which are hidden by bows and short ends of the cashmere bound by white silk. The back of the skirt is caught up and fastened by similar bows and ends. Scarlet velvet bonnet, trimmed by green leaves and black lace.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. SWAN & EDGAR, *of Regent Street.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of green *Poult de soie*. The lower skirt is cut *en train*, and has at the bottom a flounce, the lower edge of which is vandyked and trimmed by two rows of narrow black *passementerie*, having in the centre a *rouleau* of satin of the same color. The flounce is headed by three double *biais* bands of the *Poult de soie*, each having in the centre, a *rouleau* of black satin. Above is a *biais* piece of the *Poult de soie*, the upper edge of which is vandyked and trimmed like the bottom of the flounce. The upper-skirt is composed of four distinct pieces. The front portion forms a square-shaped *tablier*, edged at the bottom by a black silk tassel-fringe, above which are two *biais* bands like those on the lower-skirt, a single row being carried up the sides. The bottom and sides are also trimmed by the *biais* pieces vandyked and edged by *passementerie* with a black satin *rouleau* in the centre. Joining the *tablier* at each side, is a round piece vandyked at the edge, and trimmed by the *passementerie* with satin *rouleau* in the centre. These pieces fall slightly over the back portion of the skirt, which is edged by a flounce like that on the lower skirt, headed by two of the *biais* bands having black satin *rouleaux* in the centre. Starting from the back of waist is a *postillion*, rounded at the sides, vandyked at the edge, and trimmed by the *passementerie* and satin band; and falling over it, are bows and short floating ends of black ribbon, belonging to the *ceinture*, which is also edged by *rouleaux*. The sides of *corsage* are trimmed by the *biais* pieces of *Poult de soie*, vandyked at the inner edges and trimmed by the *passementerie* with black satin *rouleaux* in the centre. The *biais* pieces are flanked by single *rouleaux* of black satin and by tassel fringe of the same color. The whole of this trimming starts from the waist and is carried over the shoulders forming a point near the back of neck. The sleeves are large and open at wrists, and are trimmed like the other portions of the dress,

The Body may be cut from our full-sized pattern for March last, by omitting the basques *and adding a* Postillion.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress and Veston *en suite*, of grey Merino. The front of the skirt and *corsage* are fastened by a row of sky-blue velvet buttons, and the skirt is trimmed by four tabs cut obliquely at the bottom, edged by skyblue velvet ribbon, and crossed obliquely by bands of similar but narrower velvet ribbon. The ends of these four tabs are fastened slightly to the skirt, and they pass under the *ceinture* and are carried up the sides of the *corsage* both at back, and in front, which is cut square. The Veston is cut up at the sides and back, and is trimmed in accordance with the dress.

The Veston may be cut from our 2nd full-sized pattern for June last.

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes* of sky-blue silk. The front of the under-skirt is trimmed by three festooned flounces of white lace, each headed by two bands of sky-blue ribbon, and by an upright edging of narrow white lace. In the centre of each flounce is placed a *bouquet* of white *marguerites*. The upper skirt forms a *tunique à traine*, and is slightly caught up at the sides: it is trimmed by a flounce of white lace, headed by a single band of blue ribbon and by a narrow edging of white lace. Starting from the front of waist, is a deep round *basque à paniers*, of sky-blue silk, edged by a flounce of white lace headed like that on the upper-skirt, and surmounted by two similar flounces; and falling over it, are two white lace lappets, which start from the waist, and serve to slightly raise it *en bouffant*: on each of these lappets are placed three groups of white *marguerites*, the lower group containing three, the second two, and the upper one only a single flower with foliage. The *corsage* is trimmed

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en bertha by white lace, and on the chest is placed a *bouquet* of *marguerites*.

This Costume is by MDME. FLADRY, 27, *Rue du Faubourg Poissoniere.*

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of pale pink silk. The *Sortie* du Bal is of white Cashmere. It consists of a shawl cut at one end and arranged to form a Bournouse, the left side being caught up and thrown over the right shoulder, and falling at the back. The edges of the *Sortie du bal* are trimmed by gold fringe, headed by a braid of the same metal, forming in each corner, and at intervals, an *arabesque*. At the back of neck, at the point of the *bournouse* hood, and also in the centre of back, is placed a tassel of gold.

This elegant costume is from the MAISON DIEU-LA-FAIT, *Boulevard de la Madeliene.*

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes* of white *Poult de soie*. The skirt is *en train*, and is trimmed by three *bouillons* of white *tulle*, graduated in width, and edged by narrow black lace. Near the edges of each *bouillon*, are narrow bands of rose-colored ribbon which are passed in and out at intervals. The upper-skirt consists of two separate portions: the front forms a pointed *tablier*, edged by a flounce of black lace headed by a narrow band of rose-colored ribbon; and above it are three similar flounces all arranged to form points, and graduated in width. The back of this skirt forms a large round *bouffant* edged by a flounce of black lace headed by a narrow band of rose-colored ribbon. At the juncture of the *bouffant* and *tablier*, are broad bands of rose-colored ribbon striped with white, and these start from the sides of the waist, and are terminated by bows and floating ends, above which are *bouquets* of roses with buds and foliage. The *ceinture* is fastened by a puff of ribbon at the back, and the *corsage*, which is square on the chest, is trimmed by three narrow bands of rose-colored ribbon, edged at the upper side by a frill of narrow white lace, and at the lower side by a broader frill of black lace. In the right angle of the square, is placed a *bouquet* of roses.

This Ball dress is by MDME. DUREIZ, 8, *rue Halévy. The body may be cut from our 2nd full-sized pattern for July last, and the* Tablier *and* Bouffant *may be cut from our April pattern, by making the* Tablier *pointed instead of round.*

PLATE THE FOURTH.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of sea-green *faille*. The lower skirt is without a train, and is trimmed by a broad pleated flounce, headed by three double *biais* bands of green silk of a darker shade. The *biais* bands fall over each other, and are surmounted by a narrow upright pleated frill of the *faille*. The whole of this trimming is put on in a slightly festooned form. Starting from the top of the flounce, and extending to the front of waist, are eleven graduated loops of twisted silk cord arranged in *brandebourgs*, and each knotted in the centre and terminated at the ends by green silk buttons of the same shade as the *biais* bands already mentioned. The upper skirt is open *à tunique*, and is rather deeper at back than at the sides. It is edged by four of the over-lapping *biais* bands of green silk, and is raised in pleats at the sides, causing the back to be *bouffante*. At each of the side corners, is suspended a green silk tassel. The *corsage* has deep *basques*, cut up in the centre of back, and edged by the *biais* band of green silk, and this trimming is continued up the front of *corsage*, forms a square on the chest, and it is also carried over the shoulders, describing a similar square at the back. The *corsage* is closed by five loops of twisted silk cord, terminated at the ends by green silk buttons. The sleeves have *engageante* frills, bound by green silk and headed by the overlapping bands which are continued up the fronts of the arms.

This body may be cut from our full-sized pattern for September, by shortening the basques *a little, making the back opening square instead of round, and omitting the little pleated* postillion. *The sleeves may be cut from our first full-sized pattern for July last.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 2.—Dress of *mauve faille*. The skirt is cut without a train, and is trimmed by two bands of black velvet ribbon of different widths, the lower band (which is the widest), forming the heading of a narrow pleated frill of mauve *faille*. This trimming is carried all round the skirt, and arranged to form points at the front, and back. The back of the skirt is covered by two deep square-shaped pieces of *faille*, starting from the waist, and slightly pointed at the bottom, towards the centre of back. They are edged by single bands of black ribbon velvet, and are surmounted by a *bouffant* which is caught up at intervals in the centre, and fastened by three small knots of black velvet ribbon. From under the sides of these pieces of *faille*, appear two smaller and shorter pieces, slightly pointed and edged by bands of black velvet ribbon, these pieces are quite separate from the larger ones before described, and are united to each other by bands of black velvet ribbon, graduated as they approach the waist, and each having in the centre a group of bows and short ends of similar ribbon. The *corsage* consists of two separate portions: the front, which is a continuation of that of the lower-skirt: it is open *en cœur*, and at the extremity of the opening, is placed a group of bows and short ends of black velvet ribbon. The other portion of the *corsage* has *basques* cut up in the centre of back, and is (with the *basques*), edged by black ribbon velvet. The sleeves are almost tight-fitting at the wrists, which are trimmed by bands of black velvet ribbon.

This elegant Costume is by the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE, *boulevard des Capucines,*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of Havannah colored silk, the skirt is *en train*, and is without trimming. The

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Paletot is of black cloth. It is loose in front, and is slightly cut up in the centre of back, which is half tight-fitting, and forms pleats fastened by two tabs, the longest overlapping the other, and studded by three large buttons; on the short ends of the under one is placed a single button. Starting from these tabs, two seams extend to the bottom of the skirt, and joining these seams are two long narrow tabs, each fixed by two buttons and representing pockets. The upper part of the *corsage* is trimmed both at back and in front, by a square-formed of a thick *rûche* of black lace, the space above it being filled in by lace of the same color, and starting from the square at the back, is a pointed hood, also of black lace, from the point of which hangs a tassel of black twisted silk. The front of *corsage* overlaps, and is fastened by two rows each of three buttons. The front of skirt is trimmed by two large pointed *revers*, edged by the black lace *rûches* continued from the square, and these *revers* are each fastened in the point by a large button. The sleeves are open at wrists, and have *revers à mousquetaire*, trimmed by the *ruches* of lace, and each fastened by three buttons. Black velvet Bonnet, trimmed by pink ribbon and roses.

This Costume is from the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE, *boulevard des Capucines.*

PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1 is a white satin BONNET, having a crown and a curtain The brim is turned up in front, and is lined with black velvet, by which also it is bound all round, A band of black velvet ribbon is carried round the crown, and is surmounted by an upright pleated frill of black lace. In front is a full-blown *rose du thé*, and at the left side, near the back, is a scarlet rose, both with long stalks and leaves. At the right side is a black ostrich feather, which falls over and covers the crown of the bonnet, with a bow of black velvet, At the back are two lappets of black lace, which are looped together by bows of black velvet. Strings of black velvet ribbon. This Bonnet is by MDME. ESTHER, *Rue de Richelieu.*

No. 2 is a *Toque* HAT of white terry-velvet. The brim is bound by Havannah-colored velvet, and two *biais* bands of velvet ribbon of the same color are carried round the crown, having between them three double *biais* bands of Havannah silk. At the left side, near the back, is a group of ostrich feathers, two Havannah-colored, and one white. At the right side are two bows, formed of *biais* bands of Havannah silk, and at the back are bows of the silk edged by velvet, and also a loop and a single floating end, having a turned up hem. This Hat is by MDME, DUFOURMANTELLE, *Blvd. des Italiens.*

No. 3 is a *Fontanges* BONNET of black silk, having a crown and a curtain. At the edge is a sort of *rouleau* of the silk. The inside of front is trimmed by a *rûche* of black lace, and a similar *rûching* is carried round the crown, terminating at the back with bows and a single floating end. The front of the bonnet is trimmed by scarlet geraniums, with ivy leaves and purple berries, and at the left side are two long trails of ivy; each terminated by a bunch of scarlet geraniums. Strings of black ribbon. It is by MDME. MARIE LEMAITRE.

No. 4 is a *Toque* HAT of a nearly upright form. The crown is of black *tûlle*, and the brim, which is turned up at back, is of black silk. The hat is trimmed by three double *biais* bands of black silk, surmounted by an upright pleated frill of the same material. At the left side, near the back, is a *boûquet* of rose-buds with foliage, a trail, and a bow of black silk. At the top of the hat are two bows with fringed ends; and at the back is a long floating end of black ribbon. At the right side, near the back is a floating end of black lace. This Hat is by MADAME FORBES, *Boulevard de la Madeleine.*

No. 5 is a *Toque* HAT of grey terry-velvet, the brim is bound by narrow silk. The hat is trimmed by three double *biais* bands of black ribbon, and at the left side starting from under the lower band, is placed a green and black wing, at the back of which is a rose, with foliage and a long stalk. At the back is a bow of black ribbon, with two long floating ends. It is by MDME. ANDREE, *Blvd. des Capucines.*

No 6 is a HEAD-DRESS formed of white *tûlle bouillonnee*, and a double row of white lace, headed by a sort of *rûching* of black velvet ribbon, which is continued from each side, and forms a long loop: at the point where the two sides are united, is placed a bow of the velvet ribbon. The loop thus formed is crossed by a double frill of white lace, and from this point the velvet ribbon hangs in floating ends. At the left side are two leaves and a large bud of the corn-flower, and at the right side are two similar buds mixed with the *bouillons* of *tulle*, and starting from which a trail is carried to the back, where it is terminated by a corn-flower, This HEAD-DRESS is by MADAME ESTHER, *Rue de Richelieu.*

No. 7 is a white muslin sleeve to be worn with the *Fichu* No. 8.

No. 8 is a white muslin FICHU open *en cœur* in front, having a turned down collar *à revers*, forming at each side three scallops, and having in each scallop an embroidered *marguerite*. The collar is edged by a narrow frill of white lace, and a rose-colored ribbon passes under it, and terminates in bows and floating ends on the chest. The collar can, if preferred, be made of thick muslin, and in that case the ribbon would not be required. The *Fichû* is from the MAISON LESIRE, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 9 is a BONNET of sky-blue silk, having the back hollowed out. The brim is turned up and lined by black velvet and by sky-blue silk, and the inner edge is trimmed by a narrow pleated frill of white *tûlle*. A twisted band of black ribbon is carried round the bonnet, and at the left side, near the back, is placed a small *bouquet* of rose-buds with foliage, accompanied by a bow of sky-blue velvet, and one of black ribbon. Starting from the *bouquet* of rose-buds

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a black ostrich feather is carried to the top of the hat, at which point is placed another small *bouquet* consisting of two rose-buds with foliage. The right side is trimmed only by the twisted band of black ribbon, and at the back is a very long lappet of black lace. Strings of black ribbon, which is also carried across the back of the bonnet. It is by MDME. LUCY HOCQUET, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 10 is a BONNET of pink terry-velvet, having the back slightly hollowed out. The brim is turned up and lined by black velvet. The back of the bonnet also is bound by black velvet, beneath which appears a narrow frill of lace. The front is crossed by a band of black velvet ribbon, and the bonnet is trimmed by a large full-blown rose with leaves, accompanied by a spray of clematis and a bunch of white grapes, and mixed with bows of black lace. *Brides* of black lace, folds of which form the trimming of the right side. This Bonnet is by MDME. MARIE LEMAITRE, *Boulevard des Italiens.*

No. 11 is a violet velvet BONNET, having the back hollowed out. The brim is turned up and lined by violet velvet, the outer edge being bound by silk of the same color, and the lower edge is trimmed by a narrow pleated frill of white *tûlle.* In front are three *bouffants* one of velvet and two of silk, at the back of which, are several large pansies forming a sort of wreath. Above these, appears a group of bows and ends of violet colored ribbon, and at the back is a long loop of similar ribbon with a single floating end, Strings of violet ribbon. This Bonnet is by MADAME JENNY NAVARRE, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 12 is a black silk BONNET, having the back hollowed out. The brim is turned-up and is lined by rose-colored velvet, and the hollowed out portion is bound by similar velvet. The bonnet is trimmed by four *biais* bands of black satin, above which is an upright frill of black lace. At the left side are two large bows of rose-colored velvet, starting from which, two ostrich feathers, (one black and the other rose-colored) are carried across the top of the bonnet and fall at the right side of it. At the back are large bows and a lappet of black lace, and the strings are of rose-colored ribbon. This Bonnet is from MESDMS. BRIE-ET-GEOFRIN, *Rue de Richelieu.*

DOCTOR *Versus* CURATE.

A COUNTRY TOWN EPISODE.

I should think the sun never rose and set on a fairer spot than C—, in Warwickshire. It was a dear, old place, with one long, steep hill of a street, the houses on each side of divers colors, and no two of similar shape. The river, crossed by a bridge, flowed calmly at the bottom of the hilly street, and a flour-mill situated thereby was the nearest approach to machinery in the whole place, excepting of course the watchmaker's shop. Half way up the steep street, to the left, turned off a quiet row of houses uniform in build, and opposite them was the church and churchyard. Of the church I will not speak, Archæological societies have taken it up since my day, and its fame has gone far and wide. It had then but a local celebrity. Close by it, and likewise opposite the uniform houses, was the rectory, a large, roomy house covered with ivy, and that in its turn covered with roses and clematis.

Here lived the Rector, in solitary grandeur, a fine handsome man of fifty, and still to the grief of his flock, a bachelor. He was a very popular man, and his name, which was Mr. Wharton, was an equivalent to all things honorable and generous. Only second to the rector in reputation, was his curate the Rev, Charles Ferrars. He lived, being a single gentleman, in the famiiy of a retired London merchant who occupied one of the uniform houses. The next house was owned by Doctor Hyde. He was a young man, very clever in his profession, and much sought after in the mild society of the place, for he was eligible. Matrons with daughters had nothing to learn from civilisation in scheming for sons-in-law. He had succeeded to his father's practice, who had succeeded *his* father in like manner, and was considered to have inherited a snug little income from his parent's savings apart from the money made in his profession. Add to all this that he was a fine, manly fellow, had a right to put Dr. before his name, an honor to which nobody in C— had ever attained before, and you shall not wonder at his obtaining general favour. In a corner between the rectory and the uniform houses, was a cottage covered with roses and other greenery, the property of Mr. Wharton. It had been for some time empty, owing to the death of its late tenant, an old lady who had resided in it many years. Mr. Ferrars, the curate, had made proposals to his rector to became its tenant, but Mr. Wharton informed him it was let to a lady friend of his, who was shortly coming, with her daughter to live there.

"It is but a small place for them," said Mr. Wharton, "for they are not poor people. Miss Basset is quite an heiress indeed, as her uncle has left her all his property. However they will not be likely to stay here long, I expect, but as they are in deep mourning for the young lady's father who has lately died, they wish to be quite private."

Here was news for Mr. Ferrars! He went home at once, and examined his wardrobe, in

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order that the first impression made on Miss Basset should be a good one.

Doctor Hyde heard the news, and wondered if the heiress was engaged.

"Sure to be, though," he soliliquised, "rich girls do get snapped up so quick." He was right on the whole.

At length, when her fame had spread all over the little town and its suburbs, and curiosity was sharpened to its keenest edge, Miss Basset with her mother took possession of her new home. She appeared at church the next day, being Sunday, and created quite a sensation by her beauty. She was very tall and of a commanding figure with bright golden hair, and black eyes. Her lily complexion was perfectly set off by the heavy crape which she wore in great profusion.

The curate lost his heart to her long before Mr. Wharton had begun his sermon, and Doctor Hyde, whose seat was directly opposite the rectory pew, which the ladies occupied, had meditated divers schemes to open an acquaintance with the fair stranger.

By degrees all the society of C— had called upon the new comers, Doctor Hyde among the rest, but the curate was foremost. Evidently he was the man most favored, for Mr. Wharton frequently invited him to meet the ladies at the rectory, or took him as a companion when he himself dropped in at the cottage of an evening. Mr. Ferrars prided himself on his cleverness on these occasions. He was careful to propitiate Mrs. Basset first, and did not therefore hurry an intimacy with the heiress. He had a dim idea that his cause with her was well served by his rector, who after talking for a whole evening with Miss Basset, would tell Mr. Ferrars, on wishing him good night, "Miss Basset is so pleased with your attention to her mother," or "Miss Basset admires your care and tenderness for her invalid mother so much."

"I am all right with Wharton," would Mr. Ferrars say to himself when alone." If I devote myself to the mother, she will take up the case for me when the time comes." Clever Mr. Ferrars! Meanwhile the doctor became anxious. He had not made much progress. Miss Basset smiled sweetly when they met in the street, and he had been invited once or twice to tea, but this only gave him opportunity to see how much at home Mr. Ferrars was with the heiress and her mother. Doctor Hyde was beginning to think he had better make a virtue of necessity, and dismiss all hope of Miss Basset, when, luckily for him, Mrs. Basset was taken ill, and he was called in professionally. On the same day Mr. Ferrars was summoned to see a dying relative from whom he had expectations.

Who now so happy as Doctor Hyde? Mrs. Basset's illness proved so very slight that she was able next day to come down stairs, and the doctor was afraid he would again have to retire, but Miss Basset kindly intimated her hope that he would look in in a friendly way in the evening.

The doctor was delighted. Her smile had been very sweet, and her form of words really very pressing.

He had never spent so delightful an even-evening. Miss Basset was so amiable and enchanting, and so kindly commended her mother to his care, that Doctor Hyde felt quite at home. Mr. Wharton, too, was genial and agreeable, and treated both Miss Basset and himself with such a parental kindness, that insensibly the young doctor found himself contemplating that benevolent divine in the act of joining his hands with those of the beautiful Miss Basset.

To this evening succeeded several others, until the curate's return. Mr. Ferrars had left his relative a little better, and had urged his parish duties as an excuse for a speedy return to C—, promising however to go again whenever summoned if any change occurred. Judge of the indignation of the curate on finding the doctor domesticated at the cottage, a greater favorite with Mrs. Basset, at any rate, than he had been, and far from indifferent to the lovely heiress. A few bold strokes however, a steady persistence in his old friendly habits, and Mr, Ferrars' position was soon re-established. He took especial care to hold good his custom of accompanying the rector in his evening visits, as the countenance and protection of such a powerful friend was of the utmost importance. Meanwhile the doctor fought hard to keep his footing, and found his great ally in Mrs. Basset, whose ailments real and fancied, he soothed and pitied both with counsel and agreeable physic. The young men were each aware of the other's motives, and each set to work to defeat the other. The doctor had some advantages over the curate, to wit, the necessity of throwing a sympathising tenderness into his voice, and of taking Miss Basset's hand in a comforting manner, when he discussed with her her mother's health. I am afraid this young man sadly magnified the lady's state, and however gratifying it may have been to her to hear that "such and such symptons if neglected, would inevitably produce," &c. &c., it was scarcely calculated to cheer Miss Basset, for

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she tenderly loved her mother.

On the other hand the curate had many advantages over the doctor, inasmuch that having more time at his disposal, he could make morning calls and take afternoon tea with the heiress, in addition to the usual evening *réunion*, while Doctor Hyde was, of necessity riding across country in the works of his calling. The curate had the advantages of hours spent over good books, of talks concerning the aged sick and poor of the parish, of clothing clubs and blankets, soup and coals. Finally he had a pastor's privilege of a free discussion of theological points, and was allowed to possess a tender concern that Miss Basset should have right ideas and pure convictions on such weighty topics. Both doctor and curate had distinct advantages; but I think if one was more favored than the other that one was the curate. The degrees of personal grace bestowed upon them by the lady were apparently equal, though occasionly each congratulated himself on being first. Mr. Wharton, whose favor counted for a good deal, had evidently cast his vote for the curate, while Mrs. Basset specially noticed and caressed Doctor Hyde. Of course these events did not transpire without exciting much popular curiosity among the simple parishioners of Mr. Wharton. They were almost entirely divided into two parties, one deciding that the doctor had no chance against the curate, and the other *vice-versa*. Strange to say, an old lady, one of the ancient sisterhood of an almshouse in the parish, made an extraordinary declaration to her fellows, which was circulated freely with many jokes at the old woman's expense. It came round in the course of time to the Rector, and he is reported to have smiled gravely on hearing it, and assured his informant who was anxious on the point, that he was not offended. The remark was as follows:—

"I don't think either Mr. Ferrars or Doctor Hyde need trouble 'emselves about Miss Basset, fur its my opinion as Mr. Wharton means to have her himself."

Everybody, as I have said, laughed at the old woman, but she was enabled to return the compliment three months after; for all the town assembled one morning, to witness the marriage in their parish church, of their own handsome Rector to the beautiful heiress. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by a neighbouring clergyman, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Ferrars. So ended that interesting case, "Doctor *versus* Curate, with the Rector intervening."

H. S.

TRUE REAL FRIENDSHIP VERY HARD TO BE FOUND.—The friendship of most men in these days is like some plants in the water, which have broad leaves on the surface of the water, but scarcely any root at all; like lemons, cold within, hot without; full expressions, empty intentions, speak loud, and do little; like drums and trumpets and ensigns in battle, which make a noise and a show, but act nothing; mere friendships in pretence and compliment, that can bow handsomely, and promise emphatically, and speak plausibly, and forget all. But a true, real, active friend, whose words are the windows of his heart, the notifiers of his affection—such a friend is rare, and hardly to be found.

The Theatres.

DRURY LANE opened for the Season on Sept. 23rd, with a dramatic version of Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe; it is adapted with much skill by Mr. Andrew Halliday and is entitled REBECCA. The cast is very powerful, including Miss Neilson, Misses Reinhardt, Addison, and Kathleen Ryan, with Mr. Phelps, Messrs. J. B. Howard, E. Rosenthal, J. Dewhurst, W. M'Intyre, &c. It is placed upon the stage in magnificent style, and includes, among other attractions, a fanciful Ballet and a grand Tournament with real horses. At the PRINCESS'S—*Eileen Oge* continues to draw crowded Houses, while at the ADELPHI, Mr. Halliday's *Notre Dame*, is approaching its 150th representation.

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These charming little volumes form the prettiest presents for young folks it is possible to select. The illustrations are effective and the stories are well written and full of interest.

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Le Monde Élégant

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

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Observations

ON LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

After all the turmoil and agitation which commenced more than a year ago in Paris, Fashion is now settling down to those principles of progress of which it is the representative, ever inventing some new arrangement of dress, dictated solely with a view to greater harmony or beauty of color and of form, and producing an agreeable whole, as the result of that refined taste which is ever at work to produce a pleasing variety.

This refined taste for the beauty of form and harmony of color is very rare. The French perhaps, as a nation, possess more of it than any other race, and the same may be said of some of the higher classes in England, and it is for this reason that the French and some of the highest of our English aristocracy, may be said to be really the leaders of Fashion. A Frenchwoman or a high born English lady, never selects anything *outré* or extravagant.

In referring to our plates for this month, it will be seen that amid all the progress that is being made, nothing exaggerated or *outré* has been selected, and the same may be said of all the Fashions in Paris at the present moment; everything vulgar has been discarded, and we may hope now for a long season of real progress and good taste in Costume.

For Outdoor wear, Paletots or *Casaques* of black velvet will be very fashionable; they will be made to fit quite tight to the figure, and the skirts are longer than those worn last year.

Another very fashionable form is the *Paletot à Gilet*. This kind of Paletot is made in various forms, and of various degrees of fulness; some are cut to fit perfectly close to the figure, others medium, but all have this characteristic feature, that the fronts represent a waistcoat, which may be either real, as in fig. 1, plate 1, or imitated, as in fig. 7, plate 5, and in our full-sized pattern. The materials may be velvet, black or grey cloth, or even thick black silk warmly lined, for the milder weather.

The short square cut Paletot is not quite so much in favor, the *Paletot à Gilet* and the tight-fitting *casaques* are taking its place.

Dresses *en suite*, which will still be worn outdoors during the milder weather, often present in their trimming something of the *Paletot Gilet* style. A specimen of this will be seen in plate 2 fig. 1.

Dress bodies are almost invariably made of the *basquine* form, that is to say, with short jackets or *basques*, and these *basques* are mostly cut shorter at sides than at front or back, and the backs are very generally finished by a full pleating *à postillion*.

Tabliers are still worn, but are not so general as they were. *Bouffants* are still fashionable. Many upper skirts are made open in front *en tunique*. Other dresses are made with upper skirts extending all round, and caught up at the sides so as to give a slightly *bouffant* form to the back part of skirt.

Some dresses, when of very rich materials, or of new or rare shades of color, are made up with very little trimming.

Morning dresses are made with only a very small amount of train. Trains are of course retained for evening Costume.

Flounces are still worn, but the preference is generally given to those laid in flutes or pleats.

Sleeves are of every variety of form, with this exception, that there are hardly any now made close fitting at the wrist. Many are made with one or two frills, starting from just below the elbow.

The latest novelty in Evening dress, is the introduction of bodies with short *basques*; see fig. 2, plate 3.

THE FULL-SIZED PATTERNS.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams NEED NOT *be allowed for in cutting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

We this month present our fair subscribers with TWO full-sized patterns cut out ready for use.

The *first* pattern (the pieces composing which are all indicated by a round hole pierced near the centre), is the PALETOT A GILET, as represented on fig. 7 of plate 5, and which is one of the greatest novelties of the season. The fronts are cut and trimmed to imitate a Waistcoat: the skirts are left open in the mid-

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dle of back and at each side as far as the waist, and the wide sleeves are left open at the back of arm from the wrist nearly to the elbow. This pattern consists of three pieces:—Front, Back, and Sleeve. The front has the line of trimming indicating the waistcoat marked out by a line of pricking, while other lines of pricking denote the form of the fish or pleat, which is taken out to define the figure slightly at the front; the top of the opening which is left in the skirt is indicated by a notch in the side seam, corresponding with another notch in the side seam of back. The tops of openings in the middle of back, and at the back of arm, are also indicated by notches. For the manner of trimming this Paletot, see the description in Plate 5. If a closer fitting style is preferred, it may be obtained by taking in all the side and back seams about half an inch at the waist level, gradating off to nothing about 6 inches upwards, and about 4 inches downwards.

Our *second* pattern is a dress body with *basques*, called the DUCHESSE BASQUINE, and shown on the 2nd figure of our second plate. This elegant *Basquine* closes to the neck, the *basques* form points in the front, are hollowed out a good deal at the sides, and deepen again towards the back, where they finish by a very full Postillion pleating. The back, side-piece, and *Postillion basques*, are all cut from one piece of stuff, on an improved principle, which causes the pleats to sit much better when made up. These pleats may be arranged in various ways according to taste.

The front of this *Basquine* is to have two large pleats or fishes taken out, to make it sit close to the figure, and these fishes are indicated by pricking. We have only given a small portion of the sleeve, just enough to show the proper shape for the part which is to be sewn into the armhole: it has to be lengthened so as to reach a little below the elbow, two frills being added, of similar shape to that given in July last.

Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of Havannah-colored silk. The Paletot is of slate colored cloth. It is composed of two distinct parts, the front forming a waistcoat, fastened in by a band. It has deep *basques* edged by black tassel fringe, and is closed by a row of oval-shaped buttons of black silk, on each side of which, is a narrow band of black silk, also carried along the bottom of the *basques*. The remainder of the waistcoat is covered by black silk, showing only a narrow stripe of the cloth beyond the bands before described. The other portion of the Paletot is loose at the sides, the bottom corners being cut out *en escalier*, the back part is however tight-fitting, being drawn in at the waist, by the *ceinture* by which the waistcoat is confined, and which passes out through holes at the sides of the Paletot. At the back of waist are placed, (on the *ceinture*), a group of bows *en eventail*, with several pointed ends, and a cord and tassels. The bow and floating ends are of the cloth, and are nearly covered by black silk, showing only a narrow margin of cloth. This part of the Paletot is edged by black tassel fringe, headed by a band of silk of the same color, above which is a black twisted silk cord, the band of silk and the cord being repeated at each side and disappearing under large *revers* similarly edged. The *revers* are each trimmed by three loops of black silk cord, terminated by black silk buttons. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists, and have square *revers* imitated by bands and cord of black silk, and starting from each of these, are three loops of cord terminated by buttons. Hat of white Felt, trimmed by black silk, ostrich feathers and pink roses.

This Costume is from the MAISON DIEU-LA-FAIT, *Boulevard de la Madeliene.*

COSTUME FOR HOME

Fig. 2.—Dress of black *Poult de soie.* The front of the skirt is edged at the bottom by a narrow flounce, edged and headed by white *guipure* lace, above which is an upright pleated frill of the *Poult de soie.* This portion of the skirt is also trimmed by three broad *biais* bands of the same material, edged by white *guipure* lace, and arranged in festoons, in the centre of each of which, is a group of bows fastened by a circlet of jet, and terminated by a single floating end edged by white *guipure* lace. At the sides of the skirt and starting from the bottom, are double *biais* bands of the *Poult de soie*, imitating *revers*, fastened by black and white buttons, and edged by broad *guipure* lace. The back of the skirt is trimmed by nine flounces. The *corsage* has *basques*, hollowed out at the sides, and square at back; these are edged by narrow white *guipure* lace, above which is a puff of the *poult de soie* headed by a narrow frill. The front of *corsage* is trimmed by pointed *revers* continued round the neck, and partially covered by white *guipure* lace, At the front of waist are bows and short ends of the *Poult de soie.* The sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

This Costume is by MESSRS. GASK & GASK.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of pale purple silk. The front of the skirt is arranged in pleats, and at the bottom is a tassel-fringe to match, headed by a *biais* band, having at each side a *rouleau* of scarlet silk. Similar bands, four in number, are carried up each side of the skirt, starting from the bottom, and imitating broad square-shaped tabs. The back of the skirt is trimmed at the bottom by a broad flounce, at the lower edge of which is a frill, headed by a *rouleau* of scarlet silk and by an upright pleating. The flounce itself is put on with a *biais* band edged at each side by a *rouleau* of scarlet silk, and above this is an upright pleated frill. The upper part of the skirt is covered at the back by a deep *bouffant* trimmed by a frill edged by tassel fringe, and headed by a *biais* band having at each side a *rouleau* of scarlet silk. From underneath the sides of this *bouffant.* appear two round *pièces bouffantes*, smaller in size and similarly edged, and they extend to the front of the waist. At the back of waist is a small tab, pleated *en eventail.* The *corsage* is closed by a row of scarlet silk buttons, and is almost entirely covered by a *Veste* which meets at the front of neck, slopes off at the sides, and is terminated at the back by two pointed *basques*

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which fall over the little pleated tab already described. The *Veste, basques*, and tab, are all edged by tassel-fringe, headed by the *biais* bands At the top of the *basques* are bows and short ends of silk. The sleeves of the *Veste* are terminated by frills which are cut open at the back, and edged by the *biais* bands, with *rouleaux* of scarlet silk, and above the frills are similar bands. At the back of each sleeve are bows and short ends. At the front of waist-belt are similar bows and ends.

This Costume is designed for MESSRS. GASK.

PLATE THE SECOND.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of pale grey silk, striped with grey of a much darker shade; the bottom part of this skirt is trimmed by three flounces of grey silk, each of which is partially covered by a pleated flounce of the striped silk put on with a heading. The upper skirt is of grey silk. It is edged by a very rich fringe of grey *passementerie*, headed by a *biais* band of the silk. It is caught up at each side and is fastened by cords and tassels of grey silk. The back portion of this skirt falls much deeper, and is *bouffante*. The *corsage* has deep *basques*, edged by a fringe like that on the upper skirt, but narrower. The sides of the *basques* and *corsage* are trimmed by quillings of grey silk, which diminish in width as they rise to the waist, and become broader on the chest; they are continued round to the back, forming a point near the neck. The sleeves are wide at wrists, and are edged by fringe headed by *biais* bands.

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of green *Poult de soie*. The lower skirt is trimmed by two deep flounces, each trimmed by a double *biais* band of the *poult de soie* put on rather full, and having a quilled heading. The upper flounce is headed by a double *biais* band of green silk of a much darker shade, put on in a zig-zag form, and having above it, an upright pleated frill. The upper skirt is deeper at the back than in front, and is edged by a flounce of black lace headed by three *biais* bands of the dark green silk. This skirt is caught up at each side (from the waist), and at the left side, an opening, (extending to the waist,) is imitated by two *biais* bands of the dark green silk. The *Corsage* has deep *basques*, pointed in front, hollowed out at the sides, and forming pleats at the back, and trimmed like the skirt. The front of the *corsage* and of the *basques*, is closed by a row of buttons, and is also trimmed by small bows of dark green ribbon, mixed with black and white lace, which is continued round the neck. At each side of this trimming, *biais* bands of the dark green silk are carried up the front of *corsage*, continuing over the shoulders and down the back, and meeting at the waist where they are terminated by bows and floating ends. Sleeves trimmed to match.

The pattern of this Corsage à Basques *is given full-sized with our present No.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of dark Sultan silk, the skirt is entirely without trimming. The tight-fitting *Càsaque* is of black velvet. The sides of the skirt are cut open to the waist, and the bottom is edged by tassel-fringe headed by three *biais* bands, one of silk and the others of velvet, the upper one surmounted by two narrow *rouleaux* of black silk. These bands are crossed at equal distances by tabs of black silk, each fastened by a button of the same material. The edges of the side openings are trimmed by pleated frills of black silk, and the upper part of the openings are filled in by small *bouffants* of black velvet, which start from *agraffes* of *passementerie* placed on the waist, and accompanied by single tassels. The back portion of each of these *bouffants* is arranged to form a sort of pointed tab edged by a *biais* band of black silk. The neck of *corsage* is trimmed by two upright pleated frills of black silk, accompanied by two *biais* bands, one of silk and the other of velvet, and these bands and frills are carried partially down the sides of the *corsage*, meeting on the chest where they are united by bows and short ends of black silk. The quillings are continued below this group of bows, and after passing under the *ceinture*, are carried along the edges of front openings, accompanied by a *biais* band of black silk, which is continued along the bottom edge of the front portions of skirt and up the side openings. The sleeves are cut up at the back of the arms, and the openings are partially filled in by small *bouffants* of velvet. Black velvet hat, trimmed by scarlet flowers.

The Costumes in this plate are from the MAISON DIEU-LA-FAIT.

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of white silk: the upper part of the skirt is covered at the back by a large round *bouffant*, below which, in the middle of back, is a large bow of *jonquille* colored ribbon. The *Sortie du bal* is of *Jonquille* colored satin. It is of the Talma form, and is slightly cut up in the centre of back, and the edges of the opening as well as those of the front openings and of the bottom, are trimmed by white lace headed by a *biais* band of *jonquille* satin. The upper part of the *Sortie du Bal* is covered by a round pelerine of white lace, and at the back is a long pointed hood lined with white satin. The hood is cut open in the centre, and the edges of the opening are trimmed by white lace, and are united by three *papillon* bows of *jonquille* colored ribbon. The hood itself is also edged by white lace, and at the point are two tassels starting from an *agraffe*.

This Ball Costume is from the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE, *Boulevard des Capucines,*

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of white satin. It is *en train*, and is trim-

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med at the bottom by a broad flounce of white lace, headed by two *biais* bands of sky-blue silk and by an upright frill of white lace. At each side of the skirt is a sort of draped band of sky-blue silk, starting from the bottom and disappearing under the upper skirt, these bands are arranged in pleats at the bottom, above which they form puffings, separated by *bouquets* of small white flowers, and they are edged by *biais* bands of blue silk, and by white lace. The front part of the skirt is trimmed (above the flounce before-named), by two *biais* bands of sky-blue silk, accompanied by two frills of white lace. At the back of the skirt, the flounce is surmounted by two groups, each consisting of two similar bands, but without the lace. The upper-skirt is of sky-blue silk. It is edged by a flounce of white lace, headed by three *biais* bands of white satin, and it is caught up at each side, near the waist, and fastened by a *bouquet* of small white flowers; thus forming a large *bouffant* at the back, while the front of the skirt falls perfectly flat. The *Corsage* is of sky-blue silk: it is cut open both in front and at the back, and the openings are laced across by bands of sky-blue ribbon. It has pointed *basques*, which are also open at back and in front in continuation of the openings of body: they are short at the back and form much deeper points in front, and they are trimmed at the bottom by white lace, headed by two *biais* bands of white satin, which are continued up the edges of all the openings, the inner bands disappearing under a fril of white lace, by which the top of *corsage* is trimmed, and above which is a band of white satin. The sleeves form single *bouillons* of sky-blue silk, each crossed by four bands of white satin edged by sky-blue pipings and by narrow white lace. At the back of the waist and on the chest are *bouquets* of small white flowers.

This ball Costume is by MDME. BREANT CASTEL, 28, *rue neuve des Petits Champs.*

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of white satin, and is trimmed at the bottom by a broad pleated flounce of white muslin, headed by a trimming formed of three *biais* bands of rose-colored silk, above which is an upright frill of silk of the same color, pinked out at the edge. This flounce is sloped up, from the back and front, towards the sides, where it forms points on which are placed large groups of bows of rose-colored ribbon. The upper skirt is of white muslin. It forms in front, a deep round *tablier* edged by a puff, above and below which are frills of rose-colored silk, the lower one being the broadest. This skirt is caught up *en draperie* at the sides, and the back partially conceals a large round *pièce bouffante*, of rose-colored silk, edged by a pinked frill. At the left side, (on the *ceinture*), are bows of rose-colored ribbon, with two long floating ends which appear under the muslin *tablier*, and the extremities of which are trimmed with fringe. At the right side of waist, are placed a long loop and a single floating end. The *Corsage* is of white muslin. The front and back are covered by rose-colored silk edged by white lace, and forming *bretelles* on the shoulders. The front portion is cut open in the centre, and after passing under the *ceinture*, it forms a point edged by white lace. On the chest is a *bouquet* of roses.

This ball Toilette is by MDME. FLADRY.

PLATE THE FOURTH.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress of Sultana red silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by two flounces, above which are nine *biais* bands of the silk, four of which are wider than the other five, and they are alternated. The tight-fitting *Casaque* is of black velvet. It crosses over the chest from left to right, and the whole length of front is fastened by a row of thirteen *brandebourgs*, formed of twisted silk cord, terminated at the ends by buttons, also surrounded by the cord. These diminish in size as they rise to the waist, and are wider on the chest. The sides of the skirt are cut up and fastened by single *brandebourgs*, the fronts slightly overlapping the back part of skirt, which is rather deeper at these points, and the upper part of which forms a *bouffant*. The *Casaque* is bound all round, and up the edges of side openings, by black ribbed silk. Pockets *à la Mousquetaire*, are imitated at the sides. At the back of waist are three silk tassels, which start from a rosette of silk cord. The sleeves are trimmed at the wrists by frills. Black velvet Hat, trimmed by lace, and a rose at the left side.

This Costume is from the MAISON ADOLPHE, *boulevard des Italiens.*

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* of bright blue silk. The bottom of the under skirt is trimmed by a flounce headed by a band of black velvet ribbon. The upper skirt is *bouffante* at the back, is open *en tunique* in front, and has pointed *revers*, and the skirt as well as the *revers* are edged by black velvet ribbon, the *revers* being each fastened back by a black velvet button. The front of skirt is trimmed by three *papillon* bows of black velvet ribbon. The *Corsage* is covered by a small *veste* of white rough cloth. The bottom is trimmed by a band of black velvet, above which is placed, at a little distance, a narrow piping of similar velvet. The Veste is cut open at the sides and back, and the edges are bound by black velvet. It is also trimmed by a flat collar of black velvet, below which it is fastened by two black velvet buttons with loops sewn on flat. The sleeves are trimmed near the wrists, by bands of black velvet, imitating cuffs. Black velvet Hat trimmed by blue velvet and by a small feather.

This Costume is by MDNE. FLADRY, 27, *rue du Faubourg Poissonniere. The veste may be cut from our full-sized pattern for June last.*

COSUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of brown *faille*. The skirt is cut so as just to touch the ground. It is trim-

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med at bottom by a flounce, which is put on in groups of three pleats at equal distances all round, and on each of the plain spaces between the pleats, are three *biais* bands of grey silk. The flounce is headed by a *biais* band of grey silk, at a little distance above which, is a similar band headed by an upright *fluted* frill of the brown *faille*. The space between the two bands, is filled in all round the skirt, by groups of two *biais* bands of the *faille*, arranged perpendicularly, and between each group is a *biais* band of grey silk put on horizontally. The upper part of the skirt is covered at the back by a deep square-shaped piece of the brown *faille*, the top of which forms a large *bouffant*; and the sides of the *bouffant* are covered by large round tabs which start from the waist, and are, with the *pièce bouffante*, edged by fluted frills headed by bands of grey silk. These tabs are themselves partially concealed by single floating ends of grey silk, terminated by fluted frills of the brown *faille*, and which start from a large bow at the back of waist. The front of the skirt is partly covered by a square-shaped *tablier* of the brown *faille*, trimmed like the *pièce bouffante*. The *corsage* has *basques* pointed in front and at the back, and between the points at the back, appears the large bow of grey silk already mentioned. The front of *corsage* is open *en cœur*, and is trimmed by the *fluted* frills and the bands of grey silk by which the *basques* are edged, and which are continued from them: on the chest is a *papillon* bow of grey silk. The sleeves are double; the inner portions are tight-fitting and are trimmed at the wrists by two *biais* bands of grey silk: the other portions of the sleeves are of the *Agnes Sorrel* form; loose and square-shaped, and open to the front of arm-holes: they are lined by grey silk and are trimmed by *fluted* frills, headed by *biais* bands of grey silk.

This Costume is from the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1 is a *Toque* HAT of black silk, having a low crown: the brim is slightly broader at the sides than at back and front, and is nearly covered by a pleating of white muslin edged by narrow lace. A trimming of similar muslin edged by lace, is carried round the hat, arranged in a zig-zag form, and on it is placed in front, a *papillon* bow of black velvet, starting from which, loops of velvet ribbon are carried across the muslin. At the left side is a full-blown rose with buds and foliage, and the right side is trimmed by bows of black velvet ribbon, in addition to the *flûtings* of muslin. The velvet ribbon is continued to the back where it terminates in floating ends. This Hat is by MDME. ANDREE.

No. 2 is a HAT of black silk beaver of a similar material to those worn by Gentlemen. (These hats are the latest novelty in Paris, and are much introduced for Ladies wear). The brim is turned up at the sides and lined by black velvet, and a narrow band of velvet ribbon is carried round the hat. At the left side is a group of feathers of various colors, blue, bronze, yellow, and white. The white one is much longer, and is curled over the top of the hat, falling on the right side. At the back is a group of bows of black velvet ribbon, with two long floating ends. This hat is by MDME. ESTHER, *Rue de Richelieu.*

No. 3 is a round HAT of grey terry-velvet, having the brim bound by narrow black velvet. The hat is trimmed by a draped band of black ribbed silk, which is crossed in front by a large knot of velvet of the same color. At the left side is placed a bow of the ribbed silk (also arranged in folds) accompanied by a knot of black lace, in the centre of which (near the back) is a large full-blown rose with buds, leaves, and a double trail. Starting from this point, a white ostrich feather is carried to the right side of the hat. At the back is a long lappet of black lace. This Hat is by MADAME DUFOURMANTELLE.

No, 4 is a *Toque* HAT of black velvet. The brim is edged by narrow black lace, and is covered by folds of velvet, above which is a narow puffing, surmounted by a double upright pleated frill, also of black velvet. At the back of this trimming, is an upright frill of black lace and at the top of the hat near the back, is a large yellow rose with buds and leaves, accompanied by three black feathers and by a trail which falls at the back, accmpanied by a black lace lappet. By MDME. DUFOURMANTELLE.

No. 5 is a BONNET of *mauve* ribbed silk. It is hollowed out at the back, and the front is edged by *mauve* velvet and is trimmed inside by a quilling of the silk. Above the border of *mauve* velvet, are four *biais* bands of *mauve* silk. At the left side near the front, is placed a large rosette of the *mauve* silk, and starting from the left side of this rosette, a *mauve* ostrich feather is carried to the back of the bonnet: starting from the opposite side of the rosette, a similar feather is carried round the right side terminating also at the back, accompanied by another rosette of *mauve* silk, and by two float-ends of *mauve* velvet ribbon. The hollowed out part of the back of the Bonnet is crossed by folds of *mauve* ribbed silk which also forms the *brides*, terminated by fringe. This Bonnet is from MDMES. BRIE ET GEOFRIN, *Rue Richelieu.*

No. 6 is a *Toque* HAT of ruby-colored velvet, of the same form as No. 1. It is trimmed by a band of ruby velvet ribbon, having at each side a frill of white *guipure* lace, the lower frill partially covering the brim. At the left side is a group of bows of ruby velvet ribbon, and at the back of these bows are placed two ruby-colored ostrich feathers, one of which falls towards the right side and the other to the back of the hat, accompanied by two floating ends of ruby velvet ribbon. At the top of the hat is a lappet of white *guipure* lace, slightly pleated. It is by MDME. ANDREE, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 7 shows the elegant PALETOT A GILET for out-door wear, the pattern of which is given

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full-sized It is of black cloth, and is cut open at each side, and in the middle of back, nearly as far as the waist, and these openings as well as the bottom edge of the Paletot, are all trimmed by two bands of black velvet a little distance apart, and each edged by a black satin piping: the bands of velvet and pipings cease at a little distance from the middle of front, at the points where the shorter portions of fronts commence, and from these points the trimmings are carried straight up to the neck so as to leave the middle part of fronts separate, in imitation of a waistcoat. This central or waistcoat portion of the fronts closes by a row of small buttons and holes, placed on a band of the cloth edged on each sides by the satin pipings; and a similar band with pipings trims the bottom edge of the waistcoat. The bottom edge of the *Paletot* is also trimmed by a double row of fringe, and the sleeves with the openings at back of arm before named, are trimmed by a single row of fringe and by one row of the black velvet, edged with the satin piping.

If preferred, this jacket may be made in thick silk wadded and quilted, and trimmed as above described; or it might be made in velvet, in which case richly figured braid or *passementerie* should take the place of the velvet bands or pipings, and the waistcoat should be edged with bands of velvet piped with silk at the edges; the fringe being as shown on the engraving.

No. 8 is a TOQUE HAT of black spotted *tûlle*, the crown *bouillonnèe*, and the back part notched out. The narrow brim is covered and bound by black silk, and above the brim two similar *biais* bands of the silk are carried round the hat, and are surmounted by a quilling of black lace. On the left side is a large convolvulus of blue velvet with leaves and buds. At the back of the hat is a large bow of black silk, surmounted by a double upright quilling of the same, and beneath the bows are two loops and streamers of black spotted *tûlle* edged with lace. This Hat is by MESDAMES BRIE ET GEOFFRIN.

No. 9 is a BONNET of brown velvet having a crown and a curtain. Inside the front is a large *rûche* of brown *crepe*. At the left side is a large rose with buds and leaves, accompanied by bows and small leaf shaped ends of brown ribbon. Starting from the rose, a brown ostrich feather is carried round the front of bonnet to the right side; at the back of bonnet are bows and short ends of the brown ribbon, of which the long strings are also composed. This Bonnet is designed by the MAISON BOUDRY, 13 *Rue Lafitte*.

No. 10 is a HAT of black silk Beaver. The brim is covered with black velvet and the crown has, twisted round it, a scarf of white silk gauze, the ends of which hang down at the back; at the left side is a long black ostrich feather, the end of which is twisted back to join the stem, and there is also a white feather which starts from underneath the black one, and is carried across the crown towards the right side of hat. It is by MDME. JENNY NAVARRE, *Boulevard Italiens*.

No. 11 is another HAT of black silk Beaver, having the brim slightly curled and covered with black velvet. The crown is bound by a deep band of black velvet, which forms 4 flat bows or loops on the left side, fastened down by a jet *agraffe* and starting from this *agraffe* is placed a *bouquet* of blue, yellow, and white fancy feathers, with a plume of white feathers standing up above the hat. At the back of hat is a bow and ends of black velvet, with two long ends and one long loop of the same.

LIDCOTT HALL,

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE PATIENT WAITING.

Along a crowded thoroughfare of a large manufacturing town in the north of England, one night walked a young man. I should rather have said *rushed*, for he elbowed the passers-by, who might have impeded his progress, and was out of sight of any person before that person had time to turn round and remonstrate on his inconvenient speed. His haste, it was easy to see, arose from joy, not sorrow, he was carrying good news, and every moment seemed an hour till he had told it.

His route led him from the crowded streets, and he stopped at last before a quiet, rather poor-looking little house, one of a row similar in shape, in the suburbs. He rang the bell, and stood waiting impatiently for the door to be opened. The window was closely curtained, emitting no ray of light from within, and plainly set forth against the dark back ground, was a large white card, on which might be read by the gaslight the words, "*Miss Leith, teacher of music and singing.*" At length the door was opened by a maid-servant, perhaps the smallest ever seen, (to have attained to the dignities of cap and white apron), and our young man was admitted. He knew his way, and did not wait to have the room he was bound for indicated to him, but turned at once to the right, bringing himself into the view of two ladies, one old, and one young. The elder lady was engaged in that most prosaic of employments, darning stockings, and the younger was writing an application for some vacancy in a day-school, for the young lady was Miss Leith the music-mistress, and the elder lady was Mrs. Leith, her widowed mother. Mrs. Leith looked up, and smiled, greeting the newcomer with a quiet, "Well, Robert," showing he was a constant visitor. He advanced to her first, and kissed her cheek, then turning to Miss Leith said joyously, as he took both her hands,"—

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"Alice, darling, our waiting is over."

"Robert!" exclaimed both ladies.

"Over," he answered, "over, darling; all over, dear mother that soon will be."

Alice blushed and smiled, while Mrs. Leith said,—

"Do you mean that your uncle is dead, Robert?"

"Yes, and here is his lawyer's letter, and a copy of the will. Alice dear, Lidcott Hall will be your home, and five thousand a year your salary in your new engagement."

Alice turned pale, and trembled, and practical Mrs. Leith read the documents, while Robert comforted his patient, promised wife. A tumult of joy had fallen on these two who had waited for each other for nine years, and with no better prospect than that Robert Lidcott should get promotion in the warehouse where he was one of a goodly army of clerks.

Of the good fortune which had now befallen him, Robert had not entertained the merest hope, for he knew his cousin, Frank, who had been born at Lidcott Hall, was his uncle's favorite; for Frank was the child of the only woman stern old George Lidcott had ever loved. Frank Lidcott had his mother's laughing blue eyes, and sunny curls, and not a look on his face of his father, the false brother who had stolen George Lidcott's bride from him. Robert's father had been disinherited, for his marriage with an old curate's penniless daughter, and his only child had never seen the home of his ancestors. Brought up in great poverty, and losing his parents at a very early age, Robert Lidcott had been recommended by his orphaned state, to Mrs. Leith, then the wife of one of the richest merchants in M—. By her kindness the poor lad was educated, and had just been placed out as junior clerk in a large house of business in the same town, when a great mercantile crisis took place. A panic followed, and several merchants, accounted among the richest men in England, were reduced to beggary. Among these, was Mr. Leith. The shock killed him, and his widow and only child, reared in every luxury, accustomed to all ease of living, were thrown on the mercy of the world. Robert in his turn assisted them, as far as he could, and they were soon established in the little house where we find them. Alice was at the time of her father's death about nineteen years of age, and Robert Lidcott was twenty two. Thrown daily together by means of his kind offices in their trouble, love had grown up between them almost without their knowledge of it. As no prospect offered itself of their marriage, they had agreed to wait. Robert's chances of advancement were greatly reduced since the death of Mr. Leith, as he had no influential friend to step in and "take occasion by the hand." Every place falling vacant was at once filled up by men having interest, and power—or money, and at the end of nine years poor Robert Lidcott was not much nearer his chance of marrying, than when he first told Alice he loved her. Meanwhile poor Alice had her own struggles to contend with; the cold avoidance, and sometimes studied unkindness of so-called friends, and the few chances of earning even the poorest living, by the accomplishments which had been so costly to acquire. Added to these, her mother's failing health, deprived of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed, troubled her, and made her life harder than it would have been. But Alice was a brave woman, and the nine years' end only found her more cheerful, more resigned to bear her poor lot without murmuring, and more constant to her hard-working lover. Alice would have entered on another probation, had fate willed it, but fortune's wheel turned round, and a bright page in life was opened for these patient waiting ones.

And now for the last will and testament of George Lidcott, of Lidcott Hall, in the county of H—, Esquire. It set forth, that being greatly displeased by the bad behaviour of his nephew Frank, and hearing from private sources of the long and honorable toil of his nephew Robert, he should bequeath all his possessions, saving legacies to his servants, to the said Robert Lidcott, for life, with full power to will it at his death to whom he should chose. If he died intestate, but leaving a son, that the son should inherit, but if he died intestate leaving no son, the property should revert to Frank Lidcott, or his next male heir. In event of Frank Lidcott's death without male issue, it was to be used for charitable purposes.

The will was peculiar and complicated, puzzling Alice and Mrs. Leith very much. Robert laughingly said, his uncle had gone a long way to no purpose, as he should make a will the first thing after their marriage. Then their talk wandered to that all-important subject, making plans, and building castles in the air; also in tender farewells, for Robert must needs go down to Lidcott next day, where the master's presence was required.

"I must be away a week, dear Alice," he said, "and then I must make you fix some day."

Alice smiled. "We will have our quiet wed-

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ding, as we settled long ago," she said, "I should not like a grand one."

"No," replied her lover, "we will be married in the little church we like so much, with no company but ourselves, just as if we were going to have our home in a little house like this, instead of Lidcott Hall."

So they talked on, happy lovers, until Mrs. Leith insisted on Robert's departure. Alice, as was her custom, went with him to the door. Standing under the quiet starlight, the happy tears stood in her eyes, as she looked from the shining heavens to her lover's tender face.

"Alice, dear," he said, "do you remember once thinking and saying—a long while ago, dear—that waiting might end in parting?"

"Yes," she said, quietly, "and I remember you said in answer, 'Life's best things are not thought best, till we have learned how to wait for them.'"

"Do you find it true, dear Alice?"

"I do."

"Dear Alice, I think now our life's best things are before us, but oh! how very sweet even the waiting has been. Those only *wait* faithfully, who know, as we know, how grand a thing they wait for, how true is the ring of the gold they seek."

CHAPTER II.

CUPS THAT RUN OVER.

A year after their marriage, Alice became a mother; she had ardently longed for a son to bear his father's name, and inherit his estate, but it was not to be. A lovely little girl was cradled in Alice's tender arms, tender with a new love, a mysterious feeling which till then had slept. Its birth was not however all joyful, for only a week before Alice became a mother, her own fond parent died. The deeply-tried and true-hearted woman who had borne the years of privation and suffering with untiring devotion, was smitten by the sun of prosperity. She felt her life was done: her daughter was married to the constant, long-faithful lover, and it seemed as though her sorrows were past, and only happiness remained for the years to come. The birth of her child even at so sad a time, was a great balm to the sorrow which wrung the heart of the faithful daughter; and as time passed on, the grief was subdued, and the little one become all in all to its parents. Another year passed away, and brought a second baby, also a girl, to the happy dwellers at Lidcott Hall.

Robert Lidcott had kept his word, and had made his will shortly after his marriage, bequeathing his estate to Alice, and the document lay in his lawyer's hands. Therefore although no son came to inherit the name and lands, Alice Lidcott was content, for in providing for her, her husband had provided for the children. One fear only oppressed her, which was, lest she should die before her husband, and in that fear she had once requested him to make a new will, entirely in favour of the children, chargeable with her jointure in case she survived him, but Robert assured her that in event of her death, his first thought should be to provide for the children. So Alice rested content even from that fear.

The years went on. Sunshine reigned over the happy ones at Lidcott Hall. Husband and wife increased in tenderness, and their two children were a well-spring of joy to them. They were lovely little girls of five and six years of age, gentle, tractable, yet withal having the true Lidcott spirit. Let us take a last look at them, in the sunshine—Alice above all—for we shall see her no more in the light of noon; if sunshine falls on her again, it will be but the placid faint rays of a sunset, after an afternoon of storm-wind, clouds and rain.

(To be continued.)

THE THEATRES.

At DRURY LANE we have to report the great success of "*Rebecca*," which is perhaps one of the grandest spectacular Dramas ever produced. At the HAYMARKET Miss Amy Sedgwick has appeared in a comic drama, entitled "*One Good Turn Deserves Another.*" Mr. Buckstone has also reappeared, after his severe indisposition, as Bob Acres in Sheridan's comedy "*The Rivals.*" The spirited manageress of the ST. JAMES' Theatre, has been giving an admirable series of performances of English opera, supported by a powerful company.

THE TEETH AND BREATH—How often do we find the human face divine disfigured by neglecting the chiefest of its ornaments, and the breath made disagreeable to companions by non-attendance to the teeth! Though perfect in their structure and composition, to keep them in a pure and healthy state requires some little trouble; and if those who are blessed with well-formed teeth knew how soon decay steals into the mouth, making unsightly what otherwise are delightful to admire, and designating unhealthiness by the impurity of the breath, they would spare no expense to chase away these fatal blemishes. But although most ladies are careful and even particular in these delicate matters, yet few are sufficiently aware of the imperative necessity of avoiding all noxious or mineral substances of an acrid nature, and of which the greater part of the cheap tooth powders and pastes of the present day are composed. It is highly satisfactory to point out Messrs. ROWLAND'S Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, as a preparation free from all injurious elements, and eminently calculated to embellish and preserve the dental structure, to impart a grateful fragrance to the breath, and to embellish and perfect the beauty of the face.

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Décembre 1871

Le Monde Élégant

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THE

LONDON AND PARIS

LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,

POLITE LITERATURE, ETC.

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Observations

ON

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The Winter Fashions are now decided, and have taken their permanent form.

For out door wear, the tight-fitting black velvet *Casaques* are extremely Fashionable. They are trimmed with lace and *passementerie*, the skirts are generally arranged to form large pleats at back or sides, or else they are *bouffante* at this part. In front the trimming is often arranged to imitate a Waistcoat, the waistcoat part being cut a little shorter than the rest of the Jacket.

Our Number for last month fully explains this '*Paletot à Gilet*' style, which is being gradually introduced into London, many distinguished ladies have given orders for it.

For the extremely cold weather, the short square *Paletot* will be worn: it may be made either double or single-breasted. The cuffs, edges, and *revers* (where *revers* are added), being trimmed with fur, chiefly Astracan. Braid is very fashionable as a trimming for cloth Jackets or Paletots.

Dresses and *Paletots en suite*, will still be fashionable; we have illustrated the latest novelty on fig. 3 of plate 2, and have given the full-sized pattern of the Jacket.

Another Dress *en suite*, for the Winter, is given on plate 1 fig. 2.

Skirts for Morning Dresses continue to be made of medium length; the upper skirts have *bouffants* at back, and are arranged *en Tablier* or *en Tunique* at front, the latter being the most fashionable. Flounces are very fashionable at the bottoms of dress skirts, if deep they are generally fluted or pleated; if narrow they consist of three or more rows, and in this case it is fashionable to have them cut in pointed vandykes or leaflets, and bound at the edges see fig. 2, plate 2.

As Christmas is now approaching, we devote two of our colored plates and one of our full-sized patterns, to the illustration of the latest novelties of Ball and Evening Costumes.

The low body with short *tablier* and long *bouffant* or *tunique* is a very pleasing style, and is likely to be much worn: see fig. 1 plate 3, and fig. 1 plate 4.

Flowers are not much used, the favorite trimmings are ribbons, lace, and insertion. The few flowers that are worn, are of very elegant design.

THE FULL-SIZED PATTERNS.

N. B. Our Patterns are all cut for Ladies of medium height and of proportionate figure: measuring 34½ inches round the chest, and 24 waist, unless otherwise stated in the description.

All allowances necessary for the seams, are already given to these Patterns, so that the seams NEED NOT *be allowed for in cutting out, except in materials that require extra wide turnings in.*

With our present No. we give Two full-sized patterns cut out ready for use.

The *first* is the Short Close-fitting Paletot or Outdoor Jacket, to be worn over a Dress Body, and forming part of the "Suit" represented on fig. 3 of plate 2. The skirt is left open in the middle of back and at each side, nearly to the waist. This pattern consists of back, side-piece, front, and sleeve: the places, the trimming down the fronts, round the neck, the bottom edges, and the skirt openings, are all marked by lines of pricking; the sleeve is left open at the back of arm as far as the notch, and the trimming is indicated by pricking. The sleeve if preferred may have a little less width at the bottom.

Our *second* pattern is a Low Body and Tablier for an Evening dress, represented on fig. 1 of plate 3. All the pieces of this pattern are marked be one round hole in the centre, and comprise back, side-piece, front, and *tablier*. The waist seam of the *tablier* is marked by two small cuts near the front edge, corresponding with two similar cuts in the waist of front: there is a notch near the side corner of the *tablier*, which indicates the place where the gathering up of the *bouffant* commences. This *Bouffant* may be cut from our April full-sized pattern, by making it fuller at the bottom, that is to say, adding 10 inches to the middle of back at bottom, continued up in a straight line to the waist.

For those of our Subscribers who have not the April pattern, we give the following easy way of forming it;—The (half), *Bouffant* should be 18 inches wide at waist; 20 inches long at the side seam; 28 inches long in the middle of back; and should measure 36 inches round the bottom, which is of course a curved line.

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Description Of the Plates of Costumes.

PLATE THE FIRST.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes* of green *Poult de soie*. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a broad pleated flounce, headed by a band of black velvet ribbon, having below it two narrow *rouleaux* of the *Poult de soie*, and above it, a single one. The upper skirt is cut open at the sides, and is *bouffante* at the back. It is edged by the band of black velvet ribbon, and *rouleaux*. The *Casaque* is of black velvet. The skirt is open to the back of waist, and is much deeper at the sides, where it forms points arranged in large tubular pleats, which diminish in size as they approach the waist, where they are fastened by *agraffes* of *passementerie*, each having three tassels. The *Casaque* is edged at the bottom by a flounce of Maltese lace, headed by a band of rich *passementerie*, which is carried up the edges of back and front openings. The same *passementerie* is carried round the neck and forms a square on the chest, where it is terminated by an *agraffe* with three tassels. The front of *corsage* is closed by black silk buttons. The sleeves are wide at wrists, and are cut open at the back of the arms; they are trimmed in accordance with the other portions of the *Casaque*. Hat of white silk Beaver having the brim covered with black velvet; it is trimmed by black lace and black and white ostrich feathers.

This Costume is from the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

MORNING PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes* and Pelerine *en suite* of grey merino. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by a broad flounce edged by a *biais* band of 'Maryland' brown *faille*. The flounce is headed by two similar bands, placed at a little distance from each other. The upper skirt is cut open to the back of waist, and is caught up at the sides and draped in front. It is edged by a grey fringe with brown tassels, above which is a *biais* band of the brown *faille*. The Pelerine is similarly trimmed. It is cut open in the centre of back, the opening extending to a square piece of the brown *faille*, by which the upper part of the Pelerine is covered, and which forms a similar square in front. This piece of *faille* is edged by the grey fringe with brown tassels. The Pelerine can be raised over the arms, showing the sleeves of the dress, which have turned-back cuffs of brown *faille*. Bonnet of Maryland brown velvet, trimmed by black lace and pink roses.

This Costume is from the LIEU DES NATIONS, *Rue du faubourg Montmartre.*

COSTUME FOR HOME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of light ruby-colored *faille*. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a pleated flounce, above which is a much broader flounce bound by ruby velvet of a slightly darker shade. This flounce is caught up at each side, causing it to describe a curve at the back of the skirt, while it is perfectly straight in front. It is headed by a flat pleated *rûche*, having near each edge, a narrow band of ruby velvet ribbon, and at a little distance above it, is a similar *rûche*. At each side of the skirt, starting from the waist, is a square-shaped piece of ruby *faille*, edged by a similar but narrower *rûche*, and caught up at the back so as to form spiral folds, fastened near the waist by groups of bows of ruby-velvet. At the back, are two large *bouffants* similarly edged, the upper one falling over the other. The *corsage* is pointed and has, at the back, a square-shaped postillion edged by a flat *rûche*. A similar *rûche* forms a square, both at back and in front of the *corsage*, and on the chest is a knot of ruby velvet. The sleeves are wide and open at wrists, and are cut up at the back nearly to the elbow: they are edged by the *rûches*, and at the top of the openings described are *papillon* bows of ruby velvet.

This Costume is by MDME. VELIN, *Rue de Suresne.*

PLATE THE SECOND.

YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

Fig. 1,—Dress of scarlet merino. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed by a pleated flounce, headed by a band of black velvet ribbon. The *corsage* has *basques*, cut open both at back and in front, and edged by a band of similar but rather narrower velvet ribbon. The Paletot is of black velveteen. It is very long, is open on the chest, and crosses from right to left, and it has a pointed turn-down collar of scarlet silk. The Paletot widens out considerably towards the bottom edge, and is closed by a double row of scarlet silk buttons, which are similarly arranged. The button-holes also, may be worked with scarlet silk. The bottom edge of the Paletot is trimmed by a *biais* band of scarlet silk, a similar but narrower band being carried up the overlapping edge of front opening. The sleeves are trimmed round the arm-holes by *biais* bands of the scarlet silk, and have cuffs of similar silk. Grey felt Hat, trimmed by scarlet, and by a grey ostrich feather.

This Costume is from the MAISON CHARAVEL, *Rue de Richelieu.*

PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*, of pale Havannah colored *Poult de soie*. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by three narrow flounces, the lower edges of which are cut out into rounded points, and are turned up, and finished by a row of stitching. Each of these flounces is headed by a *biais* band, the edges of which are finished like those of the flounces. The upper skirt is edged by a similar flounce and *biais* band, and is caught up at the sides of waist, so as to form a large *bouffant* at the back, while the front falls in slight folds. The Pale-

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tot is of thick green cloth, and is wadded, and lined by black silk. It is cut up in the centre of back, and at each side of this opening, are two similar openings, which have this peculiarity that instead of being, like the centre one, perfectly upright, they slope inwards towards the top of the centre opening, and the spaces between them and the central one, are consequently, narrower at the top, than at the bottom. The Paletot is trimmed all round, and up the edges of all these openings, by a narrow band of black Astracan, headed by a braid of the same color, above which is a narrow cord, which forms *arabesques*. At each side of front, are four round flat rosettes formed of the black cord, and to these are attached *brandebourgs*, which serve to fasten the Paletot. Pockets are imitated at the sides, by black braid and cord. A band of the Astracan, accompanied by the braid and cord, is carried round the neck, and is continued for a little distance down the centre of back, forming an ornament to correspond with the three openings already mentioned. The sleeves have a similar trimming, which is continued up the back of arms to the elbow. Black velvet Hat, trimmed by scarlet velvet, black lace, and an ostrich feather of the same color.

The Costume is from the MAISON ADOLPHE, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.

Fig. 3—Dress *à deux jupes* and tight fitting *Veston en suite*, of grey *faille*. The bottom of the lower skirt is trimmed by three flounces of black velvet, falling over each other, and having but little fulness; the upper one is headed by a little frill of *cerise* silk, above which is an upright pleating of black velvet. The upper skirt is edged by a narrower flounce of black velvet, headed by a frill of *cerise* silk and a very narrow upright quilling of black velvet. This skirt is caught up at each side, and also *(en bouffant)* at the back. The *Veston* has deep *basques* cut up at the sides, and also at the back, leaving an open space through which is seen a portion of the back *basque* of the *corsage*, which is trimmed by four alternate bands, two of *cerise* silk and two of black velvet. The *basques* of the Veston, are trimmed in accordance with the upper skirt, the trimming at the back of neck is the same, and is continued from the shoulders down the sides of front, at a little distance from the front opening, the space between the rows of trimming narrowing as these approach the waist, and widening out to the bottom of *basquine*. The Veston closes by a row of black and *cerise* buttons. The sleeves are cut open at the back of wrists, and are trimmed in accordance with the other portions of the Veston. Black velvet Hat, trimmed by lace, pink flowers and a black ostrich feather of the same color.

This elegant Costume is designed by MADAME FLADRY. *We give the full-sized pattern of this tight-fitting Veston, with our present No.*

PLATE THE THIRD.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt is of white muslin, through which is seen a slip of sky-blue silk. It is trimmed at the bottom by a broad pleated flounce headed by a *bouillon*, above which are two frills of white *blonde*, having between them two bands of sky-blue ribbon partially covered by lace insertion; in the centre of this trimming is a narrow *bouillon* of muslin. Three similar single bands edged at each side by *blonde*, are carried up each side of the skirt, all the spaces between being slightly *bouillonnées*. The upper skirt is of sky-blue silk. It is edged by a frill of white *blonde*, headed by two *rouleaux* of sky-blue silk. The front portion or *Tablier* is very short, while the band is much deeper, and is also rounded. This back part of the skirt is caught up at each side, and fastened by a *bouquet* of small yellow roses, thus forming a large *bouffant* at the back of the skirt. The *bouquets* are partially surrounded by the *blonde*, which descends from them in spiral folds, and starting from each *bouquet*, two *rouleaux* of the blue silk are carried up to the waist, and after passing under the *ceinture* are continued to the top of *corsage*, which is of sky-blue silk: it is closed in front by buttons and is trimmed *en bertha* by a frill of *blonde*, which starts from each side of the two *rouleaux* just named, and is headed by a single *rouleau*. On the chest is placed a *bouquet* of small yellow roses. At the back of waist is a similar bouquet, accompanied by some *blonde*.

This ball Costume is by MADAME BREANT CASTEL, 28, *rue neuve des petits Champs. We give the patterns of this* Corsage *and* Tablier *full-sized, and the manner of cutting the bouffant is explained in our Description of the full-sized pattern.*

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 2.—Dress *à deux jupes*. The lower skirt of white satin. It is cut with a long train, and is trimmed at the bottom by a flounce arranged in broad flutes or pleats at equal distances, and headed by a frill of white lace, above which is a *bouillon* of white tarlatan, having at each side a *biais* band of pink silk; the whole surmounted by an upright frill of white lace. The upper skirt is of white spotted tarlatan with broad edging of white lace. It is caught up at the sides by broad *biais* bands of pink silk, which start from the waist: and a similar but narrower band passes round the back of the skirt, which it raises to form a large *bouffant*, below which are bows and floating ends of pink ribbon. The *corsage* is of white satin. At the back are *basques* which start from the band of pink silk already mentioned, and are edged by white lace headed by a *biais* band of pink silk. It is trimmed *en bertha* by a frill of white lace headed by a *biais* band of pink silk, and on the chest are bows of pink ribbon. At the back of the *ceinture* are bows and floating ends of similar ribbon.

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This ball Toilette is from the MAISON GAGELIN, *rue de Richelieu, Paris.*

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress *à trois jupes.* The lower skirt is of dark lilac silk, and is trimmed at the bottom by a broad flounce, above which is a pleated flounce of white muslin, headed by a *rûche* of the same material, having in the centre a band of lilac ribbon studded by white *marguerites.* The second skirt is also of lilac silk. It is quite round, and is edged by a flounce like that already described. The third, or upper-skirt, is of white muslin similarly edged. It is caught up in the centre of back, the flounce being raised so as to form a kind of *eventail* or fan-shaped ornament, in the centre of which is a *bouquet* of *Marguerites* with some bows of lilac ribbon. The *corsage* is of lilac silk. It is trimmed *en berthâ* to correspond with the skirts, the *ruche* by which the *bertha* is headed being carried down slightly in the centre of back, so as to form a point, on which is placed a *marguerite.* On the chest is a *bouquet* of similar flowers, and at the front of waist is a small bow of lilac ribbon.

Tnis Costume is by MADAME BRICARD, 38, *rue de Richelieu.*

PLATE THE FOURTH.

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—Dress *à deux jupes,* of apricot-colored silk. The front of the lower skirt is nearly covered by horizontal *bouillons* of white tarlatan, divided into rows by five upright trails of violet-colored pansies. The upper-skirt (which is of the silk), forms a short round *tablier* in front, and a *tunique à train* at the sides and back. It is edged by a frill of white lace, headed by two *rouleaux* of the silk, above which is a narrow upright frill of lace. This skirt is caught up at the sides, so as to form at the back, a large *bouffant,* fastened by a trimming consisting of two frills of white lace, having in the centre two *rouleaux* of the silk: this trimming forms a sort of long loop at each side of the skirt, overlapping the sides of the *tablier,* and falling also over the *bouffant.* Near the bottom of each, is placed a *bouquet* of pansies with trails. A similar trimming is carried up the centre of *tablier,* to the waist. The *corsage* is of apricot colored silk, and is trimmed *à bretelles* at front and back by the frills and *rouleaux* continued from the fronts of the loops already described, and which pass under the *ceinture.* The front of *corsage* is closed by buttons, and on the chest is a *bouquet* of pansies. The sleeves are formed of single puffs of white tarlatan.

This ball Costume is by MADAME DURIEZ, 3, *rue Halévy, place de l' Opera.*

BALL TOILETTE.

Fig. 2.—Dress of rose-colored silk. The *Sortie du Bal* is of white cashmere. It is square-shaped in front, and the sides and back portion form a rounded piece which is raised on the arms representing sleeves. All the edges are trimmed by narrow white *guipure* lace, having at each side a band of gold braid, above and below which are small edgings of white silk. This trimming is carried across each shoulder of the *Sortie du bal,* and is continued down each side of the back: the bottom edge is also trimmed by a rich fringed lace of white *guipure.*

This Costume is from the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE, *boulevard des Capucines.*

BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—Dress of sea-green silk. The bottom part of the skirt is trimmed by three horizontal *bouillons* of white tarlatan, divided by *biais* bands of the green silk, edged at the lower side by white lace. The upper *bouillon* is headed by a similar band edged at both sides by the lace. These *bouillons* are caught up in festoons all round the skirt, each festoon fastened by a *papillon* bow of green ribbon of a darker shade than the dress. The upper part of skirt is covered at the back by two broad pieces of the silk, the bottom edges of which are cut out in a swallow tailed form: these pieces are trimmed by white lace headed by two *rouleaux* of the silk, and they are united near the back of waist by a group of bows of green ribbon, of the same color as those at the bottom of the skirt. These two pieces are met at the sides by two others, the bottoms of which are cut sloping so as to form a point at the front of skirt. They are edged like those already mentioned, and are united to them by the groups of bows of the green ribbon. The front edges of the last named pieces may also be united by four or five *papillon* bows of the green ribbon. A group of bows is placed on the front and back of the *ceinture,* and the *corsage* has a square *postillon* which is not pleated, but cut in the swallow tailed form at the bottom, and trimmed like the four pieces. The top of *corsage* is trimmed *en bertha,* by a broad frill of white lace, headed by a *biais* band of the silk, and forming points at back and front, as well as at the back and front of each shoulder.

This Costume is from the COMPAGNIE LYONNAISE, *Boulvard des Capucines.*

PLATE THE FIFTH.

No. 1, is a *Toque* HAT of black velvet. The crown is surrounded by a flat green ostrich feather. At the back, inclining towards the right side, is a long loop of black satin with a single floating end, and a bow of black velvet, and at the same side is a small green bird, starting from which, a white feather is carried across to the left side: this side is also trimmed by two black satin bows. This Hat is by MDME. ANDREE, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 2 is a BONNET of grey velvet, having a round crown and a curtain. It is turned up in front, and the whole of the bonnet (excepting the crown), is arranged *en bouillon.* A *rûche* of black lace is carried all round the bonnet, and at the left side near the top, is placed a large rose with buds and foliage, starting from beneath which a grey ostrich feather is carried

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across to the right side. The left side is also trimmed by three bows of grey satin ribbon, and at the back are two floating ends of similar satin lined by black silk. *Brides* of black spotted *tûlle* edged by narrow lace. This Bonnet is by MDME. MARIE LEMAITRE, *Boulevard des Italiens.*

No. 3 is a black velvet BONNET having a low crown and a very deep curtain put on with a heading. The inside of front is trimmed by a *rûche* of black *tûlle*, and the bonnet is crossed by a *biais* band of velvet, above which is an upright frill of black lace. At the left side is a group of blue and green parrot's feathers, accompanied by a black ostrich feather, which, (with the green feathers) falls to the right side of the bonnet. The *brides* are of black ribbon, a bow of which stands up by the feathers. This Bonnet is by MDME. MARIE BOIREAU, *Boulevard Montmartre.*

No. 4 is a *Toque* HAT of violet-velvet, having a soft crown. The hat is surrounded by a puffing of the velvet, edged at each side by a narrow frill, and at the left side, starting from an *agraffe* of jet, are some pheasant's feathers which are carried across to the right ride. This side is trimmed by a knot of violet ribbon, with a single bow and three fringed ends, one is short, and the other two, which are long, hang down at the back of the hat. It is by MDME. ESTHER, *rue de Richlieu.*

No. 5 is a black velvet BONNET, having a soft crown, and a very deep curtain. The inside of front is trimmed by a *rûche* of black *tûlle.* The back of the bonnet is trimmed by two upright bows of black ribbon, which start from a knot placed on the curtain, and from the same knot, hang a long loop and a single floating end of similar velvet. At the left side of the bows, are placed two rose branches, one terminated by a large full-blown rose, and the other by a bud. The strings are of black ribbon. This Bonnet is from MESDMS. BRIE-ET-GEOFRIN, *Rue de Richelieu.*

No. 6 is a round HAT of brown velvet. The brim is bound by similar velvet, and is covered by six upright *biais* bands of cream-colored silk, overlapping each other. At the left side, near the back, is a knot of brown velvet edged by cream-colored silk, and accompanied by two large bows and a floating fringed end of similar silk, one bow of which is edged (at one side only), by brown velvet. Starting from these bows, a speckled ostrich feather falls towards the right side. At the back of the hat are two bands of brown velvet, which are knotted, and terminate in fringed ends lined by silk of the same color. At the point where the two bands unite, are placed two bows of cream-colored silk. This hat is by MDME. MELANIE PERCHERON, *rue Vivienne.*

No. 7 is a CAP *à la Charlotte Corday.* The crown which is soft, is of white spotted muslin, and at the front and sides, is a frill of white lace, which falls very low at the back. A draped band of rose-colored ribbon is carried round the cap, and at the left side is a group of bows of similar ribbon, with two floating ends, one of which falls at the back. This Cap is by MADDME HADANCOURT, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 8 is a COLLARETTE, fastening slightly below the chest, and terminated by two square-shaped tabs. It is composed of *valenciennes* lace insertion, surrounded by a narrow frill of muslin embroidery, and edged by a frill of *valenciennes* lace. At the point where it is fastened, is placed a rosette of the lace, having in the centre a knot of rose-colored velvet. The collarette is from the MAISON LESIRE, *Boulevard des Capucines.*

No. 9 is a Toque HAT of maroon velvet, having a soft crown, the back portion of which is of maroon silk. The hat is trimmed all round by twisted folds of velvet and silk, terminated at the left side, near the back, by a long bow of velvet, and a floating end of silk. At the left side is also a *rosette* and a white ostrich feather which crosses to the right side near the back. This Hat is by MDME. DUFOURMANTELLE, *Boulevard des Italiens.*

No. 10 is a violet velvet BONNET, having the back hollowed out. The front edge is trimmed by four *biais* bands of the velvet, overlapping each other. Near the top of of the bonnet are four violet-velvet bows, partially covered by a thick wreath of green and red leaves, by which the left side is trimmed, and which extends to the right side. At the top is a *Coreopsis*, and the crown is covered by a puff of black spotted *tûlle*, which falls in a lappet at the back, accompanied by a trail. Strings of violet ribbon. This Bonnet is by MADAME JENNY NAVARRE, *Boulevard des Italiens.*

No. 11 is a Toque HAT of sky-blue velvet having a soft crown, the brim is edged by two double *biais* bands of of satin of the same color, and the hat is trimmed by draped folds of the velvet. At the left side, near the back, are two sky-blue ostrich feathers, and also two white swan's feathers which fall towards the right side. At the back are two bows of sky-blue satin, which are crossed by the folds of velvet before named, and from which start two long floating ends trimmed by several tucks. This elegant Hat is by MDME JENNY NAVARRE.

No. 12 is a HAT of black velvet. The brim is turned up at the back. and is edged all round by *biais* bands of black silk; and inside it, is a frill of black lace, At the left side near the front, are two black ostrich feathers, starting from which, a long white one, is carried across towards the right side of the hat, which is also trimmed by an upright frill of black lace. At the back are two lappets of black spotted net, edged by lace, and also a bow and a long loop of black ribbon, accompanied by a single floating end. This Hat is by MDME. DUFOURMANTELLE.

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LIDCOTT HALL.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM BREAKS.

"Alice," said Robert Lidcott, coming hastily into his wife's room one morning, "I have had shocking news. Old Barker, my lawyer, has had his office burnt down, and he is not expected to recover from the injuries sustained in trying to rescue some of his papers."

"How dreadful," replied Alice, "then your will is destroyed, Robert?"

"Oh! yes, one of the clerks came expressly to tell me just now, so I must see about it." I think I will go to London tomorrow, and Fuller shall draw up another; he was uncle's lawyer, and is one of the trustees you know."

"Go to-day, dear Robert," said his wife, "don't lose time. The matter must not be trifled with."

Robert hesitated for a few moments, and then said,—

"You are right, Alice, I will go to-day."

"And when you are doing it, Robert, would it not be better to secure the children."

"I will take Fuller's advice, dear, about that," answered Robert gravely. "Now I must be gone, and try to meet the eleven o'clock express."

"When shall you return, do you think?" enquired Alice anxiously.

"Oh! tomorrow night at latest," replied her husband, "and very likely earlier."

"Because I promised the children to take them to Dean Park tomorrow, to spend the day. Lady Harte has asked them so many times."

"Well, dear, my going out need make no difference to your arrangements. Take the children by all means. If I get home by the afternoon train, I will come on, and bring you back, and if I do not, you will be at home again, before I come.

"Well, dear," replied Mrs. Lidcott, "I don't like to disappoint the children, so we will go."

The time was up, and Robert Lidcott took a fond farewell of his wife, for they were lovers yet, and then rode away to the station accompanied by his groom to bring his horse back, and Alice was left alone.

* * * *

The following day was spent in great enjoyment by Mrs. Lidcott and her children at beautiful Dean Park. As the afternoon wore on, Alice became anxious for her husband's return, and to look forward to seeing him in the evening even if he did not arrive in time to ride on to Dean Park. At length, as he had not appeared, and it was growing dusk, Mrs. Lidcott rose to go. The carriage was brought, the young ladies well wrapped up, and a kind leave taken of good Lady Harte, then mother and children were on their way home.

It was a calm, sweet evening, just growing dim, though light enough remained to distinguish objects by the way. The road was a lonely one, not a public highway, but used mostly by the households at Lidcott Hall, and Dean Park. About half-way came a bend in the road, and the horses turning abruptly round it, made a full stop.

"What is the matter?" cried Alice from the carriage, alarmed for her children's safety.

The footman jumped down, and gave a cry of alarm, at seeing an insensible form lying at the road side.

"Master," he said at last.

Alice heard it. What gave her strength she knew not, but without a scream, or tear, or sigh, she descended from the carriage. Yes, he was there, her husband, from whom she parted in health and strength only the morning before. She drew some of his clothes aside, and listened if the heart beat yet. Alas! no, life was gone for ever from that loving breast. Robert Lidcott was dead. She calmly told the children to get out of the carriage, and sent them to walk home with the footman. The coachman then lifted his master's body into the empty carriage, the stricken wife entered it, and drew the bleeding head to her knee, so she was taken home. Through the still twilight, getting greyer every minute, under the stately Lidcott oaks, through the pleasant park, under the grand gateway, and so—home, if Lidcott Hall could ever be home again without him.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT BREAKING.

Days passed, the master of Lidcott was to be buried with his fathers, and yet that dreadful calm lay upon Alice. Nothing seemed to rouse her from the icy stupor into which she had fallen at the first sight of her husband's body. She had been told, and heard without emotion, how Robert had come from London by a train in the afternoon, had dined, and then started on horseback nearly at dusk, to meet his wife, intending to ride home beside their carriage. How it was supposed his horse stumbled, and rolled over him, as it had come home late at night covered with blood and dust. All this she heard mechanically. Then the London lawyer came, and sought for a will, but found nothing.

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He felt it his duty to acquaint the widow with this fact, and gather what information he could from her. At his communication of the perilous condition of her children, Alice Lidcott recovered some of her old energy, and told the lawyer there must be a will, as Mr. Lidcott had been to London to make one.

"I know that," replied Mr. Fuller, "because I drew it up. It was very brief and simple, merely a statement that his estate should be equally divided between yourself and his two children, you having the use of the interest of their shares, for their education, &c., until they are both of age."

"But," asked Alice, "did not my husband leave this document in your hands?"

"No madam, unhappily he did not, and as I find no trace of it, I conclude that he must have destroyed it, intending to make a new will of more regular form. He mentioned something of its only being preparatory to an elaborate document, but that he wished your opinion on the wording of it."

"I feel sure," said Mrs. Lidcott gravely, "that my husband did not destroy this paper."

"I fear madam, he must have done so."

"But have you searched everywhere?"

"Everywhere, madam. I found Mr. Lidcott's papers in the most methodical order, nothing out of place. I must have found it had it been in existence."

Alice herself searched, as only a mother could, in her children's interest, but to no purpose.

Mr. Fuller wrote to Frank Lidcott, and acquainted him with the painful circumstances. He came at once to the Hall, and behaved with the greatest propriety and respect to his cousin's widow.

At length he heard the story of Robert's journey to London. It happened on the second evening after his arrival, as Mr. Fuller and he were dining alone, for poor Alice was with her children.

"Strange that he should destroy it," said the lawyer."

"Do you think he did destroy it?" enquired Frank, "I believe he put it away somewhere to keep it safe."

"Impossible, my dear sir!" replied Mr. Fuller, "I have searched every place likely and unlikely, and have not been able to find it."

"Did he use a desk?" enquired Frank, "or the secretary in the library, for his papers?"

"A desk," replied Mr. Fuller, "a very curious old desk, belonging to your grandfather."

"It has two secret drawers," put in Frank.

"One, my dear sir, one," said the lawyer gravely.

"Two, indeed," replied Frank, impetuously, "my uncle has shown them to me many times. Come and let us see."

In his hurry, Frank caught at the lawyer's arm, and half dragged him to the library. There stood the old carved desk, innocent looking enough, yet holding such interests of widow and fatherless therein, for when Frank touched the spring of the second secret drawer, lo, it revealed the missing document.

Frank's delight was so great that the lawyer was astonished.

"But this disinherits you," he said, "you lose your property entirely now."

"Never mind that," said the generous fellow, I have married well, and my wife's fortune though a large one, is the least of her charms. Besides, what's right is right, I offended my uncle by marrying, and he had a right to dispose of his property as he chose."

"You are a noble fellow," said the lawyer heartily, "and now let us go to relieve poor Mrs. Lidcott's apprehension for her children."

You may guess, reader, how thankfully they were received by the sorrowing wife and mother, whose aching heart was lightened by the thought that the children were safe from want.

Thus, when clouds were thickest, did light break in upon Alice Lidcott's life. Afterwards other clouds gathered, though never one so black as that, but sunshine broke through them, and followed the rain of grief. Though still young when her husband died, Alice was true to his memory, and lived to see her children happily married, to men, even in her estimation worthy of them. Frank Lidcott and his wife were both true friends to her and her children, and in her generous friendship and confidence, Frank felt himself a thousand-fold repaid for his upright dealing in the discovery of the lost will.

ART.—No woman can be a great artist. The hier archies of the soul's dominion belong only to man, and it is right they should. Nature, which gave to man the dominion of the intellect gave to her that of the heart and affections. These bind her with everlasting links from which she cannot free herself, nay—she would not if she could. Scarcely ever lived the woman who would not rather sit meekly by her own hearth, with her husband at her side, and her children at her knee, than be the crowned Corinne of the Capitol.

NIGHT brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth. We never see the stars till we can see little or nought else, and thus it is with truth.

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A CHRISTMAS SONG.

The flickering firelight gaily falls
Around the curtained room,
It dances on the pictured walls,
And chases all the gloom.
All bitter, lonely feeling
Has died within each breast;
And every weary yearning
Is lulled by love to rest.
We stand within the circle,
Home's love-charmed, magic ring,
And joy's rich chords, and love's sweet words,
Awake the songs we sing.

—

True eyes that fear no outward change,
Give look for look of love,
True hearts, whom time could not estrange,
Their tried affection prove.
And wishes sweet and holy,
The fondest heart can claim,
Are linked in every bosom
With each beloved name.
We stand within the circle,
Home's love-charmed magic ring,
And joy's rich chords, and love's sweet words,
Awake the songs we sing.

SORROW comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightening-rod to attract trouble.

WOMAN'S CARE.—Nothing can be more touching than to behold a woman who had been all tenderness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and aiding with unshrinking firmness in the bitterest winds of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted up by it into sunshine, will, when the hard plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordained that woman, who is the more dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten by sudden calamity—winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart. In what does all this strength consist but in reliance on the future—a steady confidence in that Providence which we firmly believe keeps careful watch over our wayward destines.

DAMP HOUSES.—As long as the persons who take houses will rest quite content with their being roomy, well arranged, and pleasant looking, without much thought as to whether they are likely to prove dry and healthy.—so long will the majority of builders continue to neglect precautions which cannot be observed without some expense, and attention to which does not, they find add to the money value of the houses that they erect. The first step to improvement in the average English dwelling house is to create, if possible, a state of public opinion such as would render a badly constructed house an unmarketable article.—*Food Journal.*

The Theatres.

The principal novelty during the past month has been the revival at the NEW QUEEN'S of Shakespeare's *Tempest*; the scenery is brilliant and pleasing, the incidental music by Arne, Purcell and Sullivan is well rendered by an efficient orchestra and chorus. The acting is very good, Mr. Ryder as Prospero, Mr. Rignold as Caliban, and Miss Hudson as Ariel being especially worthy of notice. At DRURY LANE, that splendid spectacle *Rebecca* has proved an immense seccess, and would probably enjoy a most prolonged run, had it not to be withdrawn on Dec. 16th, for the production of the grand Christmas Pantomime. The other principal attractions are *Notre Dame* at the ADELPHI, *The Woman in White* at the OLYMPIC, *Pickwick* at the LYCEUM, and Offenbach's Operettas at the GAIETY.

MADAME TUSSAUDS' still attracts its thousands of Visitors. Court Dresses of the richest description adorn the figures of the most illustrious personages. The Royal Circles are thus invested with additional charms, the accuracy of every detail in the Costumes being perfect. Many of the robes were manufacaured by Gask and Gask of 58, Oxford Street.

HAPPY DAYS ARE COMING.—The merry season of the year is fast approaching when youth and beauty will once more meet where the yule-log is brightly burning; where the table groans beneath its cheer; and where the dance goes merrily to some enlivening strain. O happy hours! but let no fair lady forget to heighten and preserve in all its glowing richness her national and natural beauty by the use of those preparations, which have now a world-wide reputation, and which are deemed essential in all the Royal and Imperial Courts of the Continent, not less than in our own—viz., ROWLAND'S Oil-Macassar, Kalydor, and Odonto. Beauty has a two-fold charm with those exquisite aids to the toilet; these, as a modern writer terms them, "most fragrant embellishers!"

THE FOLLOWING FULL-SIZED PATTERNS have been given in this Magazine for the past few months; our readers can therfore select at a glance, any Style of Pattern they may require.

JUNE.—*Two Patterns.* The CORSAGE with *basques*, forming a pleated Postillion Jacket at the back, and left open at the sides as far as the waist; and an out-door JACKET or Paletot, for a little girl about 8 or 9 years of age.

JULY.—*Two patterns.* An elegant OPEN CORSAGE PRINCESSE with *basques*, forming a Postillion at the back with fluted pleats. A LOW WATTEAU BODY for an Evening Dress with square opening.

AUG.—*Two patterns.* The OSBORNE JACKET for Seaside wear, and the ALEXANDRA FICHU.

SEPT.—*Two patterns.* A Lady's CORSAGE A BASQUES and a High Body for a little girl.

OCT.—A NOVEL and ELEGANT CASAQUE, or tight-fitting out-door Jacket for black velvet.

NOV.—*Two patterns.* The PALETOT A GILET, and the DUCHESSE BASQUINE.

The few remaining Copies of the above Magazines, Price 1s. each, can still be had by order from any Bookseller in Town or Country, or from Messrs. Kent & Co. 23, Paternoster Row.

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